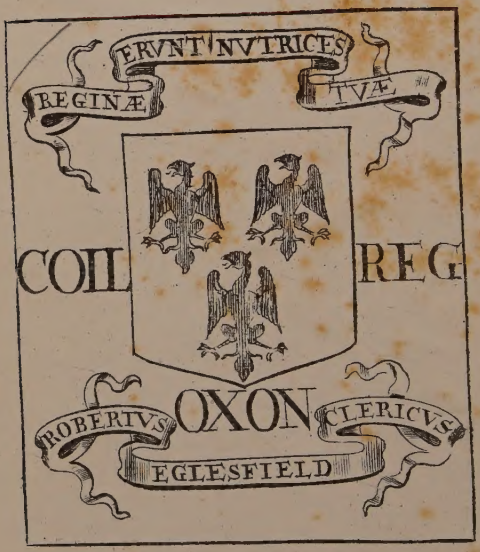
P. k. 107/2

Withdrawn from the Library of
The Queen's College, Oxford



133 AAEE
B.

REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. II.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1881

All rights reserved

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

PAGE

LORD JEFFREY 1

JANE WELSH CARLYLE 67

APPENDIX:—SOUTHEY; WORDSWORTH . . . 307

REMINISCENCES.

LORD JEFFREY.

LORD JEFFREY

OF FRANCIS JEFFREY, HON. LORD JEFFREY, THE LAWYER AND REVIEWER.

Mentone: January 3, 1867.

FEW sights have been more impressive to me than the sudden one I had of the 'Outer House' in Parliament Square, Edinburgh, on the evening of November 9, 1809, some hours after my arrival in that city for the first time. We had walked some twenty miles that day, the third day of our journey from Ecclefechan; my companion one 'Tom Smail,' who had already been to college last year, and was thought to be a safe guide and guardian to me. He was some years older than myself, had been at school along with me, though never in my class. A very innocent conceited, insignificant but strict-minded orthodox creature, for whom, knowing him to be of no scholarship or strength of judgment, I had privately very small respect, though civilly following him about in things he knew better than I.

As in the streets of Edinburgh, for example, on my first evening there! On our journey thither he had been wearisome, far from entertaining, mostly silent, having indeed nothing to say. He stalked on generally some steps ahead, languidly whistling through his teeth some similitude of a wretched Irish tune, which I knew too well as that of a still more wretched doggrel song called the 'Belfast Shoemaker,' most melancholy to poor me, given up to my bits of reflections in the silence of the moors and hills.

How strangely vivid, how remote and wonderful, tinged with the hues of far-off love and sadness, is that journey to me now, after fifty-seven years of time! My mother and father walking with me in the dark frosty November morning through the village to set us on our way; my dear and loving mother and her tremulous affection, my etc. etc. But we must get to Edinburgh and Moffat, over Airock Stane (Burnswark visible there for the last time, and my poor little sister Margaret 'bursting into tears' when she heard of this in my first letter home). I hid my sorrow and my weariness, but had abundance of it, chequering the mysterious hopes and forecastings of what Edinburgh and the student element would be. Tom and I had entered Edinburgh,

after twenty miles of walking, between two and three P.M., got a clean-looking most cheap lodging (Simon Square the poor locality), had got ourselves brushed, some morsel of dinner doubtless, and Palinurus Tom sallied out into the streets with me to show the novice mind a little of Edinburgh before sundown. The novice mind was not excessively astonished all at once, but kept its eyes well open and said nothing. What streets we went through I don't the least recollect, but have some faint image of St. Giles's High Kirk, and of the Luckenbooths there, with their strange little ins and outs, and eager old women in miniature shops of combs, shoelaces, and trifles; still fainter image, if any whatever, of the sublime horse statue in Parliament Square hard by. Directly after which Smail, audaciously (so I thought), pushed open a door free to all the world, and dragged me in with him to a scene which I have never forgotten.

An immense hall, dimly lighted from the top of the walls, and perhaps with candles burning in it here and there, all in strange *chiaroscuro*, and filled with what I thought (exaggeratively) a thousand or two of human creatures, all astir in a boundless buzz of talk, and simmering about in every direction, some solitary, some in groups. By degrees I noticed

that some were in wig and black gown, some not, but in common clothes, all well dressed; that here and there, on the sides of the hall, were little thrones with enclosures, and steps leading up, red-velvet figures sitting in said thrones, and the black-gowned eagerly speaking to them; advocates pleading to judges, as I easily understood. How they could be heard in such a grinding din was somewhat a mystery. Higher up on the walls, stuck there like swallows in their nests, sate other humbler figures. These I found were the sources of certain wildly plangent lamentable kinds of sounds or echoes which from time to time pierced the universal noise of feet and voices, and rose unintelligibly above it as if in the bitterness of incurable woe. Criers of the court, I gradually came to understand. And this was Themis in her 'Outer House,' such a scene of chaotic din and hurlyburly as I had never figured before. It seems to me there were four times or ten times as many people in that 'Outer House' as there now usually are, and doubtless there is something of fact in this, such have been the curtailments and abatements of law practice in the head courts since then, and transference of it to the county jurisdiction. Last time I was in that Outer House (some six or seven years ago, in broad day-

light), it seemed like a place fallen asleep, fallen almost dead.

Notable figures, now all vanished utterly, were doubtless wandering about as part of that continual hurlyburly when I first set foot in it, fifty-seven years ago: great Law Lords this and that, great advocates *alors célèbres*, as Thiers has it; Cranstoun, Cockburn, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, John Clerk. To me at that time they were not even names, but I have since occasionally thought of that night and place when probably they were living substances, some of them in a kind of relation to me afterwards. Time with his *tenses*, what a miraculous entity is he always! The only figure I distinctly recollect and got printed on my brain that night was John Clerk, there veritably hitching about, whose grim strong countenance, with its black far-projecting brows and look of great sagacity, fixed him in my memory. Possibly enough poor Smail named others to me, Jeffrey perhaps, if we saw him, though he was not yet quite at the top of his celebrity. Top was some three or four years afterwards, and went on without much drooping for almost twenty years more. But the truth is, except Clerk I carried no figure away with me; nor do I in the least recollect how we made our exit into the streets again, or

what we did next. Outer House, vivid now to a strange degree, is bordered by darkness on both hands. I recall it for Jeffrey's sake, though we see it is but potentially his, and I mean not to speak much of his law procedures in what follows.

Poor Smail, too, I may dismiss as thoroughly insignificant, conceitedly harmless. He continued in some comradeship with me (or with James Johnston and me), for perhaps two seasons more, but gained no regard from me, nor had any effect on me, good or bad. Became, with success, an insignificant flowery Burgher minister (somewhere in Galloway), and has died only within few years. Poor Jamie Johnston, also my senior by several years, was far dearer, a man of real merit, with whom about my 17th—21st years I had much genial companionship. But of him also I must not speak, the good, the honest, not the strong *enough*, much-suffering soul. He died as schoolmaster of Haddington in a time memorable to me. *Ay de mi!*

It was about 1811 when I began to be familiar with the figure of Jeffrey, as I saw him in the courts. It was in 1812–13 that he became universally famous, especially in Dumfriesshire, by his saving from the gallows one 'Nell Kennedy,' a

country lass who had shocked all Scotland, and especially that region of it, by a wholesale murder, done on her next neighbour and all his household in mass, in the most cold-blooded and atrocious manner conceivable to the oldest artist in such horrors. Nell went down to Ecclefechan one afternoon, purchased a quantity of arsenic, walked back with it towards Burnswark Leas, her father's farm, stopped at Burnswark Farm, which was old Tom Stoddart's, a couple of furlongs short of her own home, and there sate gossiping till she pretended it was too late, and that she would now sleep with the maid. Slept accordingly, old Tom giving no welcome, only stingy permission; rose with the family next morning, volunteered to make the porridge for breakfast, made it, could herself take none of it, went home instead, 'having a headache,' and in an hour or so after poor old Tom, his wife, maid, and every living creature in the house (except a dog who had vomited, and *not* except the cat who couldn't), was dead or lay dying. Horror was universal in those solitary quiet regions. On the third day my father finding no lawyer take the least notice, sent a messenger express to Dumfries, whereupon the due precognitions, due et ceteras, due arrest of Helen Kennedy, with strict questioning and strict locking up as the

essential element. I was in Edinburgh that summer of 1812, but heard enough of the matter there. In the Border regions, where it was the universal topic, perhaps not one human creature doubted but Nell was the criminal, and would get her doom. Assize time came, Jeffrey there; and Jeffrey by such a play of advocacy as was never seen before bewildered the poor jury into temporary deliquium or loss of wits (so that the poor foreman, Scotticè chancellor, on whose casting vote it turned, said at last, with the sweat bursting from his brow, Mercy, then, mercy!) and brought Nell clear off; home that night, riding gently out of Dumfries in men's clothes to escape the rage of the mob. The jury chancellor, they say, on awakening next morning, smote his now dry brow with a gesture of despair and exclaimed, 'Was I mad?' I have heard from persons who were at the trial that Jeffrey's art in examining of witnesses was extreme, that he made them seem to say almost what he would, and blocked them up from saying what they evidently wished to say. His other great resource was urging the 'want of motive' on Nell's part; no means of fancying how a blousy rustic lass should go into such a thing; thing *must* have happened otherwise! And indeed the stagnant stupid soul of Nell, awake

only to its own appetites, and torpid as dead bacon to all else in this universe, had needed uncommonly little motive. A blackguard young farmer of the neighbourhood, it was understood, had answered her in a trying circumstance, 'No, oh no, I cannot marry you. Tom Stoddart has a bill against me of 50*l.*; I have no money. How can I marry?' 'Stoddart 50*l.*,' thought Nell to herself; and without difficulty decided on removing that small obstacle!

Jeffrey's advocate fame from this achievement was, at last, almost greater than he wished, as indeed it might well be. Nell was next year indicted again for murdering a child she had borne (supposed to be the blackguard young farmer's). She escaped this time too, by want of evidence and by good advocacy (not Jeffrey's, but the very best that could be hired by three old miser uncles, bringing out for her their long-hoarded stock with a generosity nigh miraculous). Nell, free again, proceeded next to rob the treasure-chest of these three miraculous uncles one night, and leave them with their house on fire and singular reflections on so delectable a niece; after which, for several years, she continued wandering in the Border byways, smuggling, stealing, etc.; only intermittently heard of, but steadily

mounting in evil fame, till she had become the *facile princeps* of Border devils, and was considered a completely uncanny and quasi-infernal object. Was found twice over in Cumberland ships, endeavouring to get to America, sailors universally refusing to lift anchor till she were turned out; did at length, most probably, smuggle herself through Liverpool or some other place to America; at last vanished out of Annandale, and was no more talked of there. I have seen her father mowing at Scotsbrig as a common day labourer in subsequent years, a snuffling, unpleasant, deceitful-looking body: very ill thought of while still a farmer, and before his Nell took to murdering. Nell's three miraculous uncles were maternal, and were of a very honest kin.

The merit of saving such an item of the world's population could not seem to Jeffrey very great, and it was said his brethren quizzed him upon it, and made him rather uncomfortable. Long after at Craigenputtoch, my Jeannie and I brought him on the topic: which he evidently did not like too well, but was willing to talk of for our sake and perhaps his own. He still affected to think it uncertain whether Nell was really guilty; such an intrepidity, calmness, and steadfast immovability had she exhibited, persisting in mere unshaken 'No' under the severest

trials by him; but there was no persuading us that he had the least real doubt, and not some real regret rather. Advocate morality was clearly on his side. It is a strange trade, I have often thought, that of advocacy. Your intellect, your highest heavenly gift, hung up in the shop window like a loaded pistol for sale; will either blow out a pestilent scoundrel's brains, or the scoundrel's salutary sheriff's officer's (in a sense), as you please to choose for your guinea! Jeffrey rose into higher and higher professional repute from this time; and to the last was very celebrated as what his satirists might have called a 'felon's friend.' All this, however, was swallowed among quite nobler kinds of renown, both as advocate and as 'man of letters' and as member of society; everybody recognising his honourable ingenuity, sagacity, and opulent brilliancy of mind; and nobody ascribing his felon help to anything but a pitying disposition and readiness to exercise what faculty one has.

I seem to remember that I dimly rather felt there was something trivial, doubtful, and not quite of the highest type in our Edinburgh admiration for our great lights and law sages, and poor Jeffrey among the rest; but I honestly admired him in a loose way as my neighbours were doing, was always

glad to notice him when I strolled into the courts, and eagerly enough stept up to hear if I found him pleading; a delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes, instinct with vivacity, intelligence, and kindly fire; roundish brow, delicate oval face full of rapid expression, figure light, nimble, pretty though so small, perhaps hardly five feet in height. He had his gown, almost never any wig, wore his black hair rather closely cropt; I have seen the back part of it jerk suddenly out in some of the rapid expressions of his face, and knew even if behind him that his brow was then puckered, and his eyes looking archly, half contemptuously out, in conformity to some conclusive little cut his tongue was giving. His voice, clear, harmonious and sonorous, had something of metallic in it, something almost plangent; never rose into alt, into any dissonance or shrillness, nor carried much the character of humour, though a fine feeling of the ludicrous always dwelt in him—as you would notice best when he got into Scotch dialect, and gave you with admirable truth of mimicry, old Edinburgh incidents and experiences of his—very great upon old 'Judge Braxie,' 'Peter Peebles' and the like. For the rest his laugh was small and by no means Homeric; he never laughed

loud (could not do it, I should think) and indeed oftener sniggered slightly than laughed in any way.

For above a dozen or fourteen years I had been outwardly familiar with the figure of Jeffrey before we came to any closer acquaintance, or indeed, had the least prospect of any. His sphere lay far away above mine; to him in his shining elevation my existence down among the shadows was unknown. In May 1814 I heard him once pleading in the General Assembly, on some poor cause there; a notable, but not the notablest thing to me, while I sate looking diligently, though mostly as dramatic spectator, into the procedure of that venerable Church Court for the first time, which proved also the last. Queer old figures there; Hill of St. Andrews, Johnston of Carmichael, Dr. Inglis with the voice jingling in perpetual unforeseen alternation between deep bass and shrill treble (ridiculous to hear though shrewd cunning sense lay in it), Dr. Chalmers once, etc. etc.; all vanished now! Jeffrey's pleading, the first I had heard of him, seemed to me abundantly clever, full of liveliness, free flowing ingenuity; my admiration went frankly with that of others, but I think was hardly of very deep character.

This would be the year I went to Annan as teacher of mathematics; not a gracious destiny,

nor by any means a joyful, indeed a hateful, sorrowful and imprisoning one, could I at all have helped it, which I could not. My second year there at Rev. Mr. Glen's (reading Newton's 'Principia' till three A.M.; and voraciously many other books) was greatly more endurable, nay in parts was genial and spirited, though the paltry trade and ditto environment for the most part were always odious to me. In late autumn 1816 I wentto Kirkcaldy in like capacity, though in circumstances (what with Edward Irving's company, what with, etc. etc.) which were far superior. There in 1818 I had come to the grim conclusion that school-mastering must end, whatever pleased to follow; that 'it were better to perish,' as I exaggeratively said to myself, 'than continue schoolmastering.' I made for Edinburgh, as did Irving too, intending, I, darkly towards potential 'literature,' if I durst have said or thought so. But hope hardly dwelt in me on that or on any side; only fierce resolution in abundance to do my best and utmost in all honest ways, and to suffer as silently and stoically as might be, if it proved (as too likely!) that I could do *nothing*. This kind of humour, what I sometimes called of 'desperate hope, has largely attended me all my life. In short, as has been enough indicated elsewhere, I was advancing

towards huge instalments of bodily and spiritual wretchedness in this my Edinburgh purgatory; and had to clean and purify myself in penal fire of various kinds for several years coming; the first and much the worst two or three of which were to be enacted in this once-loved city. Horrible to think of in part even yet! The bodily part of them was a kind of base agony (arising mainly in the want of any extant or discoverable *fence* between my coarser fellow-creatures and my more sensitive self), and might and could easily (had the age been pious or thoughtful) have been spared a poor creature like me. Those hideous disturbances to sleep etc., a very little real care and goodness might prevent all that; and I look back upon it still with a kind of angry protest, and would have my successors saved from it. But perhaps one needs suffering more than at first seems, and the spiritual agonies would not have been enough! These latter seem wholly blessed in retrospect, and were infinitely worth suffering, with whatever addition *was* needful! God be thanked always.

It was still some eight or ten years before any personal contact occurred between Jeffrey and me; nor did I ever tell him what a bitter passage, known to only one party, there had been between us. It was probably in 1819 or 1820 (the coldest winter I

ever knew) that I had taken a most private resolution and executed it in spite of physical and other misery, to try Jeffrey with an actual contribution to the 'Edinburgh Review.' The idea seemed great and might be tried, though nearly desperate. I had got hold somewhere (for even books were all but inaccessible to me) of a foolish enough, but new French book, a mechanical *theory of gravitation* elaborately worked out by a late foolish M. Pictet (I think that was the name) in Geneva. This I carefully read, judged of, and elaborately dictated a candid account and condemnation of, or modestly firm contradiction of (my amanuensis a certain feeble but enquiring quasi-disciple of mine called George Dalgleish of Annan, from whom I kept my ulterior purpose quite secret). Well do I remember those dreary evenings in Bristo Street; oh, what ghastly passages and dismal successive spasms of attempt at 'literary enterprise'—'Herclii Selenographia,' with poor Horrox's 'Venus in Sole visa,' intended for some *life* of the said Horrox—this for one other instance! I read all Saussure's four quartos of Travels in Switzerland too (and still remember much of it) I know not with what object. I was banished solitary as if to the bottom of a cave, and blindly had to try many impossible roads out! My 'Review of Pictet' all fairly

written out in George Dalgleish's good clerk hand, I penned some brief polite note to the great editor, and walked off with the small parcel one night to his address in George Street. I very well remember leaving it with his valet there, and disappearing in the night with various thoughts and doubts! My hopes had never risen high, or in fact risen at all; but for a fortnight or so they did not quite die out, and then it was in absolute *Zero*; no answer, no return of MS., absolutely no notice taken, which was a form of catastrophe more complete than even I had anticipated! There rose in my head a pungent little note which might be written to the great man, with neatly cutting considerations offered him from the small unknown ditto; but I wisely judged it was still more dignified to let the matter lie as it was, and take what I had got for my own benefit only. Nor did I ever mention it to almost anybody, least of all to Jeffrey in subsequent changed times, when at any rate it was fallen extinct. It was my second, not quite my first attempt in that fashion. Above two years before, from Kirkcaldy, I had forwarded to some magazine editor in Edinburgh what, perhaps, was a likelier little article (of descriptive tourist kind after a real tour by Yarrow country into Annandale) which also vanished without sign; not much to my

regret that first one, nor indeed very much the second either (a dull affair altogether I could not but admit), and no third adventure of the kind lay ahead for me. It must be owned my first entrances into glorious 'literature' were abundantly stinted and pitiful; but a man does enter if, even with a small gift, he persists; and perhaps it is no disadvantage if the door be several times slammed in his face, as a preliminary.

In spring 1827, I suppose it must have been, a letter came to me at Comley Bank[1] from Procter (Barry Cornwall, my quondam London acquaintance) offering, with some 'congratulations' etc., to introduce me formally to Jeffrey, whom he certified to be a 'very fine fellow,' with much kindness in him among his other known qualities. Comley Bank, except for one darling soul, whose heavenly nobleness, then as ever afterwards, shone on me, and should have made the darkest place bright (ah me, ah me! I only know now how noble she was!), was a gloomy intricate abode to me; and in retrospect has little or nothing of pleasant but her. This of Jeffrey, however, had a practical character of some promise; and I remember striding off with Procter's introduction one evening towards George Street and

[1] Carlyle's first home after marriage; a suburb of Edinburgh.

Jeffrey (perhaps by appointment of hour and place by himself) in rather good spirits. 'I shall see the famous man then,' thought I, 'and if he can do nothing for me, why not!' I got ready admission into Jeffrey's study, or rather 'office,' for it had mostly that air; a roomy, not over neat apartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table, loaded with book rows and paper bundles. On one or perhaps two of the walls were bookshelves likewise well filled, but with books in tattery, ill-bound or unbound condition. 'Bad new literature these will be,' thought I; 'the table ones are probably on hand!' Five pair of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sate my famous little gentleman; laid aside his work, cheerfully invited me to sit, and began talking in a perfectly human manner. Our dialogue was perfectly human and successful; lasted for perhaps twenty minutes (for I could not consume a great man's time), turned upon the usual topics, what I was doing, what I had published, 'German Romance' translations my last thing; to which I remember he said kindly, 'We must give you a lift,' an offer which in some complimentary way I managed to his satisfaction to decline. My feeling with him was that of unembarrassment; a reasonable veracious little man I could perceive, with whom any

truth one felt good to utter would have a fair chance. Whether much was said of German literature, whether anything at all on my writing of it for him, I don't recollect; but certainly I took my leave in a gratified successful kind of mood; and both those topics, the latter in practical form, did soon abundantly spring up between us, with formal return call by him (which gave a new speed to intimacy), agreement for a little paper on 'Jean Paul,' and whatever could follow out of an acquaintanceship well begun. The poor paper on Jean Paul, a study piece, not without humour and substance of my own, appeared in (I suppose) the very next 'Edinburgh Review'; and made what they call a sensation among the Edinburgh buckrams; which was greatly heightened next number by the more elaborate and grave article on 'German Literature' generally, which set many tongues wagging, and some few brains considering, *what* this strange monster could be that was come to disturb their quiescence and the established order of Nature! Some newspapers or newspaper took to denouncing 'the Mystic School,' which my bright little woman declared to consist of me alone, or of her and me, and for a long while after merrily used to designate us by that title; 'Mystic School' signifying *us*, in the pretty coterie speech,

which she was always so ready to adopt, and which lent such a charm to her talk and writing. She was beautifully gay and hopeful under these improved phenomena, the darling soul! 'Foreign Review,' 'Foreign Quarterly,' etc., followed, to which I was eagerly invited. Articles for Jeffrey (about parts of which I had always to dispute with him) appeared also from time to time. In a word, I was now in a sort fairly launched upon literature, and had even to sections of the public become a 'Mystic School;' not quite prematurely, being now of the age of thirty-two, and having had my bits of experiences, and gotten really something which I wished much to say—and have ever since been saying the best way I could.

After Jeffrey's call at Comley Bank, the intimacy rapidly increased. He was much taken with my little Jeannie, as he well might be: one of the brightest and cleverest creatures in the whole world; full of innocent rustic simplicity and veracity, yet with the gracefullest discernment, calmly natural deportment; instinct with beauty and intelligence to the finger-ends! He became, in a sort, her would-be openly declared friend and quasi-lover; as was his way in such cases. He had much the habit of flirting about with women, especially pretty women,

much more the both pretty and clever; all in a weakish, mostly dramatic, and wholly theoretic way (his age now fifty gone); would daintily kiss their hands in bidding good morning, offer his due *homage*, as he phrased it; trip about, half like a lap-dog, half like a human adorer, with speeches pretty and witty, always of trifling import. I have known some women (not the prettiest) take offence at it, and awkwardly draw themselves up, but without the least putting him out. The most took it quietly, kindly, and found an entertainment to themselves in cleverly answering it, as he did in pertly offering it; pertly, yet with something of real reverence, and always in a dexterous light way. Considerable jealousy attended the reigning queen of his circle among the now non-reigning: who soon detected her position, and gave her the triumph of their sometimes half-visible spleen. An airy environment of this kind was, wherever possible, a coveted charm in Jeffrey's way of life. I can fancy he had seldom made such a surprising and agreeable acquaintance as this new one at Comley Bank! My little woman perfectly understood all that sort of thing, the methods and the rules of it; and could lead her clever little gentleman a very pretty minuet, as far as she saw good. They discovered mutual old cousinships by the

maternal side, soon had common topics enough: I believe he really entertained a sincere regard and affection for her, in the heart of his theoretic dangling; which latter continued unabated for several years to come, with not a little quizzing and light interest on her part, and without shadow of offence on mine, or on anybody's. Nay, I had my amusements in it too, so naïve, humorous and pretty were her bits of narratives about it, all her procedures in it so dainty delicate and sure—the noble little soul! Suspicion of her nobleness would have been mad in me; and could I grudge her the little bit of entertainment she might be able to extract from this poor harmless sport in a life so grim as she cheerfully had with me? My Jeannie! oh my bonny little Jeannie! how did I ever deserve so queenlike a heart from thee? Ah me!

Jeffrey's acquaintanceship seemed, and was for the time, an immense acquisition to me, and everybody regarded it as my highest good fortune; though in the end it did not practically amount to much. Meantime it was very pleasant, and made us feel as if no longer cut off and isolated, but fairly admitted, or like to be admitted, and taken in tow by the world and its actualities. Jeffrey had begun to feel some form of bad health at this time (some remains of

disease in the trachea, caught on circuit somewhere, 'successfully defending a murderess' it was said). He rode almost daily, in intervals of court business, a slow amble, easy to accompany on foot; and I had much walking with him, and many a pleasant sprightly dialogue, cheerful to my fancy (as speech with an important man) but less instructive than I might have hoped. To my regret, he would not talk of his experiences in the world, which I considered would have been so instructive to me, nor of things concrete and current, but was theoretic generally; and seemed bent on, first of all, converting me from what he called my 'German mysticism,' back merely, as I could perceive, into dead Edinburgh Whiggism, scepticism, and materialism; which I felt to be a for ever impossible enterprise. We had long discussions and argumentative parryings and thrustings, which I have known continue night after night till two or three in the morning (when I was his guest at Craigcrook, as once or twice happened in coming years): there we went on in brisk logical exercise with all the rest of the house asleep, and parted usually in good humour, though after a game which was hardly worth the candle. I found him infinitely witty, ingenious, sharp of fence, but not in any sense deep; and used without difficulty to

hold my own with him. A pleasant enough exercise, but at last not a very profitable one.

He was ready to have tried anything in practical help of me; and did, on hint given, try two things: vacant 'Professorship of Moral Philosophy' at St. Andrews; ditto of something similar (perhaps it was 'English Literature') in the new Gower Street University at London; but both (thank heaven!) came summarily to nothing. Nor were his review articles any longer such an important employment to me, nor had they ever been my least troublesome undertakings—plenty of small discrepancy about details as we went along, though no serious disagreement ever, and his treatment throughout was liberal and handsome. Indeed he had much patience with me, I must say; for there was throughout a singular freedom in my way of talk with him; and though far from wishing or intending to be disrespectful, I doubt there was at times an unembarrassment and frankness of hitting and repelling, which did not quite beseem our respective ages and positions. He never testified the least offence, but possibly enough remembered it afterwards, being a thin-skinned sensitive man, with all his pretended pococurantism and real knowledge of what is called 'the world.' I remember pleasant strolls out to Craigcrook (one of

the prettiest places in the world), where on a Sunday especially I might hope, what was itself a rarity with me, to find a really companionable human acquaintance, not to say one of such quality as this. He would wander about the woods with me, looking on the Firth and Fife Hills, on the Pentlands and Edinburgh Castle and City; nowhere was there such a view. Perhaps he would walk most of the way back with me; quietly sparkling and chatting, probably quizzing me in a kind of way if his wife were with us, as sometimes happened. If I met him in the streets, in the Parliament House, or accidentally anywhere, there ensued, unless he were engaged, a cheerful bit of talk and promenading. He frequently rode round by Comley Bank in returning home: and there I would see him, or hear something pleasant of him. He never rode fast, but at a walk, and his little horse was steady as machinery. He on horseback, I on foot, was a frequent form of our dialogues. I suppose we must have dined sometimes at Craigcrook or Moray Place in this incipient period, but don't recollect.

The incipient period was probably among the best, though for a long while afterwards there was no falling off in intimacy and good will. But sunrise is often lovelier than noon. Much in this first

stage was not yet fulfilment, and was enhanced by the colours of hope. There was the new feeling too, of what a precious conquest and acquisition had fallen to us, which all the world might envy. Certainly in every sense the adventure was a flattering and cheering one, and did both of us good. I forget how long it had lasted before our resolution to remove to Craigenputtoch came to be fulfilled, it seems to me some six or eight months. The flitting to Craigenputtoch took place in May 1828; we stayed a week in Moray Place (Jeffrey's fine new house there) after our furniture was on the road, and we were waiting till it should arrive and render a new home possible amid the moors and mountains. Jeffrey promised to follow us thither, with wife and daughter for three days in vacation time ensuing, to see what kind of a thing we were making of it, which of course was great news. Doubtless he, like most of my Edinburgh acquaintances had been strongly dissuasive of the step we were taking; but his or other people's arguments availed nothing, and I have forgotten them. The step had been well meditated, saw itself to be founded on irrefragable considerations of health, finance, etc. etc., unknown to bystanders, and could not be forborne or altered. 'I will come and see you at any rate,' said Jeffrey, and dismissed

us with various expressions of interest, and no doubt with something of real regret.

Of our history at Craigenputtoch there might a great deal be written which might amuse the curious; for it was in fact a very singular scene and arena for such a pair as my darling and me, with such a life ahead; and bears some analogy to the settlement of Robinson Crusoe in his desert isle, surrounded mostly by the wild populations, not wholly helpful or even harmless; and requiring for its equipment into habitability and convenience infinite contrivance, patient adjustment, and natural ingenuity in the head of Robinson himself. It is a history which I by no means intend to write, with such or with any object. To me there is a *sacredness* of interest in it consistent only with *silence*. It was the field of endless nobleness and beautiful talent and virtue in her who is now gone; also of good industry, and many loving and blessed thoughts in myself, while living there by her side. Poverty and mean obstruction had given origin to it, and continued to preside over it; but were transformed by human valour of various sorts into a kind of victory and royalty. Something of high and great dwelt in it, though nothing could be smaller and lower than many of the details. How blessed might poor mor-

tals be in the straitest circumstances, if only their wisdom and fidelity to Heaven and to one another were *adequately* great! It looks to me now like a kind of humble russet-coated *epic*, that seven years' settlement at Craigenputtoch, very poor in this world's goods but not without an intrinsic dignity greater and more important than then appeared; thanks very mainly to her, and her faculties and magnanimities, without whom it had not been possible. I incline to think it the poor *best* place that could have been selected for the ripening into fixity and composure of anything useful which there may have been in me against the years that were coming. And it is certain that for living in and thinking in, I have never since found in the world a place so favourable. And we were driven and pushed into it, as if by necessity, and its beneficent though ugly little shocks and pushes, shock after shock, gradually compelling us thither! 'For a divinity doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we may.' Often in my life have I been brought to think of this, as probably every considering person is; and looking before and after, have felt, though reluctant enough to believe in the importance or significance of so infinitesimally small an atom as oneself, that the doctrine of a special providence is in some sort natural to man.

All piety points that way, all logic points the other; one has in one's darkness and limitation a trembling faith, and can at least with the *voices* say, '*Wir heissen euch hoffen*,' if it be the will of the Highest.

The Jeffreys failed not to appear at Craigenputtoch; their big carriage climbed our rugged hill-roads, landed the three guests—Charlotte ('Sharlie') with pa and ma—and the clever old valet maid that waited on them; stood three days under its glazed sheeting in our little back court, nothing like a house got ready for it, and indeed all the outhouses and appurtenances still in a much unfinished state, and only the main house quite ready and habitable. The visit was pleasant and successful, but I recollect few or no particulars. Jeffrey and I rode one day (or perhaps this was on another visit?) round by the flank of Dunscore Craig, the Shillingland and Craigenery; and took a view of Loch Gor and the black moorlands round us, with the granite mountains of Galloway overhanging in the distance; not a beautiful landscape, but it answered as well as another. Our party, the head of it especially, was chatty and cheery; but I remember nothing so well as the consummate art with which my dear one played the domestic field-marshal, and spread out our exiguous resources, without fuss or bustle; to cover everything

a coat of hospitality and even elegance and abundance. I have been in houses ten times, nay a hundred times as rich, where things went not so well. Though never bred to this, but brought up in opulent plenty by a mother that could bear no partnership in housekeeping, she finding it become necessary, loyally applied herself to it, and soon surpassed in it all the women I have ever seen. My noble one, how beautiful has our poverty made thee to me! She was so true and frank withal; nothing of the skulking Balderstone in her. One day at dinner, I remember, Jeffrey admired the fritters or bits of pancake he was eating, and she let him know, not without some vestige of shock to him, that she had made them. 'What, you! twist up the frying-pan and catch them in the air?' Even so, my high friend, and you may turn it over in your mind! On the fourth or third day the Jeffreys went, and 'carried off our little temporary paradise,' as I sorrowfully expressed it to them, while shutting their coach door in our back yard; to which bit of pathos Jeffrey answered by a friendly little sniff of quasi-mockery or laughter through the nose, and rolled prosperously away.

They paid at least one other visit, probably not just next year, but the one following. We met them by

appointment at Dumfries (I think in the intervening year), and passed a night with them in the King's Arms there, which I well enough recollect; huge ill-kept 'head inn,' bed opulent in bugs, waiter a monstrous baggy unwieldy old figure, hebetated, dreary, as if parboiled; upon whom Jeffrey quizzed his daughter at breakfast, 'Comes all of eating eggs, Sharlie; poor man as good as owned it to me!' After breakfast he went across with my wife to visit a certain Mrs. Richardson, authoress of some novels, really a superior kind of woman and much a lady; who had been an old flame of his, perhaps twenty-five or thirty years before. 'These old loves don't do,' said Mrs. Jeffrey with easy sarcasm, who was left behind with me. And accordingly there had been some embarrassment I after found, but on both sides a gratifying of some good though melancholy feelings.

This Mrs. Jeffrey was the American Miss Wilkes, whose marriage with Jeffrey, or at least his voyage across to marry her, had made considerable noise in its time. She was mother of this 'Sharlie' (who is now the widow Mrs. Empson, a morbidly shy kind of creature, who lives withdrawn among her children at Harrogate and such places). Jeffrey had no other child. His first wife, a Hunter of St. Andrews, had died very soon. This second, the

American Miss Wilkes, was from Pennsylvania, actual brother's daughter of our *demagogue* 'Wilkes.' She was sister of the 'Commodore Wilkes' who boarded the *Trent* some years ago, and almost involved us in war with Yankeeland, during that beautiful Nigger agony or 'civil war' of theirs![1] She was roundish-featured, not pretty but comely, a sincere and hearty kind of woman, with a great deal of clear natural insight, often sarcastically turned; to which a certain nervous tic or jerk of the head gave new emphasis or singularity; for her talk went roving about in a loose random way, and hit down like a flail unexpectedly on this or that, with the jerk for accompaniment, in a really genial fashion. She and I were mutual favourites. She liked my sincerity as I hers. The daughter Charlotte had inherited her nervous infirmity, and indeed I think was partly lame of one arm; for the rest an inferior specimen to either of her parents; abstruse, suspicious, timid, enthusiastic; and at length, on death of her parents and of her good old jargoning husband, Empson (a long-winded Edinburgh Reviewer, much an adorer of Macaulay

[1] Some years after these words were written, Carlyle read 'The Harvard Memorial Biographies.' He was greatly impressed by the account of the gallant young men whose lives are there described, and said to me, 'Perhaps there was more in that matter after all than I was aware of.'—J. A. F.

etc.) became quite a morbid exclusive character, and lives withdrawn as above. Perhaps she was already rather jealous of us? She spoke very little; wore a half-pouting, half-mocking expression, and had the air of a prettyish spoiled child.

The 'old love' business finished, our friends soon rolled away, and left us to go home at leisure, in our good old gig (value 11*l.*) which I always look back upon with a kind of veneration, so sound and excellent was it, though so unfashionable; the conquest of good Alick, my ever shifty brother, which carried us many a pleasant mile till Craigenputtoch ended. Probably the Jeffreys were bound for Cumberland on this occasion, to see Brougham; of whom, as I remember, Mrs. Jeffrey spoke to me with candour, not with enthusiasm, during that short 'old love' absence. Next year, it must have been, they all came again to Craigenputtoch, and with more success than ever.

One of the nights there, on this occasion, encouraged possibly by the presence of poor James Anderson, an ingenuous, simple, youngish man, and our nearest gentleman neighbour, Jeffrey in the drawing-room was cleverer, brighter, and more amusing than I ever saw him elsewhere. We had got to talk of public speaking, of which Jeffrey had plenty to say, and found Anderson and all of us ready

enough to hear. Before long he fell into mimicking of public speakers, men unknown, perhaps imaginary generic specimens; and did it with such a felicity, flowing readiness, ingenuity and perfection of imitation as I never saw equalled, and had not given him credit for before. Our cosy little drawing-room, bright-shining, hidden in the lowly wilderness, how beautiful it looked to us, become suddenly as it were a Temple of the Muses. The little man strutted about full of electric fire, with attitudes, with gesticulations, still more with winged words, often broken-winged, amid our admiring laughter; gave us the windy grandiloquent specimen, the ponderous stupid, the airy ditto, various specimens, as the talk, chiefly his own, spontaneously suggested, of which there was a little preparatory interstice between each two. And the mimicry was so complete, you would have said not his mind only, but his very body became the specimen's, his face filled with the expression represented, and his little figure seeming to grow gigantic if the personage required it. At length he gave us the abstruse costive specimen, which had a meaning and no utterance for it, but went about clambering, stumbling, as on a path of loose boulders, and ended in total downbreak, amid peals of the heartiest laughter from us all. This of the aerial

little sprite standing there in fatal collapse, with the brightest of eyes sternly gazing into utter nothingness and dumbness, was one of the most tickling and genially ludicrous things I ever saw; and it prettily winded up our little drama. I often thought of it afterwards, and of what a part mimicry plays among human gifts. In its lowest phase no talent can be lower (for even the Papuans and monkeys have it); but in its highest, where it gives you *domicile* in the spiritual world of a Shakspeare or a Goethe, there are only some few that are higher. No clever man, I suppose, is originally without it. Dickens's essential faculty, I often say, is that of a first-rate play-actor. Had he been born twenty or forty years sooner, we should most probably have had a second and greater Mathews, Incledon, or the like, and no writing Dickens.

It was probably next morning after this (one of these mornings it certainly was), that we received, i.e. Jeffrey did (I think through my brother John, then vaguely trying for 'medical practice' in London, and present on the scene referred to), a sternly brief letter from poor Hazlitt, to the effect and almost in the words, 'Dear sir, I am dying; can you send me 10*l.*, and so consummate your many kindnesses to me? W. Hazlitt.' This was for Jeffrey; my brother's letter to me, enclosing it,

would of course elucidate the situation. Jeffrey, with true sympathy, at once wrote a cheque for 50*l.*, and poor Hazlitt died in peace, from duns at least. He seemed to have no *old* friends about, to have been left in his poor lodging to the humanity of medical people and transient recent acquaintances; and to have died in a grim stoical humour, like a worn-out soldier in hospital. The new doctor people reckoned that a certain Dr. Darling, the first called in, had fatally mistreated him. Hazlitt had just finished his toilsome, unrewarded (not quite worthless) 'Life of Napoleon,' which at least recorded his own loyal admiration and quasi-adoration of that questionable person; after which he felt excessively worn and low, and was by unlucky Dr. Darling recommended, not to port wine, brown soup, and the like generous regimen, but to a course of purgatives and blue pill, which irrecoverably wasted his last remnants of strength, and brought him to his end in this sad way. Poor Hazlitt! he was never admirable to me; but I had my estimation of him, my pity for him; a man recognisably of fine natural talents and aspirations, but of no sound culture whatever, and flung into the roaring cauldron of stupid, prurient, anarchic London, there to try if he could find some culture for himself.

This was Jeffrey's last visit to Craigenputtoch. I

forget when it was (probably next autumn late) that we made our fortnight's visit to Craigcrook and him. That was a shining sort of affair, but did not in effect accomplish much for any of us. Perhaps, for one thing, we stayed too long, Jeffrey was beginning to be seriously incommoded in health, had bad sleep, cared not how late he sat, and we had now more than ever a series of sharp fencing bouts, night after night, which could decide nothing for either of us, except our radical incompatibility in respect of world theory, and the incurable divergence of our opinions on the most important matters. 'You are so dreadfully in earnest!' said he to me once or oftener. Besides, I own now I was deficient in reverence to him, and had not then, nor, alas! have ever acquired in my solitary and mostly silent existence, the art of gently saying strong things, or of insinuating my dissent, instead of uttering it right out at the risk of offence or otherwise. At bottom I did not find his the highest kind of insight in regard to any province whatever. In literature he had a respectable range of reading, but discovered little serious study; and had no views which I could adopt in preference [to my own]. On all subjects I had to refuse him the title of deep, and secretly to acquiesce in much that the new opposition party (Wilson, Lock-

hart, etc., who had broken out so outrageously in 'Blackwood' for the last ten years) were alleging against the old excessive Edinburgh hero-worship; an unpleasant fact, which probably was not quite hidden to so keen a pair of eyes. One thing struck me in sad elucidation of his forensic glories. I found that essentially he was always as if speaking to a jury; that the thing of which he could not convince fifteen clear-headed men, was to him a no-thing, good only to be flung over the lists, and left lying without notice farther. This seemed to me a very sad result of law! For 'the highest cannot be spoken of in words,' as Goethe truly says, as in fact all truly deep men say or know. I urged this on his consideration now and then, but without the least acceptance. These 'stormy sittings,' as Mrs. Jeffrey laughingly called them, did not improve our relation to one another. But these were the last we had of that nature. In other respects Edinburgh had been barren; effulgences of 'Edinburgh society,' big dinners, parties, we in due measure had; but nothing there was very interesting either to *her* or to me, and all of it passed away as an obliging pageant merely. Well do I remember our return to Craigenputtoch, after nightfall, amid the clammy yellow leaves and desolate rains, with the clink of Alick's

stithy alone audible of human, and have marked it elsewhere.

A great deal of correspondence there still was, and all along had been; many Jeffrey letters to me and many to her, which were all cheerfully answered. I know not what has become of all these papers;[1] by me they never were destroyed, though indeed, neither hers nor mine were ever of much importance except for the passing moment. I ought to add that Jeffrey, about this time (next summer I should think), generously offered to confer on me an annuity of 100*l.*, which annual sum, had it fallen on me from the clouds, would have been of very high convenience at that time, but which I could not for a moment have dreamt of accepting as gift or subventionary help from any fellow-mortal. It was at once in my handsomest, gratefullest, but brief and conclusive way [declined] from Jeffrey: 'Republican equality the silently fixed law of human society at present; each man to live on his own resources, and have an *equality* of economies with every other man; dangerous and not possible, except through cowardice or folly, to depart from said clear rule, till perhaps a better era rise on us again!' Jeffrey returned to the charge twice over in handsome enough sort; but

[1] All preserved and in my possession.—EDITOR.

my new answer was in briefest words a repetition of the former, and the second time I answered nothing at all, but stood by other topics; upon which the matter dropped altogether. It was not mere pride of mine that frustrated this generous resolution, but sober calculation as well, and correct weighing of the results probable in so dangerous a copartnery as that proposed. In no condition well conceivable to me could such a proposal have been accepted, and though I could not doubt but Jeffrey had intended an act of real generosity, for which I was and am grateful, perhaps there was something in the manner of it that savoured of consciousness and of screwing one's self up to the point; less of godlike pity for a fine fellow and his struggles, than of human determination to do a fine action of one's own, which might add to the promptitude of my refusal. He had abundance of money, but he was not of that opulence which could render such an 'annuity,' in case I should accept it, totally insensible to him; I therefore endeavoured all the more to be thankful; and if the heart would not quite do (as was probably the case), forced the intellect to take part, which it does at this day. Jeffrey's beneficence was undoubted, and his gifts to poor people in distress were a known feature of his way of life. I once, some

months after this, borrowed 100*l.* from him, my pitiful bits of 'periodical literature' incomings having gone awry (as they were too liable to do), but was able, I still remember with what satisfaction, to repay punctually within a few weeks; and this was all of pecuniary chivalry *we* two ever had between us.

Probably he was rather cooling in his feelings towards me, if they ever had been very warm; so obstinate and rugged had he found me, 'so dreadfully in earnest!' And now the time of the Reform Bill was coming on; Jeffrey and all high Whigs getting summoned into an official career; and a scene opening which (in effect), instead of irradiating with new glory and value, completely clouded the remaining years of Jeffrey's life. His health had for some years been getting weaker, and proved now unequal to his new honours; that was the fatal circumstance which rendered all the others irredeemable. He was not what you could call ambitious, rather the reverse of that, though he relished public honours, especially if they could be interpreted to signify public love. I remember his great pleasure in having been elected Dean of Faculty, perhaps a year or so before this very thing of Reform agitation, and my surprise at the real delight he showed in this proof of general regard from his fellow-advocates.

But now, ambitious or not, he found the career flung open, all barriers thrown down, and was forced to enter, all the world at his back crushing him in.

He was, naturally, appointed Lord Advocate (political president of Scotland), had to get shoved into Parliament—some vacancy created for him by the great Whigs—'Malton in Yorkshire' the place, and was whirled away to London and public life; age now about fifty-six and health bad. I remember in his correspondence considerable misgivings and gloomy forecastings about all this, which in my inexperience and the general exultation then prevalent I had treated with far less regard than they merited. He found them too true; and what I, as a bystander, could not quite see till long after, that his worst expectations were realised. The exciting agitated scene abroad and at home, the unwholesome hours, bad air, noisy hubbub of St. Stephen's, and at home the incessant press of crowds, and of business mostly new to him, rendered his life completely miserable, and gradually broke down his health altogether. He had some momentary glows of exultation, and dashed off triumphant bits of *letters* to my wife, which I remember we both of us thought somewhat juvenile and idyllic (especially one written in the House of Commons library, just after his

'great speech,' and 'with the cheers of that House still ringing in my ears'), and which neither of us pitied withal to the due degree. For there was in the heart of all of them—even of that 'great speech' one—a deep misery traceable; a feeling how blessed the old peace and rest would be, and that peace and rest were now fled far away! We laughed considerably at this huge hurlyburly, comparable in certain features to a huge Sorcerers' Sabbath, prosperously dancing itself out in the distance; and little knew how lucky we were, instead of unlucky (as perhaps was sometimes one's idea in perverse moments) to have no concern with it except as spectators in the shilling gallery or the two-shilling!

About the middle of August, as elsewhere marked, I set off for London with 'Sartor Resartus' in my pocket. I found Jeffrey much preoccupied and bothered, but willing to assist me with Bookseller Murray and the like, and studious to be cheerful. He lived in Jermyn Street, wife and daughter with him, in lodgings at 11*l.* a week, in melancholy contrast to the beautiful tenements and perfect equipments they had left in the north. On the ground floor, in a room of fair size, was a kind of secretary, a bleareyed, tacit Scotch figure, standing or sitting at a desk with many papers. This room seemed also to be

ante-room or waiting-room, into which I was once or twice shown if important company was upstairs. The secretary never spoke; hardly even answered if spoken to, except by an ambiguous smile or sardonic grin. He seemed a shrewd enough fellow, and to stick faithfully by his own trade. Upstairs on the first floor were the apartments of the family; Lord Advocate's bedroom the back portion of the sitting-room, shut off from it merely by a folding door. If I called in the morning, in quest perhaps of letters (though I don't recollect much troubling him in that way), I would find the family still at breakfast, ten A.M. or later; and have seen poor Jeffrey emerge in flowered dressing-gown, with a most boiled and suffering expression of face, like one who had slept miserably, and now awoke mainly to paltry misery and bother; poor official man! 'I am made a mere post office of!' I heard him once grumble, after tearing up several packets, not one of which was internally for himself.

Later in the day you were apt to find certain Scotch people dangling about, on business or otherwise, Rutherford the advocate a frequent figure, I never asked or guessed on what errand; he, florid fat and joyous, his old chieftain very lean and dreary. On the whole I saw little of the latter in those first

weeks, and might have recognised more than I did, how to me he strove always to be cheerful and obliging, though himself so heavy-laden and internally wretched. One day he did my brother John, for my sake (or perhaps for *hers* still more) an easy service which proved very important. A Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, had called one day, and incidentally noticed that 'the Lady Clare' (a great though most unfortunate and at length professedly valetudinary lady) 'wanted a travelling physician, being bound forthwith to Rome.' Jeffrey, the same day, on my calling, asked 'Wouldn't it suit your brother?' and in a day or two the thing was completely settled, and John, to his and our great satisfaction (I still remember him on the coach-box in Regent Circus), under way into his new Roman locality, and what proved his new career. My darling had arrived before this last step of the process, and was much obliged by what her little 'Duke' had done. Duke was the name we called him by; for a foolish reason connected with one of Macaulay's swaggering articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and an insolent response to it in 'Blackwood.' 'Horsewhipped by a duke,' had said Macaulay of his victim in the article: 'Duke! quotha!' answered Blackwood; 'such a set of dukes!' and hinted that 'Duke Macaulay' and 'the Duke of

Craigcrook' were extremely unheraldic dignitaries both of them!

By my Jeannie too had come for John and me the last note we ever had from our father. It was full of the profoundest sorrow (now that I recall it) 'drawing nigh to the gates of death:' which none of us regarded as other than common dispiritment, and the weak chagrin of old age. Ah me, how blind, how indifferent are all of us to sorrows that lie remote from us, and in a sphere not ours! In vain did our brave old father, sinking in the black gulfs of eternity, seek even to convince us that he was sinking. Alone, left alone, with only a tremulous and fitful, though eternal star of hope, he had to front that adventure for himself—with an awe-struck imagination of it such as few or none of men now know. More valiant soul I have never seen: nor one to whom death was more unspeakably 'the King of Terrors.' Death, and the Judgment Bar of the Almighty following it, may well be terrible to the bravest. Death with *nothing* of that kind following it, one readily enough finds cases where that is insignificant to very mean and silly natures. Within three months my father was suddenly gone. I might have noticed something of what the old Scotch people used to call *fey* in his last parting with me (though I did not

then so read it, nor do superstitiously now, but only *understand* it and the superstition): it is visible in Frederick Wilhelm's Ultimatum too. But nothing of all that belongs to this place!

My Jeannie had brought us *silhouettes* of all the faces she had found at Scotsbrig; one of them (and I find they are all still at Chelsea), is the only outward shadow of my father's face now left me.[1] Thanks to her for this also, the dear and ever helpful one!

After her arrival, and our settlement in the Miles's lodgings (Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Lane; a place I will go to see if I return), Jeffrey's appearances were more frequent and satisfactory. Very often in the afternoon he came to call, for her sake mainly I believe, though mostly I was there too; I perceive now his little visits to that unfashionable place were probably the golden item of his bad and troublous day; poor official man begirt with empty botheration! I heard gradually that he was not reckoned 'successful' in public life; that as Lord Advocate, the Scotch with their multifarious business found him irritable, impatient (which I don't wonder at), that his 'great speech' with 'the cheers of that House,' etc. etc. had been a Parliamentary failure, rather unadapted to the place, and what was itself

[1] Engraved and prefixed to Vol. I.—EDITOR.

very mortifying, that the reporters had complained of his 'Scotch accent' to excuse themselves for various omissions they had made! His accent was indeed, singular, but it was by no means Scotch: at his first going to Oxford (where he did not stay long), he had peremptorily crushed down his Scotch (which he privately had in store in excellent condition to the very end of his life, producible with highly ludicrous effect on occasion), and adopted, instead, a strange, swift, sharp-sounding, fitful modulation, part of it pungent, quasi-latrant, other parts of it cooing, bantery, lovingly quizzical, which no charms of his fine ringing voice (metallic tenor of sweet tone), and of his vivacious rapid looks, and pretty little attitudes and gestures, could altogether reconcile you to, but in which he persisted through good report and bad. Old Braxey (Macqueen, Lord Braxfield), a sad old cynic, on whom Jeffrey used to set me laughing often enough, was commonly reported to have said, on hearing Jeffrey again after that Oxford sojourn, 'The laddie has clean tint his Scotch, and found nae English!' which was an exaggerative reading of the fact, his vowels and syllables being elaborately English (or English and *more*, e.g. 'heppy,' 'my Lud,' etc. etc.) while the tune which he sang them to was all his own.

There was not much of interest in what the Lord Advocate brought to us in Ampton Street; but there was something friendly and homelike in his manners there; and a kind of interest and sympathy in the extra-official fact of his seeking temporary shelter in that obscure retreat. How he found his way thither I know not (perhaps in a cab, if quite lost in his azimuth); but I have more than once led him back through Lincoln's Inn Fields, launched him safe in Long Acre with nothing but Leicester Square and Piccadilly ahead; and he never once could find his way home; wandered about, and would discover at last that he had got into Lincoln's Inn Fields *again*. He used to tell us sometimes of ministerial things, not often, nor ever to the kindling of any admiration in either of us; how Lord Althorp would bluffly say etc. etc. (some very dull piece of bluff candour); more sparingly what the aspects and likelihoods were, in which my too Radical humour but little sympathised. He was often unwell, hidden for a week at Wimbledon Park (Lord Althorp's, and then a beautiful secluded place), for quiet and rural air. We seldom called at Jermyn Street; but did once in a damp clammy evening, which I still fondly recollect; ah me! Another ditto evening I recollect being there myself. We were sitting in homely ease by the fire, ourselves

four, I the only visitor, when the house-bell rang, and something that sounded like 'Mr. Fisher' (Wishaw it should have been), was announced as waiting downstairs; the emotion about whom on Mrs. Jeffrey's part, and her agitated industry in sorting the apartment in the few seconds still available struck me somewhat all the more when 'Mr. Fisher' himself waddled in, a puffy, thickset, vulgar little dump of an old man, whose manners and talk, (talk was of cholera then threatened as imminent or almost come), struck me as very cool, but far enough from admirable. By the first good chance I took myself away; learned by and by that this had been a 'Mr. Wishaw,' whose name I had sometimes heard of (in connection with Mungo Park's Travels or the like); and long afterwards, on asking old Sterling who or what this Wishaw specially was, 'He's a damned old humbug; dines at Holland House,' answered Sterling readily. Nothing real in him but the stomach and the effrontery to fill it, according to his version: which was all the history I ever had of the poor man; whom I never heard of more, nor saw, except that one time.

We were at first rather surprised that Jeffrey did not introduce me to some of his grand literary figures, or try in some way to be of help to one for

whom he evidently had a value. The explanation I think partly was, that I myself expressed no trace of aspiration that way; that his grand literary or other figures were clearly by no means so adorable to the rustic hopelessly Germanised soul as an introducer of one might have wished; and chiefly that in fact Jeffrey did not consort with literary or other grand people, but only with Wishaws and bores in this bad time; that it was practically the very worst of times for him, and that he was himself so heartily miserable as to think me and his other fellow-creatures happy in comparison, and to have no care left to bestow on us. I never doubted his real wish to help me should an opportunity offer, and while it did not, we had no want of him, but plenty of society, of resources, outlooks, and interests otherwise. Truly one might have pitied him this his influx of unexpected dignities, as I hope I in silence loyally sometimes did. So beautiful and radiant a little soul, plunged on the sudden into such a mother of (gilt) dead dogs! But it is often so; and many an envied man fares like that mythic Irishman who had resolved on treating himself to a sedan chair; and on whom the mischievous chairmen giving one another the wink, *left the bottom open* and ran away with him, to the sorrow of his poor

shins. 'And that's your sedan chairs!' said the Irish gentleman, paying his shilling and satisfied to finish the experiment.

In March or the end of February I set to writing 'Johnson;' and having found a steady table (what fettling in that poor room, and how kind and beautiful she was to me!) I wrote it by her side for most part, pushing my way through the mud elements, with a certain glow of victory now and then. This finished, this and other objects and arrangements (Jeffrey much in abeyance to judge by my memory now so blank), we made our adieus (Irving, Badams, Mill, Leigh Hunt, who was a new acquaintance, but an interesting), and by Birmingham, Liverpool, Scotsbrig, with incidents all fresh in mind to me just now, arrived safely home well pleased with our London sojourn, and feeling our poor life to a certain degree made richer by it. Ah me! 'so strange, so sad, the days that are no more!'

Jeffrey's correspondence continued brisk as ever, but it was now chiefly to her address; and I regarded it little, feeling, as she too did, that it greatly wanted practicality, and amounted mainly to a flourish of fine words, and the pleasant expenditure now and then of an idle hour in intervals of worry. My time, with little 'Goethe' papers and excerpt-

ings (Das Mährchen etc. etc.), printing of 'Sartor' piecemeal in 'Fraser,' and London correspondings, went more prosperously than heretofore. Had there been *good servants* procurable, as there were *not*, one might almost have called it a happy time, this at Craigenputtoch, and it might have lasted longer; but permanent we both silently felt it could not be, nor even very lasting as matters stood. I think it must have been the latter part of next year, 1833, when Jeffrey's correspondence with me sputtered out into something of sudden life again; and something so unlucky that it proved to be essentially death instead! The case was this: we heard copiously in the newspapers that the Edinburgh people in a meritorious scientific spirit were about remodelling their old Astronomical Observatory; and at length that they had brought it to the proper pitch of real equipment, and that nothing now was wanting but a fit observer to make it scientifically useful and notable. I had hardly even looked through a telescope, but I had good strength in mathematics, in astronomy, and did not doubt but I could soon be at home in such an enterprise if I fairly entered on it. My old enthusiasms, I felt too, were not dead, though so long asleep. We were eagerly desirous of some humblest anchorage, in the finance way, among our

fellow-creatures; my heart's desire, for many years past and coming, was always to find *any* honest employment by which one might regularly gain one's daily bread! Often long after this (while hopelessly writing the 'French Revolution,' for example, hopelessly of money or any other success from it), I thought my case so tragically hard: 'could learn to do honestly so many things, nearly all the things I have ever seen done, from the making of shoes up to the engineering of canals, architecture of mansions as palatial as you liked, and perhaps to still higher things of the physical or spiritual kind; would moreover toil so loyally to do my task right, not wrong, and am forbidden to try any of them; see the practical world closed against me as with brazen doors, and must stand here and perish idle!'

In a word I had got into considerable spirits about that astronomical employment, fancied myself in the silent midnight interrogating the eternal stars etc. with something of real geniality—in addition to financial considerations; and, after a few days, in the light friendly tone, with modesty and brevity, applying to my Lord Advocate for his countenance as the first or preliminary step of procedure, or perhaps it was virtually in his own appointment—or perhaps again (for I quite forget), I

wrote rather as enquiring what he would think of me in reference to it? The poor bit of letter still seems to me unexceptionable, and the answer was prompt and surprising! Almost, or quite by return of post, I got not a flat refusal only, but an angry vehement, almost shrill-sounding and scolding one, as if it had been a crime and an insolence in the like of me to think of such a thing. Thing was intended, as I soon found, for his old Jermyn Street secretary (my taciturn friend with the blear eyes); and it was indeed a plain inconvenience that the like of me should apply for it, but not a crime or an insolence by any means. 'The like of me?' thought I, and my provocation quickly subsided into contempt. For I had in Edinburgh a kind of mathematical reputation withal, and could have expected votes far stronger than Jeffrey's on that subject. But I perceived the thing to be settled, believed withal that the poor secretary, though blear-eyed when I last saw him, would do well enough, as in effect I understood he did; that his master might have reasons of his own for wishing a provisionary settlement to the poor man; and that in short I was an outsider and had nothing to say to all that. By the first post I accordingly answered, in the old light style, thanking briefly for at least the swift despatch,

affirming the maxim *bis dat qui cito dat* even in case of *refusal*, and good-humouredly enough leaving the matter to rest on its own basis. Jeffrey returned to it, evidently somewhat in repentant mood (his tone had really been splenetic sputtery and improper, poor worried man); but I took no notice, and only marked for my own private behoof, what exiguous resource of practical help for me lay in that quarter, and how the economical and useful, there as elsewhere, would always override the sentimental and ornamental.

I had internally no kind of anger against my would-be generous friend. Had not he after all a kind of gratuitous regard for me; perhaps as much as I for him? Nor was there a diminution of respect, perhaps only a clearer view how little respect there had been! My own poor task was abundantly serious, my posture in it solitary; and I felt that silence would be fittest. Then and subsequently I exchanged one or two little notes of business with Jeffrey, but this of late autumn 1833 was the last of our sentimental passages; and may be said to have closed what of correspondence we had in the friendly or effusive strain. For several years more he continued corresponding with my wife; and had I think to the end a kind of lurking regard to us

willing to show itself; but our own struggle with the world was now become stern and grim, not fitly to be interrupted by these theoretic flourishes of epistolary trumpeting: and (towards the finale of 'French Revolution,' if I recollect), my dearest also gave him up, and nearly altogether ceased corresponding.

What a finger of Providence once more was this of the Edinburgh Observatory; to which, had Jeffrey assented, I should certainly have gone rejoicing. These things really strike one's heart. The good Lord Advocate, who really was pitiable and miserably ill off in his eminent position, showed visible embarrassment at sight of me (in 1834), come to settle in London without furtherance asked or given; and, indeed, on other occasions, seemed to recollect the Astronomical catastrophe in a way which touched me, and was of generous origin or indication. He was quitting his Lord Advocateship, and returning home to old courses and habits, a solidly wise resolution. He always assiduously called on us in his subsequent visits to London; and we had our kind thoughts, our pleasant reminiscences and loyal pities of the once brilliant man and friend; but he was now practically become little or nothing to us, and had withdrawn as it were to the sphere of the

past. I have chanced to meet him in a London party; found him curiously exotic. I used punctually to call if passing through Edinburgh; some recollection I have of an evening, perhaps a night, at Craigcrook, pleasantly hospitable, with Empson (son-in-law) there, and talk about Dickens, etc. Jeffrey was now a judge, and giving great satisfaction in that office; 'seldom a better judge,' said everybody. His health was weak and age advancing, but he had escaped his old London miseries, like a sailor from shipwreck, and might now be accounted a lucky man again. The last time I saw him was on my return from Glen Truin in Inverness-shire or Perthshire, and my Ashburton visit there (in 1849 or 50). He was then at least for the time withdrawn from judging, and was reported very weak in health. His wife and he sauntering for a little exercise on the shore at Newhaven, had stumbled over some cable and both of them fallen and hurt themselves, his wife so ill that I did not see her at all. Jeffrey I did see after some delay, and we talked and strolled slowly some hours together; but there was no longer stay possible, such the evident distress and embarrassment Craigcrook was in. I had got breakfast on very kind terms from Mrs. Empson, with husband, and three or four children (of strange Edinburgh type).

Jeffrey himself on coming down was very kind to me, but sadly weak; much worn away in body, and in mind more thin and sensitive than ever. He talked a good deal, distantly alluding once to our *changed* courses, in a friendly (not a very dexterous way), was throughout friendly, good, but tremulous, thin, almost affecting, in contrast with old times; grown Lunar now, not Solar any more! He took me, baggage and all, in his carriage to the railway station, Mrs. Empson escorting, and there said farewell, for the last time as it proved. Going to the Grange some three or four months after this, I accidentally heard from some newspaper or miscellaneous fellow-passenger, as the news of the morning, that Lord Jeffrey in Edinburgh was dead. Dull and heavy, somewhere in the Basingstoke localities, the tidings fell on me, awakening frozen memories not a few. He had died I afterwards heard with great constancy and firmness; lifted his finger as if in cheerful encouragement amid the lamenting loved ones, and silently passed away. After that autumn morning at Craigcrook I have never seen one of those friendly souls, not even the place itself again. A few months afterwards Mrs. Jeffrey followed her husband; in a year or two at Haileybury (some East India College where he had an office or presidency),

Empson died, 'correcting proof sheets of the "Edinburgh Review,"' as appears, 'while waiting daily for death;' a most quiet editorial procedure which I have often thought of! Craigcrook was sold; Mrs. Empson with her children vanished mournfully into the dumb distance; and all was over there, and a life scene once so bright for us and others had ended, and was gone like a dream.

Jeffrey was perhaps at the height of his reputation about 1816; his 'Edinburgh Review' a kind of Delphic oracle and voice of the inspired for great majorities of what is called the 'intelligent public,' and himself regarded universally as a man of consummate penetration and the *facile princeps* in the department he had chosen to cultivate and practise. In the half-century that has followed, what a change in all this! the fine gold become dim to such a degree, and the Trismegistus hardly now regarded as a *Megas* by anyone, or by the generality remembered at all. He may be said to have begun the rash reckless style of criticising everything in heaven and earth by appeal to *Molière's maid*; 'Do *you* like it?' '*Don't* you like it?' a style which in hands more and more inferior to that sound-hearted old lady and him, has since grown gradually to such immeasurable length among us;

and he himself is one of the first that suffers by it. If praise and blame are to be perfected, not in the mouth of Molière's maid only but in that of mischievous precocious babes and sucklings, you will arrive at singular judgments by degrees! Jeffrey was by no means the supreme in criticism or in anything else; but it is certain there has no critic appeared among us since who was worth naming beside him; and his influence for good and for evil in literature and otherwise has been very great. Democracy, the gradual uprise and rule in all things of roaring million-headed unreflecting, darkly suffering darkly sinning 'Demos,' come to call its old superiors to account at its maddest of tribunals; nothing in my time has so forwarded all this as Jeffrey and his once famous 'Edinburgh Review.'

He was not deep enough, pious or reverent enough, to have been great in literature; but he was a man intrinsically of veracity; said nothing without meaning it to some considerable degree, had the quickest perceptions, excellent practical discernment of what lay before him; was in earnest too, though not 'dreadfully in earnest;' in short was well fitted to set forth that 'Edinburgh Review' (at the dull opening of our now so tumultuous century), and become coryphæus of his generation

in the waste, wide-spreading and incalculable course appointed *it* among the centuries! I used to find in him a finer talent than any he has evidenced in writing. This was chiefly when he got to speak Scotch, and gave me anecdotes of old Scotch Braxfields and vernacular (often enough but not always cynical) curiosities of that type; which he did with a greatness of gusto quite peculiar to the topic, with a fine and deep sense of humour, of real comic mirth, much beyond what was noticeable in him otherwise; not to speak of the perfection of the mimicry, which itself was something. I used to think to myself, 'Here is a man whom they have kneaded into the shape of an Edinburgh reviewer, and clothed the soul of in Whig formulas and blue and yellow; but he might have been a beautiful Goldoni too, or some thing better in that kind, and have given us *comedies* and aerial pictures true and poetic of human life in a far other way!' There was something of Voltaire in him, something even in bodily features; those bright-beaming, swift and piercing hazel eyes, with their accompaniment of rapid keen expression in the other lineaments of face, resembled one's notion of Voltaire; and in the voice too there was a fine half-plangent kind of metallic ringing tone which used to remind me of what I fancied Voltaire's

voice might have been: 'voix sombre et majestueuse,' Duvernet calls it. The culture and respective natal scenery of the two men had been very different; nor was their *magnitude* of faculty anything like the same, had their respective kinds of it been much more identical than they were. You could not define Jeffrey to have been more than a potential Voltaire; say 'Scotch Voltaire'; with about as much reason (which was not very much) as they used in Edinburgh to call old Playfair the 'Scotch D'Alembert.' Our Voltaire too, whatever else might be said of him, was at least worth a large multiple of our D'Alembert! A beautiful little man the former of these, and a bright island to me and to mine in the sea of things, of whom it is now again mournful and painful to take farewell.

[Finished at Mentone, this Saturday January 19, 1867; day bright as June (while all from London to Avignon seems to be choked under snow and frost); other conditions, especially the internal, not good, but baddish or bad.]

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

'In the ancient county town of Haddington, July 14, 1801, there was born to a lately wedded pair, not natives of the place but already reckoned among the best class of people there, a little daughter whom they named Jane Baillie Welsh, and whose subsequent and final name (her own common signature for many years), was *Jane Welsh Carlyle*, and now so stands, now that she is mine in death only, on her and her father's tombstone in the Abbey Kirk of that town. July 14, 1801; I was then in my sixth year, far away in every sense, now near and infinitely concerned, trying doubtfully after some three years' sad cunctation, if there is anything that I can profitably put on record of her altogether bright beneficent and modest little life, and *her*, as my final task in this world.'

These are the words in which Mr. Carlyle commenced an intended sketch of his wife's history, three years after she had been taken from him; but finding the effort too distressing, he passed over her

own letters, with notes and recollections which he had written down immediately after her death, directing me as I have already stated[1] either to destroy them, or arrange and publish them, as I might think good. I told him afterwards that before I could write any biography either of Mrs. Carlyle or himself, I thought that these notes ought to be printed in the shape in which he had left them, being adjusted merely into some kind of order. He still left me to my own discretion; on myself therefore the responsibility rests entirely for their publication. The later part of the narrative flows on consecutively; the beginning is irregular from the conditions under which Mr. Carlyle was writing. He had requested Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who had been his wife's most intimate friend, to tell him any biographical anecdotes which she could remember to have heard from Mrs. Carlyle's lips. On these anecdotes, when Miss Jewsbury gave him as much as she was able to give, Mr. Carlyle made his own observations, but he left them undigested; still for the most part remaining in Miss Jewsbury's words; and in the same words I think it best that they shall appear here, as material which may be used hereafter in some record more

[1] Preface to Vol. I.

completely organised, but for the present serving to make intelligible what Mr. Carlyle has to say about them.

IN MEMORIAM JANE WELSH CARLYLE.[1]

Or. April 21, 1866.

She told me that once, when she was a very little girl, there was going to be a dinner-party at home, and she was left alone with some tempting custards, ranged in their glasses upon a stand. She stood looking at them, and the thought 'What *would* be the consequence if I should eat one of them?' came into her mind. A whimsical sense of the dismay it would cause took hold of her; she thought of it again, and scarcely knowing what she was about, she put forth her hand, and—took a little from the top of each! She was discovered; the sentence upon her was, to eat *all* the remaining custards, and to hear the company told the reason why there were none for them! The poor child hated custards for a long time afterwards.

THE BUBBLY JOCK.

On her road to school, when a very small child, she had to pass a gate where a horrid turkey-cock was generally standing. He always ran up to her, gobbling and

[1] Described by Mr. Carlyle as Geraldine's Mythic Jottings.

looking very hideous and alarming. It frightened her at first a good deal; and she dreaded having to pass the place; but after a little time she hated the thought of living in fear. The next time she passed the gate several labourers and boys were near, who seemed to enjoy the thought of the turkey running at her. She gathered herself together and made up her mind. The turkey ran at her as usual, gobbling and swelling; she suddenly darted at him and seized him by the throat and swung him round! The men clapped their hands, and shouted 'Well done, little Jeannie Welsh!' and the Bubbly Jock never molested her again.

LEARNING LATIN.

She was anxious to learn lessons like a boy; and, when a very little thing, she asked her father to let her 'learn Latin like a boy.' Her mother did not wish her to learn so much; her father always tried to push her forwards; there was a division of opinion on the subject. Jeannie went to one of the town scholars in Haddington and made him teach her a noun of the first declension ('*Penna*, a pen,' I think it was). Armed with this, she watched her opportunity; instead of going to bed, she crept under the table, and was concealed by the cover. In a pause of conversation, a little voice was heard, '*Penna*, a pen; *pennæ*, of a pen;' etc., and as there was a pause of surprise, she crept out, and went up to her father saying, 'I want to learn Latin; please let me be a boy.' Of course she had her own way in the matter.

SCHOOL AT HADDINGTON.

Boys and girls went to the same school; they were in separate rooms, except for Arithmetic and Algebra. Jeannie was the best of the girls at Algebra. Of course she had many devoted slaves among the boys; one of them especially taught her, and helped her all he knew; but he was quite a poor boy, whilst Jeannie was one of the gentry of the place; but she felt no difficulty, and they were great friends. She was fond of doing everything difficult that boys did. There was one particularly dangerous feat, to which the boys dared each other; it was to walk on a *very* narrow ledge on the parapet of the bridge overhanging the water; the ledge went in an arch, and the height was considerable. One fine morning Jeannie got up early and went to the Nungate Bridge; she lay down on her face and crawled from one end of the bridge to the other, to the imminent risk of either breaking her neck or drowning.

One day in the boy's school-room, one of the boys said something to displease her. She lifted her hand, doubled it, and hit him hard; his nose began to bleed, and in the midst of the scuffle the master came in. He saw the traces of the fray, and said in an angry voice, 'You know, boys, I have forbidden you to fight in school, and have promised that I would flog the next. Who has been fighting this time?' Nobody spoke; and the master grew angry, and threatened *tawse* all round unless the culprit were given up. Of course no boy would tell of a girl, so there was a pause; in the midst of it, Jeannie

looked up and said, 'Please, I gave that black eye.' The master tried to look grave, and pursed up his mouth; but the boy was big, and Jeannie was little; so, instead of the *tawse* he burst out laughing and told her she was 'a little deevil,' and had no business there, and to go her ways back to the girls.

Her friendship with her schoolfellow-teacher came to an untimely end. An aunt who came on a visit saw her standing by a stile with him, and a book between them. She was scolded, and desired not to keep his company. This made her very sorry, for she knew how good he was to her; but she never had a notion of disobedience in any matter small or great. She did not know how to tell him or to explain; she thought it shame to tell him he was not thought good enough, so she determined he should imagine it a fit of caprice, and from that day she never spoke to him or took the least notice; she thought a sudden cessation would pain him less than a gradual coldness. Years and years afterwards, going back on a visit to Haddington, when she was a middle-aged woman, and he was a man married and doing well in the world, she saw him again, and then, for the first time, told him the explanation.

She was always anxious to work hard, and would sit up half the night over her lessons. One day she had been greatly perplexed by a problem in Euclid; she *could not* solve it. At last she went to bed; and in a dream got up and did it, and went to bed again. In the morning she had no consciousness of her dream; but on looking at her slate, there was the problem solved.

She was afraid of sleeping too much, and used to tie a weight to one of her ankles that she might awake. Her mother discovered it; and her father forbade her to rise before five o'clock. She was a most healthy little thing then; only she did her best to ruin her health, not knowing what she did. She always would push everything to its extreme to find out if possible the ultimate consequence. One day her mother was ill, and a bag of ice had to be applied to her head. Jeannie wanted to know the sensation, and took an opportunity when no one saw her to get hold of the bag, and put it on her own head, and kept it on till she was found lying on the ground insensible.

She made great progress in Latin, and was in Virgil when nine years old. She always loved her doll; but when she got into Virgil she thought it shame to care for a doll. On her tenth birthday she built a funeral pile of lead pencils and sticks of cinnamon, and poured some sort of perfume over all, to represent a funeral pile. She then recited the speech of Dido, stabbed her doll and let out all the sawdust; after which she consumed her to ashes, and then burst into a passion of tears.

HER APPEARANCE IN GIRLHOOD.

As a child she was remarkable for her large black eyes with their long curved lashes. As a girl she was extremely pretty,—a graceful and beautifully formed figure, upright and supple,—a delicate complexion of creamy white with a pale rose tint in the cheeks, lovely

eyes full of fire and softness, and with great depths of meaning. Her head was finely formed, with a noble arch, and a broad forehead. Her other features were not regular; but they did not prevent her conveying all the impression of being beautiful. Her voice was clear, and full of subtle intonations and capable of great variety of expression. She had it under full control. She danced with much grace; and she was a good musician. She was ingenious in all works that required dexterity of hand; she could draw and paint, and she was a good carpenter. She could do anything well to which she chose to give herself. She was fond of logic,—too much so; and she had a keen clear incisive faculty of seeing through things, and hating all that was make-believe or pretentious. She had good sense that amounted to genius. She loved to learn, and she cultivated all her faculties to the utmost of her power. She was always witty, with a gift for narration;—in a word she was fascinating and everybody fell in love with her. A relative of hers told me that every man who spoke to her for five minutes felt impelled to make her an offer of marriage! From which it resulted that a great many men were made unhappy. She seemed born 'for the destruction of mankind.' Another person told me that she was 'the most beautiful starry-looking creature that could be imagined,' with a peculiar grace of manner and motion that was more charming than beauty. She had a great quantity of very fine silky black hair, and she always had a natural taste for dress. The first thing I ever heard about her was that she dressed well,—an excellent gift for a woman.

Her mother was a beautiful woman, and as charming as her daughter, though not so clever. She had the gift of dressing well also. Genius is profitable for all things, and it saves expense. Once her mother was going to some grand fête, and she wanted her dress to be something specially beautiful. She did not want to spend money. Jeannie was entrusted with a secret mission to gather ivy-leaves and trails of ivy of different kinds and sizes, also mosses of various kinds, and was enjoined to silence. Mrs. Welsh arranged these round her dress, and the moss formed a beautiful embossed trimming and the ivy made a graceful scrollwork; the effect was lovely; nobody could imagine of what the trimming was composed, but it was generally supposed to be a French trimming of the latest fashion and of fabulous expense.

She always spoke of her mother with deep affection and great admiration. She said she was so noble and generous that no one ever came near her without being the better. She used to make beautiful presents by saving upon herself,—she economised upon herself to be generous to others; and no one ever served her in the least without experiencing her generosity. She was almost as charming and as much adored as her daughter.

Of her *father* she always spoke with reverence; he was the only person who had any real influence over her. But, however wilful or indulged she might be, *obedience* to her parents—unquestioning and absolute—lay at the foundation of her life. She was accustomed to say that this habit of obedience to her parents was her salvation

through life,—that she owed all that was of value in her character to this habit as the foundation. Her father, from what she told me, was a man of strong and noble character,—very true and hating all that was false. She always spoke of any praise he gave her as of a precious possession. She loved him with a deep reverence; and she never spoke of him except to friends whom she valued. It was the highest token of her regard when she told anyone about her father. She told me that once he was summoned to go a sudden journey to see a patient; and he took her with him. It was the greatest favour and pleasure she had ever had. They travelled at night, and were to start for their return by a very early hour in the morning. She used to speak of this journey as something that made her perfectly happy; and during that journey, her father told her that her conduct and character satisfied him. It was not often he praised her; and this unreserved flow of communication was very precious to her. Whilst he went to the sick person, she was sent to bed until it should be time to return. She had his watch that she might know the time. When the chaise came round, the landlady brought her some tea; but she was in such haste not to keep him waiting that she forgot the *watch*; and they had to return several miles to fetch it! This was the last time she was with her father; a few days afterwards he fell ill of typhus fever, and would not allow her to come into the room. She made her way once to him, and he sent her away. He died of this illness; and it was the very greatest sorrow she ever experienced. She always relapsed into a

deep silence for some time after speaking of her father. [*Not very correct.* T. C.]

After her father's death they [*'they,' no!*] left Haddington, and went to live at *Templand*, near Thornhill, in Dumfriesshire. It was a country house, standing in its own grounds, prettily laid out. The house has been described to me as furnished with a certain elegant thrift which gave it a great charm. I do not know how old she was when her father died,[1] but she was one with whom years did not signify, they conveyed no meaning as to what she was. Before she was fourteen she wrote a *tragedy* in five acts, which was greatly admired and wondered at; but she never wrote another. She used to speak of it 'as just an explosion.' I don't know what the title was; she never told me.

She had many ardent lovers, and she owned that some of them had reason to complain. I think it highly probable that if *flirting* were a capital crime, she would have been in danger of being hanged many times over. She told me one story that showed a good deal of character:—There was a young man who was very much in love, and I am afraid he had had reason to hope she cared for him: and she only liked him. She refused him decidedly when he proposed; but he tried to turn her from her decision, which showed how little he understood her; for her *will* was very steadfast through life. She refused him peremptorily this time. He then fell ill, and took to his bed, and his mother was very miserable about her son. She was a widow, and had but the one. At last

[1] Eighteen, just gone.

he wrote her another letter, in which he declared that unless she would marry him, he would kill himself. He was in such distraction that it was a very likely thing for him to do. Her mother was very angry indeed, and reproached her bitterly. She was very sorry for the mischief she had done, and took to her bed, and made herself ill with crying. The old servant, Betty, kept imploring her to say just one word to save the young man's mother from her misery. But though she felt horribly guilty, she was not going to be forced or frightened into anything. She took up the letter once more, which she said was very moving, but a slight point struck her; and she put down the letter, saying to her mother, 'You need not be frightened, he won't kill himself at all; look here, he has scratched out one word to substitute another. A man intending anything desperate would not have stopped to scratch out a word, he would have put his pen through it, or left it!' That was very sagacious, but the poor young man was very ill, and the doctor brought a bad report of him to the house. She suddenly said, 'We must go away, go away for some time; he will get well when we are gone.' It was as she had said it would be; her going away set his mind at rest, and he began to recover. In the end he married somebody else, and what became of him I forget, though I think she told me more about him.

There was another man whom she had allowed to fall in love, and never tried to hinder him, though she refused to marry him. After many years she saw him again. He was then an elderly man; had made a fortune, and

stood high as a county gentleman. He was happily married, and the father of a family. But one day he was driving her somewhere, and he slackened the pace to a walk and said: 'I once thought I would have broken my heart about you, but I think my attachment to you was the best thing that ever happened to me: it made me a better man. It is a part of my life that stands out by itself and belongs to nothing else. I have heard o you from time to time, and I know what a brilliant lot yours has been, and I have felt glad that you were in your rightful place, and I felt glad that I had suffered for your sake, and I have sometimes thought that if I had known I would not have tried to turn you into any other path.' This, as well as I can render it, is the sense of what he said gravely and gently, and I admired it very much when she told me: but it seems to me that it was *much* better as she told it to me. Nobody could help loving her, and nobody but was the better for doing so. She had the gift of calling forth the best qualities that were in people.

I don't know at what period she knew Irving, but he loved her, and wrote letters and poetry (very true and touching): but there had been some vague understanding with another person, not a definite engagement, and she insisted that he must keep to it and not go back from what had once been spoken. There had been just then some trial, and a great scandal about a Scotch minister who had broken an engagement of marriage: and she could not bear that the shadow of any similar reproach

should be cast on him. Whether if she had cared for him very much she could or would have insisted on such punctilious honour, she did not know herself; but anyhow that is what she did. After Irving's marriage, years afterwards, there was not much intercourse between them; the whole course of his life had changed.

I do not know in what year she married, nor anything connected with her marriage. I believe that she brought no money or very little at her marriage. Her father had left everything to her, but she made it over to her mother, and only had what her mother gave her. Of course people thought she was making a dreadfully bad match; they only saw the outside of the thing; but she had faith in her own insight. Long afterwards, when the world began to admire her husband, at the time he delivered the 'Lectures on Hero Worship,' she gave a little half-scornful laugh, and said 'they tell me things as if they were new that I found out years ago.' She knew the power of help and sympathy that lay in her; and she knew she had strength to stand the struggle and pause before he was recognised. She told me that she resolved that he should never write for money, only when he wished it, when he had a message in his heart to deliver, and she determined that she would make whatever money he gave her answer for all needful purposes; and she was ever faithful to this resolve. She bent her faculties to economical problems, and she managed so well that comfor was never absent from her house, and no one looking on could have guessed whether they were rich or poor.

Until she married, she had never minded household things; but she took them up when necessary, and accomplished them as she accomplished everything else she undertook, well and gracefully. Whatever she had to do she did it with a peculiar personal grace that gave a charm to the most prosaic details. No one who in later years saw her lying on the sofa in broken health, and languor, would guess the amount of energetic hard work she had done in her life. She could do everything and anything, from mending the Venetian blinds to making picture-frames or trimming a dress. Her judgment in all literary matters was thoroughly good; she could get to the very core of a thing, and her insight was like witchcraft.

Some of her stories about her servants in the early times were very amusing, but she could make a story about a broom-handle and make it entertaining. Here are some things she told me about their residence at Craigenputtoch.

At first on their marriage they lived in a small pretty house in Edinburgh called 'Comley Bank.' Whilst there her first experience of the difficulties of housekeeping began. She had never been accustomed to anything of the kind; but Mr. Carlyle was obliged to be very careful in diet. She learned to make bread partly from recollecting how she had seen an old servant set to work; and she used to say that the first time she attempted brown bread, it was with awe. She mixed the dough and saw it rise; and then she put it into the oven, and sat down to watch the oven-door with feelings like Benvenuto Cellini's when he watched his Perseus put into the furnace.

She did not feel too sure what it would come out! But it came out a beautiful crusty loaf, very light and sweet; and proud of it she was. The first time she tried a pudding, she went into the kitchen and locked the door on herself, having got the servant out of the road. It was to be a suet pudding—not just a common suet pudding but something special—and it was good, being made with care by weight and measure with exactness. Whilst they were in Edinburgh they knew everybody worth knowing; Lord Jeffrey was a great admirer of hers, and an old friend; Chalmers, Guthrie, and many others. But Mr. Carlyle's health and work needed perfect quietness and absolute solitude. They went to live at the end of two years at Craigenputtoch—a lonely farmhouse belonging to Mrs. Welsh, her mother. A house was attached to the farm, beside the regular farmhouse. The farm was let; and Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle lived in the house, which was separated from the farm-yard and buildings by a yard. A garden and outbuildings were attached to it. They had a cow, and a horse, and poultry. They were fourteen miles from Dumfries, which was the nearest town. The country was uninhabited for miles round, being all moorland, with rocks, and a high steep green hill behind the house. She used to say that the stillness was almost awful, and that when she walked out she could hear the sheep nibbling the grass, and they used to look at her with innocent wonder. The letters came in once a week, which was as often as they sent into Dumfries. All she needed had to be sent for there or done without. One day she had desired the farm-servant to bring her a bottle

of yeast. The weather was very hot. The man came back looking scared; and without the yeast. He said doggedly that he would do anything lawful for her; but he begged she would never ask him to fetch such an uncanny thing again, for it had just worked and worked till it flew away with the bottle! When asked where it was, he replied 'it had a' gane into the ditch, and he had left it there!'

Lord Jeffrey and his family came out twice to visit her; expecting, as he said, to find that she had hanged herself upon a door-nail. But she did no such thing. It was undoubtedly a great strain upon her nerves from which she never entirely recovered; but she lived in the solitude cheerfully and willingly for six years. It was a much greater trial than it sounds at first; for Mr. Carlyle was engrossed in his work, and had to give himself up to it entirely. It was work and thought with which he had to wrestle with all his might to bring out the truths he felt, and to give them due utterance. It was his life that his work required, and it was his life that he gave, and she gave her life too, which alone made such life possible for him. All those who have been strengthened by Mr. Carlyle's written words—and they have been wells of life to more than have been numbered—owe to her a debt of gratitude no less than to him. If she had not devoted her life to him, he could not have worked; and if she had let the care for money weigh on him he could not have given his best strength to teach. Hers was no holiday task of pleasant companionship; she had to live beside him in silence that the people in the

world might profit by his full strength and receive his message. She lived to see his work completed, and to see him recognised in full for what he is, and for what he has done.

Sometimes she could not send to Dumfries for butcher's meat; and then she was reduced to her poultry. She had a peculiar breed of very long-legged hens, and she used to go into the yard amongst them with a long stick and point out those that were to be killed, feeling, she said, like Fouquier Tinville pricking down his victims.

One hard winter her servant, Grace, asked leave to go home to see her parents; there was some sort of a fair held in her village. She went and was to return at night. The weather was bad, and she did not return. The next morning there was nothing for it but for her to get up to light the fires and prepare breakfast. The house had beautiful and rather elaborate steel grates; it seemed a pity to let them rust, so she cleaned them carefully, and then looked round for wood to kindle the fire. There was none in the house; it all lay in a little outhouse across the yard. On trying to open the door, she found it was frozen beyond her power to open it, so Mr. Carlyle had to be roused; it took all his strength, and when opened a drift of snow six feet high fell into the hall! Mr. Carlyle had to make a path to the wood-house, and bring over a supply of wood and coal; after which he left her to her own resources.

The fire at length made, the breakfast had to be prepared; but it had to be raised from the foundation. The bread had to be made, the butter to be churned, and the

coffee ground. All was at last accomplished, and the breakfast was successful! After breakfast she went about the work of the house, as there was no chance of the servant being able to return. The work fell into its natural routine. Mr. Carlyle always kept a supply of wood ready; he cut it, and piled it ready for her use inside the house; and he fetched the water, and did things she had not the strength to do. The poor cow was her greatest perplexity. She could continue to get hay down to feed it, but she had never in her life milked a cow. The first day the servant of the farmer's wife, who lived at the end of the yard, milked it for her willingly, but the next day Mrs. Carlyle heard the poor cow making an uncomfortable noise; it had not been milked. She went herself to the byre, and took the pail and sat down on the milking stool and began to try to milk the cow. It was not at first easy; but at last she had the delight of hearing the milk trickle into the can. She said she felt quite proud of her success; and talked to the cow like a human creature. The snow continued to lie thick and heavy on the ground, and it was impossible for her maid to return. Mrs. Carlyle got on easily with all the housework, and kept the whole place bright and clean except the large kitchen or house place, which grew to need scouring very much. At length she took courage to attack it. Filling up two large pans of hot water, she knelt down and began to scrub; having made a clean space round the large arm-chair by the fireside, she called Mr. Carlyle and installed him with his pipe to watch her progress. He regarded her beneficently, and gave her

from time to time words of encouragement. Half the large floor had been successfully cleansed, and she felt anxious of making a good ending, when she heard a gurgling sound. For a moment or two she took no notice, but it increased and there was a sound of something falling upon the fire, and instantly a great black thick stream came down the chimney, pouring like a flood along the floor, taking precisely the lately cleaned portion first in its course, and extinguishing the fire. It was too much; she burst into tears. The large fire, made up to heat the water, had melted the snow on the top of the chimney, it came down mingling with the soot, and worked destruction to the kitchen floor. All that could be done was to dry up the flood. She had no heart to recommence her task. She rekindled the fire and got tea ready. That same night her maid came back, having done the impossible to get home. She clasped Mrs. Carlyle in her arms, crying and laughing, saying 'Oh, my dear mistress, my dear mistress, I dreamed ye were deed!'

During their residence at Craigenputtoch, she had a good little horse, called 'Harry,' on which she sometimes rode long distances. She was an excellent and fearless horsewoman, and went about like the women used to do before carriages were invented. One day she received news that Lord Jeffrey and his family, with some visitors, were coming. The letter only arrived the day they were expected (for letters only came in one day in the week). She mounted 'Harry' and galloped off to Dumfries to get what was needed and galloped back, and was all ready

and dressed to receive her visitors with no trace of her thirty mile ride except the charming history she made of it. She said that 'Harry' understood all was needed of him.

She had a long and somewhat anxious ride at another time. Mr. Carlyle had gone to London, leaving her to finish winding up affairs at Craigenputtoch and to follow him. The last day came. She got the money out of the bank at Dumfries, dined with a friend, and mounted her horse to ride to Ecclefechan, where she was to stay for a day or two. Whether she paid no attention to the road or did not know it I don't know; but she *lost* her way: and at dusk found herself entering Dumfries from the *other side*, having made a circuit. She alighted at the friend's house where she had dined, to give her horse a rest. She had some tea herself, and then mounted again to proceed on her journey, fearing that those to whom she was going would be alarmed if she did not appear. This time she made sure she was on the right tack. It was growing dusk, and at a joining of two roads she came upon a party of men half-tipsy, coming from a fair. They accosted her, and asked where she was going, and would she come along with them? She was rather frightened, for she had a good deal of money about her, so she imitated a broad country dialect, and said their road was not hers, and that she had 'a gey piece to ride before she got to Annan.' She whipped her horse, and took the other road, thinking she could easily return to the right track; but she had again lost her way and, seeing a house with a light in the lower storey, she

rode up the avenue which led to it. Some women-servants had got up early, or rather late at night, to begin their washing. She knocked at the window. At first they thought it was one of their sweethearts; but when they saw a lady on a horse they thought it a ghost. After a while she got them to listen to her, and when she told them her tale they were vehement in their sympathy, and would have had her come in to refresh herself. They gave her a cup of their tea, and one of them came with her to the gate, and set her face towards the right road. She had actually come back to within a mile of Dumfries once more! The church clocks struck twelve as she set out a third time, and it was after two o'clock in the morning before she arrived, dead tired, she and her horse too, at Ecclefechan; where however she had long since been given up. The inmates had gone to bed, and it was long before she could make them hear. After a day or two of repose, she proceeded to join Mr. Carlyle in London. At first they lived in lodgings with some people who were very kind to them and became much attached to her. They looked upon her as a superior being, of another order, to themselves. The children were brought up to think of her as a sort of fairy lady. One day, a great many years afterwards, when I had come to live in London, it was my birthday, and we resolved to celebrate it 'by doing something;' and at last we settled that she should take me to see the daughter of the people she used to lodge with, who had been an affectionate attendant upon her, and who was now very well married, and an extremely happy woman. Mrs.

Carlyle said it was a good omen to go and see 'a happy woman' on such a day! So she and I, and her dog 'Nero,' who accompanied her wherever she went, set off to Dalston where the 'happy woman' lived. I forget her name, except that she was called '*Eliza.*' It was washing day, and the husband was absent; but I remember a pleasant-looking kind woman, who gave us a nice tea, and rejoiced over Mrs. Carlyle, and said she had brought up her children in the hope of seeing her some day. She lived in a house in a row, with little gardens before them. We saw the children, who were like others; and we went home by omnibus; and we had enjoyed our little outing; and Mrs. Carlyle gave me a pretty lace collar, and Bohemian-glass vase, which is still unbroken.

I end these 'stories told by herself,' not because there are no more. They give some slight indication of the courage and nobleness and fine qualities which lay in her who is gone. Very few women so truly great come into the world at all; and no two like her at the same time. Those who were her friends will only go on feeling their loss and their sorrow more and more every day of their own lives. G. E. J.

Chelsea, May 20, 1866.

So far Miss Jewsbury. Mr. Carlyle now continues:—

Few or none of these narratives are correct in details, but there is a certain mythical truth in

all or most of them. That of young lovers, especially that of flirting, is much exaggerated. If 'flirt' means one who tries to inspire love without feeling it, I do not think she ever was a flirt; but she was very charming, full of grave clear insight, playful humour, and also of honest dignity and pride; and not a few young fools of her own, and perhaps a slightly better station, made offers to her which sometimes to their high temporary grief and astonishment were decisively rejected. The most serious-looking of those affairs was that of George Rennie, nephew of the first Engineer Rennie, a clever, decisive, ambitious, but quite *un*melodious young fellow, whom we knew afterwards here as sculptor, as M.P. for a while, finally as retired Governor of the Falkland Islands, in which latter character he died here seven or eight years ago. She knew him thoroughly, had never loved him, but respected various qualities in him, and naturally had some peculiar interest in him to the last. In his final time he used to come pretty often down to us here, and was well worth talking to on his Falkland or other experiences; a man of sternly sound common sense (so called), of strict veracity, who much contemned imbecility, falsity, or nonsense wherever met with; had swallowed manfully his many bitter dis-

appointments, and silently awaited death itself for the last year or more (as I could notice), with a fine honest stoicism always complete. My poor Jane hurried to his house, and was there for three days zealously assisting the widow.

The wooer who would needs die for want of success, was a Fyfe M.D., an extremely conceited limited, strutting little creature, who well deserved all he got or more. The end of him had something of tragedy in it, but is not worth recording.

Dods is the 'peasant schoolfellow's' name, about seven or eight years her senior, son of a nurseryman, now rich abundantly, banker, etc. etc., and an honest kindly, though clumsy prosaic man.

The story of her being taken as a child to drive with her father has some truth in it, but consists of two stories rolled into one. Child of seven or eight 'with watch forgotten,' was to the Press Inn (then a noted place, and to her an ever-memorable expedition beside a father almost her divinity); but drive second, almost still more memorable, was for an afternoon or several hours as a young girl of eighteen, over some district of her father's duties. She waiting in the carriage unnoticed, while he made his visits. The usually tacit man, tacit especially about his bright daughter's gifts and merits, took to talking

with her that day in a style quite new; told her she was a good girl, capable of being useful and precious to him and the circle she would live in; that she must summon her utmost judgment and seriousness to choose her path, and be what he expected of her; that he did not think she had yet seen the life partner that would be worthy of her—in short that he expected her to be wise as well as good-looking and good; all this in a tone and manner which filled her poor little heart with surprise, and a kind of sacred joy, coming from the man she of all men revered.

Often she told me about this, for it was her last talk with him. On the morrow, perhaps that evening, certainly within a day or two, he caught from some poor old woman patient a typhus fever, which under injudicious treatment killed him in three or four days (September 1819), and drowned the world for her in the very blackness of darkness. In effect it was her first sorrow, and her greatest of all. It broke her health for the next two or three years, and in a sense almost broke her heart. A father so mourned and loved I have never seen; to the end of her life his title even to me was 'he' and 'him;' not above twice or thrice, quite in late years, did she ever mention (and then in a quiet slow tone), 'my

father;' nay, I have a kind of notion (beautiful to me and sad exceedingly), she was never as happy again, after that sunniest youth of hers, as in the last eighteen months, and especially the last two weeks of her life, when after wild rain deluges and black tempests many, the sun shone forth again for another's sake with full mild brightness, taking sweet farewell. Oh, it is beautiful to me, and oh, it is humbling and it is sad! Where was my Jeannie's peer in this world? and she fell to me, and I could not screen her from the bitterest distresses! God pity and forgive me. My own burden, too, might have broken a stronger back, had not she been so loyal and loving.

The Geraldine accounts of her childhood are substantially correct, but without the light melodious clearness and charm of a fairy tale all true, which my lost one used to give them in talking to me. She was fond of talking about her childhood; nowhere in the world did I ever hear of one more beautiful, all sunny to her and to me, to our last years together.

That of running on the parapet of the Nungate Bridge (John Knox's old suburb), I recollect well; that of the boy with the bloody nose; many adventures skating and leaping; that of Penna,

pennæ from below the table is already in print through Mrs. Oliphant's 'Life of Irving.' In all things she strove to 'be a boy' in education; and yet by natural guidance never ceased to be the prettiest and gracefullest of little girls, full of intelligence, of veracity, vivacity, and bright curiosity; she went into all manner of shops and workshops that were accessible, eager to see and understand what was going on. One morning, perhaps in her third or fourth year, she went into the shop of a barber on the opposite side of the street, back from which by a narrow entrance was her own nice, elegant, quiet home. Barber's shop was empty; my Jeannie went in silently, sate down on a bench at the wall, old barber giving her a kind glance, but no word. Presently a customer came in, was soaped and lathered in silence mainly or altogether, was getting diligently shaved, my bonny little bird as attentive as possible, and all in perfect silence. Customer at length said in a pause of the razor, 'How is John so and so now?' 'He's deed' (dead), replied barber in a rough hollow voice, and instantly pushed on with business again. The bright little child burst into tears and hurried out. This she told me not half a year ago.

Her first school teacher was Edward Irving, who also gave her private lessons in Latin etc., and became

an intimate of her family. It was from him (probably in 1818), that I first heard of her father and her, some casual mention, the loving and reverential tone of which had struck me. Of the father he spoke always as of one of the wisest, truest, and most dignified of men. Of her as a paragon of gifted young girls, far enough from me both, and objects of distant reverence and unattainable longing at that time! The father, whom I never saw, died next year. Her I must have seen first I think in June 1821. Sight for ever memorable to me. I looked up at the windows of the old room, in the desolate moonlight of my last visit to Haddington [1] five weeks ago come Wednesday next: and the old summer dusk, and that bright pair of eyes enquiringly fixed on me (as I noticed for a moment) came up clear as yesterday, all drowned in woes and death. Her second teacher (Irving's successor) was a Rev. James Brown, who died in India, whom also I slightly knew. The school I believe was, and is, at the western end of the Nungate Bridge, and grew famed in the neighbourhood by Irving's new methods and managements (adopted as far as might be by Brown); a short furlong or so along paved streets from her father's house. Thither daily at an early hour

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's funeral.

(perhaps eight A.M. in summer), might be seen my little Jeannie tripping nimbly and daintily along, her little satchel in hand, dressed by her mother (who had a great talent that way) in tasteful simplicity; neat bit of pelisse (light blue sometimes), fastened with black belt, dainty little cap, perhaps little beaverkin (with flap turned up), and I think one at least with modest little plume in it. Fill that figure with electric intellect, ditto love and generous vivacity of all kinds, where in nature will you find a prettier?

At home was opulence without waste, elegance, good sense, silent practical affection and manly wisdom, from threshold to roof-tree, no paltriness or unveracity admitted into it. I often told her how very beautiful her childhood was to me, so authentic-looking actual, in her charming naïve and humorous way of telling, and that she must have been the prettiest little Jenny Spinner (Scotch name for a long-winged, long-legged, extremely bright and airy insect) that was dancing in the summer rays in her time. More enviable lot than all this was I cannot imagine to myself in any house high or low, in the higher and highest still less than in the other kind.

Three or four child anecdotes I will mark as ready at this time.

Father and mother returning from some visit (probably to Nithsdale) along with her (age say four), at the Black Bull, Edinburgh, and were ordering dinner. Waiter, rather solemn personage, enquired, 'And what will little missy eat?' 'A roasted bumm bee' (humming or field bee) answered little missy.

'Mamma, wine makes cosy!' said the little naturalist once at home (year before perhaps) while sipping a drop of wine mamma had given her.

One of the prettiest stories, was of the child's first ball, 'Dancing School Ball,' her first public appearance as it were on the theatre of the world. Of this, in the daintiest style of kind mockery, I often heard, and have the general image still vivid; but have lost the express details, or rather, in my ignorance of such things, never completely understood the details. How the evening was so great; all the higher public, especially the maternal or paternal sections of it, to see the children dance; and Jeannie Welsh, then about six, had been selected to perform some *pas seul* beautiful and difficult, the jewel of the evening, and was privately anxious in her little heart to do it well; how she was dressed to perfection, with elegance, with simplicity, and at the due hour was carried over in a clothes-basket (streets being muddy and no carriage), and landed safe, pretty silks and pumps

uninjured. Through the ball everything went well and smoothly, nothing to be noted till the *pas seul* came. My little woman (with a look that I can still fancy) appeared upon the scene, stood waiting for the music; music began, but also, alas, it was the wrong music, impossible to dance that *pas seul* to it. She shook her little head, looked or made some sign of distress. Music ceased, took counsel, scraped; began again; again wrong; hopelessly, flatly impossible. Beautiful little Jane, alone against the world, forsaken by the music but not by her presence of mind, plucked up her little skirt, flung it over her head, and curtseying in that veiled manner, withdrew from the adventure amidst general applause.

The last of my anecdotes is not easily intelligible except to myself. Old Walter Welsh, her maternal grandfather, was a most picturesque peculiar, generous-hearted, hot-tempered abrupt and impatient old man. I guess she might be about six, and was with her mother on a visit; I know not whether at Capelgill (Moffat Water) or at Strathmilligan. Old Walter, who was of few words though of very lively thought and insight, had a *burr* in pronouncing his *r*, and spoke in the old style generally. He had taken little Jeannie out to ride on a quiet pony; very pleasant winding ride, and at length when far enough, old

Walter said, 'Now we will go back by so and so, etc., to vary the scene.' Home at dinner, the company asked her, 'Where did you ride to, Pen?' (Pen was her little name there, from paternal grandfather's house, Penfillan, to distinguish her from the other Welshes of Walter's household.) 'We rode to *so*, then to *so*,' answered she, punctually; 'then from *so* returned by *so*, to vah-chry the shane!' At which I suppose the old man himself burst into his cheeriest laugh at the mimicry of tiny little Pen. 'Mamma, oh mamma, don't exposie me,' exclaimed she once, not yet got quite the length of speaking, when her mother for some kind purpose was searching under her clothes.

But I intend to put down something about her parentage now, and what of reminiscence must live with me on that head.

John Welsh, farmer, of Penfillan, near Thornhill, Nithsdale, for the greater part of his life, was born I believe at Craigenputtoch, December 9, 1757; and was sole heir of that place, and of many ancestors there; my wife's paternal grandfather, of whom she had many pretty things to report, in her pleasant interesting way; genuine affection blending so beautifully with perfect candour, and with arch recognition of whatever was, comically or otherwise,

singular in the subject matter. Her father's name was also John; which from of old had specially been that of the laird, or of his first-born, as her father was. This is one of the probabilities they used to quote in claiming to come from John Knox's youngest daughter and her husband, the once famous John Welsh, minister of Ayr etc. A better probability perhaps is the topographical one that Craigenputtoch, which, by site and watershed would belong to Galloway, is still part of Dumfriesshire, and did apparently form part of Collieston, fertile little farm still extant, which probably was an important estate when the antique 'John Welsh's father' had it in Knox's day: to which Collieston, Craigenputtoch, as moorland, extending from the head of the Glenessland valley, and a two miles farther southward (quite over the slope and down to Orr, the next river), does seem to have been an appendage. My Jeannie cared little or nothing about these genealogies, but seeing them interest me, took some interest in them. Within the last three months (*à propos* of a new life of the famed John Welsh), she mentioned to me some to me new, and still livelier spark of likelihood, which her 'Uncle Robert' (an expert Edinburgh lawyer) had derived from reading the old Craigenputtoch law-

papers. What this new 'spark' of light on the matter was (quite forgotten by me at the time, and looking 'new') I in vain strive to recall; and have again forgotten it (swallowed in the sad Edinburgh hurlyburlies of 'three months ago,' which have now had such an issue!) To my present judgment there is really good likelihood of the genealogy, and likelihood all going that way; but no certainty attained or perhaps ever attainable. That 'famed John Welsh' lies buried (since the end of James I.'s reign) in some churchyard of Eastern London, name of it known, but nothing more. His grandson was minister of Ernecray ('Irongray' they please to spell it) near by, in Clavers's bloody time; and there all certainty ends. . . . By her mother's mother, who was a Baillie, of somewhat noted kindred in Biggar country, my Jeannie was further said to be descended from 'Sir William Wallace' (the great); but this seemed to rest on nothing but air and vague fireside rumour of obsolete date, and she herself, I think, except perhaps in quizzical allusion, never spoke of it to me at all. Edward Irving once did (1822 or so) in his half-laughing Grandison way, as we three sat together talking. 'From Wallace and from Knox,' said he, with a wave of the hands: 'there's a Scottish pedigree for you!' The good Irving:

so guileless, loyal always, and so hoping and so generous.

My wife's grandfather, I can still recollect, died September 20, 1823, aged near sixty-six; I was at Kinnaird (Buller's in Perthshire), and had it in a letter from her: letters from her were almost the sole light-points in my dreary miseries there (fruit of miserable health mainly, and of a future blank and barred to me, as I felt). Trustfully she gave me details; how he was sixty-three;[1] hair still raven black, only within a year eyebrows had grown quite white; which had so softened and sweetened the look of his bright glancing black eyes, etc. etc. A still grief lay in the dear letter, too, and much affection and respect for her old grandfather just gone. Sweet and soft to me to look back upon; and very sad now, from the threshold of our own grave. My bonnie darling! I shall follow thee very soon, and then—!

Grandfather's youngest years had been passed at Craigenputtoch; mother had been left a widow there, and could not bear to part with him; elder sisters there were, he the only boy. Jane always thought him to have fine faculty, a beautiful clearness, decision, and integrity of character; but all this had

[1] Near sixty-six in fact.

grown up in solitude and vacancy, under the silent skies on the wild moors for most part. She sometimes spoke of his (and her) ulterior ancestors; 'several blackguards among them,' her old grandfather used to say, 'but not one blockhead that I heard of!' Of one, flourishing in 1745, there is a story still current among the country people thereabouts; how, though this laird of Craigenputtoch had not himself gone at all into the Rebellion, he received with his best welcome certain other lairds or gentlemen of his acquaintance who had, and who were now flying for their life; kept them there, as in a seclusion lonelier almost than any other in Scotland; heard timefully that dragoons were coming for them; shot them thereupon instantly away by various well-contrived routes and equipments: and waited his dragoon guests as if nothing were wrong. 'Such and such men here with you, aren't they, you—!' said they. 'Truly they were, till three hours ago; and they are rebels, say you? Fie, the villains, had I but known or dreamt of that! But come, let us chase immediately; once across the Orr yonder (and the swamps on this side, which look green enough from here), you find firm road, and will soon catch the dogs!' Welsh mounted his galloway, undertook to guide the dragoons

through that swamp or 'bottom' (still a place that needed guiding in our time, though there did come at last a 'solid road and bridge'). Welsh, trotting along on his light galloway, guided the dragoons in such way that their heavy animals sank mostly or altogether in the treacherous element, safe only for a native galloway and man; and with much pretended lamentation, seeing them provided with work that would last till darkness had fallen, rode his ways again. I believe this was true in substance, but never heard any of the saved rebels named. Maxwells etc., who are of Roman-Catholic Jacobite type, abound in those parts: a Maxwell, I think, is feudal superior of Craigenputtoch. This Welsh, I gather, must have been grandfather of my wife's grandfather. She had strange stories of his wives (three in succession, married perhaps all, especially the second and third, for money), and how he kept the last of them, a decrepit ill-natured creature, invisible in some corner of his house, and used gravely to introduce visitors to her 'gown and bonnet' hanging on a stick as 'Mrs. Welsh III.' Him his grandson doubtless ranked among the 'blackguard' section of ancestry; I suppose his immediate heir may have died shortly after him, and was an unexceptionable man.

In about 1773, friends persuaded the widow of this latter that she absolutely must send her boy away for some kind of schooling, his age now fourteen, to which she sorrowfully consenting, he was despatched to Tynron school (notable at that time) about twelve miles over the hills Nithsdale way, and consigned to a farmer named Hunter, whose kin are now well risen in the world thereabouts, and who was thought to be a safe person for boarding and supervising the young moorland laird. The young laird must have learned well at school, for he wrote a fine hand (which I have seen) and had acquired the ordinary elements of country education in a respectable way in the course of one year as turned out. Within one year, February 16, 1774, these Hunters had married him to their eldest girl (about sixteen, four months younger than himself), and his schooldays were suddenly completed! This young girl was my Jeannie's grandmother; had I think some fourteen children, mostly men (of whom, or of whose male posterity, none now survive, except the three Edinburgh aunts, youngest of them a month younger than my Jane was); and thus held the poor laird's face considerably to the grindstone all his days! I have seen the grandmother, in her old age and widowhood, a respectable-looking old person

(lived then with her three daughters in a house they had purchased at Dumfries); silently my woman never much liked her or hers (a palpably rather tricky, cunning set these, with a turn for ostentation and hypocrisy in them; and was accustomed to divide her uncles (not without some ground, as I could see) into 'Welshes,' and 'Welshes with a cross of Hunter,' traceable oftenest (not always though) in their very physiognomy and complexion. They are now all gone; the kindred as good as out, only their works following them, *talia qualia!*

This imprudent marriage reduced the poor young man to pecuniary straits (had to sell first Nether Craigenputtoch, a minor part, in order to pay his sisters' portion, then long years afterwards, in the multitude of his children, Upper Craigenputtoch, or Craigenputtoch Proper; to my wife's father this latter sale), and though, being a thrifty vigorous and solid manager, he prospered handsomely in his farming, first of Milton, then ditto of Penfillan, the best thing he could try in the circumstances, and got completely above all money difficulties, the same 'circumstances' kept him all his days a mere '*terræ filius*,' restricted to Nithsdale and his own eyesight (which indeed was excellent) for all the knowledge he could get of this universe; and on

the whole had made him, such the contrast between native vigour of faculty and accidental contraction of arena, a singular and even interesting man, a Scottish Nithsdale son of nature; highly interesting to his bright young granddaughter, with the clear eyesight and valiant true heart like his own, when she came to look into him in her childhood and girlhood. He was solidly devout, truth's own self in what he said and did, had dignity of manners too, in fact a really brave sincere and honourable soul (reverent of talent, honesty, and sound sense beyond all things), and was silently a good deal respected and honourably esteemed (though with a grin here and there) in the district where he lived. For chief or almost sole intimate he had the neighbouring (biggish) laird, 'old Hoggan of Waterside,' almost close by Penfillan, whose peremptory ways and angularities of mind and conduct, are still remembered in that region sorrowfully and strangely, as his sons, grandsons, and now great-grandson, have distinguished themselves in the other direction there. It was delightful to hear my bright one talk of this old grandfather; so kindly yet so playfully, with a vein of fond affection, yet with the justest insight. In his last will (owing to Hunterian artifices and unkind whisperings, as she

thought) he had omitted her, though her father had been such a second father to all the rest :—1,000*l.* apiece might be the share of each son and each daughter in this deed of the old man's; and my Jane's name was not found there, as if she too had been dead like her beneficent father. Less care for the money no creature in the world could have had; but the neglect had sensibly grieved her, though she never at all blamed the old man himself, and before long, as was visible, had forgiven the suspected Hunterian parties themselves, 'poor souls, so earnest about their paltry bits of interests, which are the vitallest and highest they have! or perhaps it was some whim of the old man himself? Never mind, never mind!' And so, as I could perceive, it actually was abolished in that generous heart, and not there any longer before much time had passed. Here are two pictures, a wise and an absurd, two of very many she used to give me of loved old grandfather, with which surely I may end:

1. 'Never hire as servant a very poor person's daughter or son: they have seen nothing but confusion, waste, and huggermugger, mere want of thrift or method.' This was a very wise opinion surely. On the other hand—

He was himself a tall man, perhaps six feet or

more, and stood erect as a column. And he had got gradually into his head, supported by such observation as the arena of Kier parish and neighbouring localities afforded, the astonishing opinion—

2. That small people, especially short people, were good for nothing; and in fine that a man's bodily stature was a correctish sign of his spiritual! Actually so, and would often make new people, aspiring to be acquaintances, stand up and be measured, that he might have their inches first of all. Nothing could drive this out of him; nothing till he went down once to sit on a jury at Dumfries; and for pleader to him had Francis Jeffrey, a man little above five feet, and evidently the cleverest advocate one had ever heard or dreamed of! Ah me! these were such histories and portrayings as I shall never hear again, nor I think did ever hear, for some of the qualities they had.

John Welsh, my wife's father, was born at Craigenputtoch (I now find, which gives the place a new interest to me), April 4, 1776, little more than eighteen years younger than his father, or than his mother. His first three years or so (probably till May 26, 1779, when the parents may have moved to Milton in Tynron) must have been passed in those solitudes. At Milton he would see his poor young

sister die—wonted playmate sadly vanish from the new hearth—and would no doubt have his thoughts about it (my own little sister Jenny in a similar stage, and my dear mother's tears about her, I can vividly remember; the strangely silent white-sheeted room; white sheeted linen-curtained bed, and small piece of elevation there, which the joiner was about measuring; and my own outburst into weeping thereupon, I hardly knew why, my first passing glance at the spectre Death). More we know not of the boy's biography there; except that it seems to have lasted about seven years at Milton; and that, no doubt, he had been for three or four years at school there (Tynron school, we may well guess) when (1785 or 6) the family shifted with him to Penfillan. There probably he spent some four or five years more; Tynron was still his school, to which he could walk; and where I conclude he must have got what Latin and other education he had. Very imperfect he himself, as I have evidence, considered it; and in his busiest time he never ceased to struggle for improvement of it. Touching to know, and how superlatively well, in other far more important respects, nature and his own reflections and inspirations had 'educated' him. Better than one of many thousands, as I do perceive!

Closeburn (a school still of fame) lay on the other side of Nith River, and would be inaccessible to him, though daily visible.

What year he first went to Edinburgh, or entered the University, I do not know; I think he was first a kind of apprentice to a famous Joseph or Charles Bell (father of a surgeon still in great practice and renown, though intrinsically stupid, reckoned a sad falling off from his father, in my own time); and with this famed Bell he was a favourite, probably I think attending the classes etc., while still learning from Bell. I rather believe he never took an M.D. degree; but was, and had to be, content with his diploma as surgeon; very necessary to get out of his father's way, and shift for himself in some honest form! Went, I should dimly guess, as assistant to some old doctor at Haddington on Bell's recommendation. Went first, I clearly find, as Regimental Surgeon, August 16, 1796, into the 'Perthshire Fencible Cavalry,' and served there some three years. Carefully tied up and reposited by pious hands (seemingly in 1819), I find three old 'commissions' on parchment, with their stamps, seals, signatures, etc. (Surgeon, August 10, 1796; Cornet, September 15, 1796; and Lieutenant April 5, 1799) which testify to this; after which there

could have been no 'assistantship' with Somers, but purchase and full practice at once, marriage itself having followed in 1800, the next year after that 'Lieutenancy' promotion. I know not in what year (say about 1796, his twentieth year, my first in this world) Somers finding his assistant able for everything, a man fast gaining knowledge, and acceptable to all the better public, or to the public altogether, agreed in a year or two, to demit, withdraw to country retirement, and declare his assistant successor, on condition, which soon proved easy and easier, of being paid (I know not for how long, possibly for life of self and wife, but it did not last long) an annuity of 200*l.* Of which I find trace in that poor account book (year —) of his; piously preserved, poor solitary relic [no; several more, 'commissions,' lancet, etc. found by me since (July 28, '66)], by his daughter ever since his death.

Dr. Welsh's success appears to have been, henceforth and formerly, swift and constant; till, before long, the whole sphere or section of life he was placed in had in all senses, pecuniary and other, become his own, and there remained nothing more to conquer in it, only very much to retain by the methods that had acquired it, and to be extremely thankful for as an allotment in this world. A truly superior man,

according to all the evidence I from all quarters have. A very valiant man, Edward Irving once called him in my hearing. His medical sagacity was reckoned at a higher and higher rate, medical and other honesty as well; for it was by no means as a wise physician only, but as an honourable exact and quietly dignified man, punctual, faithful in all points, that he was esteemed over the country. It was three years after his death when I first came into the circle which had been his; and nowhere have I met with a posthumous reputation that seemed to be more unanimous or higher among all ranks of men. The brave man himself I never saw; but my poor Jeannie, in her best moments, often said to me about this or that, 'Yes, he would have done it so!' 'Ah, he would have liked you!' as her highest praise. 'Punctuality' Irving described as a thing he much insisted on. Many miles daily of riding (three strong horses in saddle always, with inventions against frost etc.); he had appointed the minute everywhere; and insisted calmly on having it kept by all interested parties, high or low. Gravely inflexible where right was concerned; and 'very independent' where mere rank etc. attempted to avail upon him. Story of some old valetudinarian Nabal of eminence (Nisbet of Dirleton, immensely rich,

continually cockering himself, and suffering); grudging audibly once at the many fees he had to pay (from his annual 30,000*l.*):—'Daresay I have to pay you 300*l.* a year, Dr. Welsh?'—'Nearly or fully that, I should say; all of it accurately for work done.'—'It's a great deal of money, though!'—'Work not demanded, drain of payment will cease of course; not otherwise;' answered the doctor, and came home with the full understanding that his Dirleton practice and connection had ended. My Jeannie recollected his quiet report of it to mamma and her, with that corollary; however, after some short experience (or re-experience of London doctors) Nabal Nisbet (who had 'butter churned daily for breakfast,' as one item of expenditure) came back, with the necessary *Peccavi* expressed or understood.

One anecdote I always remember, of the *per contra* kind. Riding along one day on his multifarious business, he noticed a poor wounded partridge fluttering and struggling about, wing or leg, or both, broken by some sportsman's lead. He alighted in his haste, or made the groom alight if he had one; gathered up the poor partridge, looped it gently in his handkerchief, brought it home; and, by careful splint and salve and other treatment, had it soon on wing again, and sent it forth healed. This in so

grave and practical a man, had always in it a fine expressiveness to me; she never told it me but once, long ago; and perhaps we never spoke of it again.

Some time in autumn 1800 (I think) the young Haddington doctor married; my wife, his first and only child, was born July 14 (Bastille-day, as we often called it) 1801; 64½ years old when she died. The bride was Grace Welsh of Capelgill (head of Moffat Water in Annandale); her father an opulent store-farmer up there, native of Nithsdale; her mother, a Baillie from Biggar region, already deceased. Grace was beautiful, must have been: she continued what might be called beautiful till the very end, in or beyond her sixtieth year. Her Welshes were Nithsdale people of good condition, though beyond her grandfather and uncles, big farmers in Thornhill parish (the Welshes of Morton Mains for I know not for what length of time before, nor exactly what after, only that it ceased some thirty or perhaps almost fifty years ago, in a tragic kind of way); I can learn nothing certain of them from Rev. Walter of Auchtertool, nor from his sister Maggie here, who are of that genealogy, children of my mother-in-law's brother John; concerning whom perhaps a word afterwards. When the young Haddington doctor and his beautiful Grace had first

made acquaintance I know not; probably on visits of hers to Morton Mains, which is but a short step from Penfillan. Acquainted they evidently were, to the degree of mutually saying, 'Be it for life then;' and, I believe, were and continued deeply attached to one another. Sadder widow than my mother-in-law, modestly, delicately, yet discernibly was, I have seldom or never seen, and my poor Jeannie has told me he had great love of her, though obliged to keep it rather secret or undemonstrative, being well aware of her too sensitive, fanciful, and capricious ways.

Mrs. Welsh when I first saw her (1822, as dimly appears) must have been in the third year of her widowhood. I think, when Irving and I entered, she was sitting in the room with Benjamin[1] and my Jane, but soon went away. An air of deep sadness lay on her, and on everybody, except on poor dying Benjamin, who affected to be very sprightly, though overwhelmed as he must have felt himself. His spirit, as I afterwards learned from his niece, who did not love him, or feel grateful to him, was extraordinary, in the worldly-wise kind. Mrs. Welsh, though beautiful, a tall aquiline figure, of elegant carriage and air, was not of an intellectual or specially distinguished physiognomy; and, in her severe cos-

[1] Brother of Dr. Welsh.

tume and air, rather repelled me than otherwise at that time. A day or so after, next evening perhaps, both Irving and I were in her drawing-room, with her daughter and her, both very humane to me, especially the former, which I noticed with true joy for the moment. I was miserably ill in health; miserable every way more than enough, in my lonely imprisonment, such as it was, which lasted many years. The drawing-room seemed to me the finest apartment I had ever sate or stood in; in fact it was a room of large and fine proportions, looking out on a garden, on more gardens or garden walls and sprinkling of trees, across the valley or plain of the Tyne (which lay hidden), house quite at the back of the town, facing towards Lethington etc. the best rooms of it; and everywhere bearing stamp of the late owner's solid temper. Clean, all of it, as spring water; solid and correct as well as pertinently ornamented; in the drawing-room, on the tables there, perhaps rather a superfluity of elegant whimwhams. The summer twilight, I remember, was pouring in rich and soft; I felt as one walking transiently in upper spheres, where I had little right even to make transit. Ah me! they did not know of its former tenants when I went to the house again in April last. I remember our all sitting, another evening, in a

little parlour off the dining-room (downstairs), and talking a long time; Irving mainly, and bringing out me, the two ladies benevolently listening with not much of speech, but the younger with a lively apprehension of all meanings and shades of meaning. Above this parlour I used to sleep, in my visits in after years, while the house was still unsold. Mrs. W. left it at once, autumn 1826, the instant her Jeannie had gone with me; went to Templand, Nithsdale, to her father; and turned out to have decided never to behold Haddington more.

She was of a most generous, honourable, affectionate turn of mind; had consummate skill in administering a household; a goodish well-tending intellect—something of real drollery in it, from which my Jeannie, I thought, might have inherited that beautiful lambency and brilliancy of soft genial humour, which illuminated her perceptions and discoursings so often to a singular degree, like pure soft morning radiance falling upon a perfect picture, true to the facts. Indeed, I once said, 'Your mother, my dear, has narrowly missed being a woman of genius.' Which doubtless was reported by and by in a quizzical manner, and received with pleasure. For the rest, Mrs. W., as above said, was far too sensitive; her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps; she was very variable of humour,

flew off or on upon slight reasons, and, as already said, was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy and perfect admiration were superadded. The married life at Haddington, I always understood, was loyal and happy, sunnier than most, but it was so by the husband's softly and steadily taking the command, I fancy, and knowing how to keep it in a silent and noble manner. Old Penfillan (I have heard the three aunts say) reported once, on returning from a visit at Haddington, 'He had seen her one evening in fifteen different humours' as the night wore on. This, probably, was in his own youngish years (as well as hers and his son's), and might have a good deal of satirical exaggeration in it. She was the most exemplary nurse to her husband's brother William, and to other of the Penfillan sons who were brought there for help or furtherance. William's stay lasted five years, three of them involving two hours daily upon the spring deal (a stout elastic plank of twenty or thirty feet long, on which the weak patient gets himself shaken and secures exercise), she herself, day after day, doing the part of trampler, which perhaps was judged useful or as good as necessary for her own health. William was not in all points a patient one could not have quarrelled with, and

my mother-in-law's quiet obedience I cannot reckon other than exemplary—even supposing it was partly for her own health too. This I suppose was actually the case; she had much weak health, more and more towards the end of life. Her husband had often signally helped her by his skill and zeal; once, for six months long, he, and visibly he alone, had been the means of keeping her alive. It was a bad inflammation or other disorder of the liver; liver disorder was cured but power of digestion had ceased. Doctors from Edinburgh etc. unanimously gave her up, food of no kind would stay a moment on the stomach, what can any mortal of us do? Husband persisted, found food that would stay (arrowroot perfectly pure; if by chance, your pure stock being out, you tried shop arrowroot, the least of starch in it declared it futile), for six months kept her alive and gathering strength on those terms, till she rose again to her feet. 'He much loved her,' said my Jeannie, 'but none could less love what of follies she had;' not a few, though none of them deep at all, the good and even noble soul! How sadly I remember now, and often before now, the time when she vanished from her kind Jane's sight and mine, never more to meet us in this world. It must have been in autumn 1841; she had attended Jane down

from Templand[1] to Dumfries, probably I was up from Scotsbrig (but don't remember); I was, at any rate, to conduct my wife to Scotsbrig that night, and on the morrow or so, thence for London. Mrs. W. was unusually beautiful, but strangely sad too, eyes bright, and as if with many tears behind them. Her daughter too was sad, so was I at the sadness of both, and at the evidently boundless feeling of affection which knew not how to be kind enough. Into shops etc. for last gifts and later than last; at length we had got all done and withdrew to sister Jean's to order the gig and go. She went with us still, but feeling what would now be the kindest, heroically rose (still not weeping) and said Adieu there. We watched her, sorrowful both of us, from the end window, stepping, tall and graceful, feather in bonnet etc., down Lochmaben gate, casting no glance back, then vanishing to rightward, into High Street (bonnet feather perhaps, the last thing), and she was gone for ever. *Ay de mi! Ay de mi!* What a thing is life, bounded thus by death. I do not think we ever spoke of this, but how could either of us ever forget it at all?

Old Walter Welsh, my wife's maternal grandfather, I had seen twice or thrice at Templand before our

[1] House in Nithsdale, where Mrs. Welsh's father lived.

marriage, and for the next six or seven years, especially after our removal to Craigenputtoch, he was naturally a principal figure in our small circle. He liked his granddaughter cordially well, she had been much about him on visits and so forth, from her early childhood, a bright merry little grig, always pleasant in the troubled atmosphere of the old grandfather. 'Pen' (Penfillan Jeannie, for there was another) he used to call her to the last; mother's name in the family was 'Grizzie' (Grace). A perfect true affection ran through all branches, my poor little 'Pen' well included and returning it well. She was very fond of old Walter (as he privately was of her) and got a great deal of affectionate amusement out of him. Me, too, he found much to like in, though practically we discorded commonly on two points: 1°, that I did and would smoke tobacco; 2°, that I could not and would not drink with any freedom, whisky punch, or other liquid stimulants, a thing breathing the utmost poltroonery in some section of one's mind, thought Walter always. He for himself cared nothing about drink, but had the rooted idea (common in his old circles) that it belonged in some indissoluble way to good fellowship. We used to presently knit up the peace again, but tiffs of reproach from him on this score

would always arise from time to time and had always to be laughed away by me, which was very easy, for I really liked old Walter heartily, and he was a continual genial study to me over and above ; microcosm of old Scottish life as it had been, and man of much singularity and real worth of character, and even of intellect too if you saw well. He abounded in contrasts; glaring oppositions, contradictions, you would have said in every element of him, yet all springing from a single centre (you might observe) and honestly uniting themselves there. No better-natured man (sympathy, sociality, honest loving-kindness towards all innocent people), and yet of men I have hardly seen one of hotter, more impatient temper. Sudden vehement breaking out into fierce flashes of lightning when you touched him the wrong way. Yet they were flashes only, never bolts, and were gone again in a moment, and the fine old face beaming quietly on you as before. Face uncommonly fine, serious, yet laughing eyes, as if inviting you in, bushy eyebrows, face which you might have called picturesquely shaggy, under its plenty of grey hair, beard itself imperfectly shaved here and there; features massive yet soft (almost with a tendency to pendulous or flabby in parts) and nothing but honesty, quick ingenuity, kindliness,

and frank manhood as the general expression. He was a most simple man, of stunted utterance, burred with his *r* and had a chewing kind of way with his words, which, rapid and few, seemed to be forcing their way through laziness or phlegm, and were not extremely distinct till you attended a little (and then, aided by the face etc., they were extremely and memorably brave, old Walter's words, so true too, as honest almost as my own father's, though in a strain so different). Clever things Walter never said or attempted to say, not wise things either in any shape beyond that of sincerely accepted commonplace, but he very well knew when such were said by others and glanced with a bright look on them, a bright dimpling chuckle sometimes (smudge of laughter, the Scotch call it, one of the prettiest words and ditto things), and on the whole hated no kind of talk but the unwise kind. He was serious, pensive, not more, or sad, in those old times. He had the prettiest laugh (once or at most twice, in my presence) that I can remember to have seen, not the loudest, my own father's still rarer laugh was louder far, though perhaps not more complete, but his was all of artillery-thunder, *feu de joie* from all guns as the main element, while in Walter's there was audible something as of infinite flutes and harps, as if

the vanquished themselves were invited or compelled to partake in the triumph. I remember one such laugh (quite forget about what), and how the old face looked suddenly so beautiful and young again. 'Radiant ever young Apollo' etc. of Teufelsdröckh's laugh is a reminiscence of that. Now when I think of it, Walter must have had an immense fund of inarticulate gaiety in his composition, a truly fine sense of the ridiculous (excellent sense in a man, especially if he never cultivate it, or be conscious of it, as was Walter's case); and it must have been from him that my Jane derived that beautiful light of humour, never going into folly, yet full of tacit fun, which spontaneously illuminated all her best hours. Thanks to Walter, she was of him in this respect; my father's laugh, too, is mainly mine, a grimmer and inferior kind; of my mother's beautifully sportive vein, which was a third kind, also hereditary I am told, I seem to have inherited less, though not nothing either, nay, perhaps at bottom not even less, had my life chanced to be easier or joyfuller. 'Sense of the ridiculous' (worth calling such; i.e 'brotherly sympathy with the downward side') is withal very indispensable to a man; Hebrews have it not, hardly any Jew creature, not even blackguard Heine, to any real length—hence

various misqualities of theirs, perhaps most of their qualities, too, which have become historical. This is an old remark of mine, though not yet written anywhere.

Walter had been a buck in his youth, a high-prancing horseman etc.; I forget what image there was of him, in buckskins, pipe hair-dressings, grand equipments, riding somewhither (with John Welsh of Penfillan I almost think?) bright air image, from some transient discourse I need not say of whom. He had married a good and beautiful Miss Baillie (of whom already) and settled with her at Capelgill, in the Moffat region, where all his children were born, and left with him young, the mother having died, still in the flower of her age, ever tenderly remembered by Walter to his last day (as was well understood, though mention was avoided). From her my Jeannie was called 'Jane Baillie Welsh' at the time of our marriage, but after a good few years, when she took to signing 'Jane Welsh Carlyle,' in which I never hindered her, she dropped the 'Baillie,' I suppose as too long. I have heard her quiz about the 'unfortunate Miss Baillie' of the song at a still earlier time. Whether Grace Welsh was married from Capelgill I do not know. Walter had been altogether prosperous in Capelgill, and all

of the family that I knew (John a merchant in Liverpool, the one remaining of the sons, and Jeannie the one other daughter, a beautiful 'Aunt Jeannie' of whom a word by and by) continued warmly attached to it as their real home in this earth, but at the renewal of leases (1801 or so) had lost it in a quite provoking way. By the treachery of a so-called friend namely; friend a neighbouring farmer perhaps, but with an inferior farm, came to advise with Walter about rents, probably his own rent first, in this general time of leasing. 'I am thinking to offer so-and-so, what say you? what are you going to offer by the by?' Walter, the very soul of fidelity himself, made no scruple to answer, found by and by that this precious individual had thereupon himself gone and offered for Capelgill the requisite few pounds more, and that, according to fixed customs of the estate, he and not Walter, was declared tenant of Capelgill henceforth. Disdain of such scandalous conduct, astonishment and quasi-horror at it, could have been stronger in few men than in Walter, a feeling shared in heartily and irrevocably by all the family, who, for the rest, seldom spoke of it, or hardly ever, in my time, and did not seem to hate the man at all, but to have cut him off as non-extant and left him unmentioned. Perhaps

some Welsh he too, of a different stock? There were Moffat country Welshes, I observed, with whom they rather eagerly (John of Liverpool eagerly) disclaimed all kinship, but it might be on other grounds. This individual's name I never once heard, nor was the story touched upon except by rare chance and in the lightest way.

After Capelgill, Walter had no more farming prosperity; I believe he was unskilful in the arable kind of business, certainly he was unlucky, shifted about to various places (all in Nithsdale, and I think on a smaller and smaller scale, Castlehill in Durisdeer, Strathmilligan in Tynron, ultimately Templand), and had gradually lost nearly all his capital, which at one time was of an opulent extent (actual number of thousands quite unknown to me) and felt himself becoming old and frail, and as it were thrown out of the game. His family meanwhile had been scattered abroad, seeking their various fortune; son John to Liverpool (where he had one or perhaps more uncles of mercantile distinction), son William to the West Indies (?) and to early death, whom I often heard lamented by my mother-in-law; these and possibly others who were not known to me. John, by this time had, recovering out of one bit of very bad luck, got into a solid way of business, and

was, he alone of the brothers, capable of helping his father a little on the pecuniary side. Right willing to do it, to the utmost of his power or farther. A most munificent, affectionate, and nobly honourable kind of man, much esteemed by both Jane and me, foreign as his way of life was to us.

Besides these there was the youngest daughter, now a woman of thirty or so, the excellent 'Aunt Jeannie,' so lovable to both of us, who was said to resemble her mother ('nearly as beautiful all but the golden hair,'—Jeannie's was fine flaxen, complexion of the fairest), who had watched over and waited on her father, through all his vicissitudes, and everywhere kept a comfortable, frugally effective and even elegant house round him, and in fact let no wind visit him too roughly. She was a beautifully patient, ingenious, and practically thoughtful creature, always cheerful of face, suppressing herself and her sorrows, of which I understood there had been enough, in order to screen her father, and make life still soft to him. By aid of John, perhaps slightly of my mother-in-law, the little farm of Templand (Queensberry farm, with a strong but gaunt and inconvenient old stone house on it) was leased and equipped for the old man. House thoroughly repaired, garden etc., that he might still

feel himself an active citizen, and have a civilised habitation in his weak years. Nothing could be neater, trimmer, in all essential particulars more complete than house and environment, under Aunt Jeannie's fine managing, had in a year or two grown to be. Fine sheltered, beautifully useful garden in front, with trellises, flower-work, and stripe of the cleanest river shingle between porch and it. House all clean and complete like a new coin, steadily kept dry (by industry), bedroom and every part; old furniture (of Capelgill) really interesting to the eye, as well as perfect for its duties. Dairy, kitchen, etc., nothing that was fairly needful or useful could you find to be wanting; the whole had the air, to a visitor like myself, as of a rustic idyll (the seamy side of it all strictly hidden by clever Aunt Jeannie; I think she must have been, what I often heard, one of the best housekeepers in the world.) Dear, good little beauty; it appears too, she had met with her tragedies in life; one tragedy hardest of all upon a woman, betrothed lover flying off into infamous treason, not against her specially, but against her brother and his own honour and conscience (brother's partner he was, if I recollect rightly, and fled with all the funds, leaving 12,000*l.* of minus), which annihilated him for her, and closed her poor heart

against hopes of that kind at an early period of her life. Much lying on her mind, I always understood, while she was so cheery, diligent and helpful to everybody round her. I forget, or never knew, what time they had come to Templand, but guess it may have been in 1822 or shortly after; dates of Castlehill and Strathmilligan I never knew, even order of dates; last summer I could so easily have known (deaf-and-dumb 'Mr. Turner,' an old Strathmilligan acquaintance, recognised by her in the Dumfries Railway Station, and made to speak by paper and pencil, I writing for her because she could not). Oh me, oh me! where is now that summer evening, so beautiful, so infinitely sad and strange! The train rolled off with her to Thornhill [Holmhill] and that too, with its setting sun, is gone. I almost think Durisdeer (Castlehill) must have been last before Templand; I remember passing that quaint old kirk (with village hidden) on my left one April evening, on the top of a Dumfries coach from Edinburgh, with reveries and pensive reflections which must have belonged to 1822 or 1823. Once, long after, on one of our London visits, I drove thither sitting by her, in an afternoon and saw the gypsy village for the first time, and looked in with her at the fine Italian sculptures on the Queensberry

tomb through a gap in the old kirk wall. Again a pensive evening, now so beautiful and sad.

From childhood upwards she seemed to have been much about these homes of old Walter, summer visits almost yearly, and after her father's death, like to be of longer continuance. They must have been a quiet, welcome, and right wholesome element for her young heart and vividly growing mind; beautiful simplicity and rural Scottish nature in its very finest form, frugal, elegant, true and kindly; *simplex munditiis* nowhere more descriptive both for men and things. To myself, summoning up what I experienced of them, there was a real gain from them as well as pleasure. Rough nature I knew well already, or perhaps too well, but here it was reduced to cosmic, and had a victorious character which was new and grateful to me, well nigh poetical. The old Norse kings, the Homeric grazier sovereigns of men, I have felt in reading of them as if their ways had a kinship with these (unsung) Nithsdale ones. Poor 'Aunt Jeannie' sickened visibly the summer after our marriage (summer 1827), while we were there on visit. My own little Jeannie, whom nothing could escape that she had the interest to fix her lynx-eyed scrutiny upon, discovered just before our leaving, that her dear aunt was danger-

ously ill, and indeed had long been—a cancer—tumour now evidently cancerous, growing on her breast for twelve years past, which, after effort, she at last made the poor aunt confess to. We were all (I myself by sympathy, had there been nothing more) thrown into consternation, made the matter known at Liverpool etc., to everybody but old Walter, and had no need to insist on immediate steps being taken. My mother-in-law was an inmate there, and probably in chief command (had moved thither, quitting Haddington for good, directly on our marriage); she at once took measures, having indeed a turn herself for medicining and some skill withal. That autumn Aunt Jeannie and she came to Edinburgh, had a furnished house close by us, in Comley Bank, and there the dismal operation was performed, successfully the doctors all said; but alas! Dim sorrow rests on those weeks to me. Aunt Jeannie showed her old heroism, and my wife herself strove to hope, but it was painful, oppressive, sad; twice or so I recollect being in the sick-room, and the pale yet smiling face, more excitation in the eyes than usual; one of the times she was giving us the earnest counsel (my Jane having been consulting), 'to go to London, clearly, if I could—if they would give me the professorship there.' (Some professor-

ship in Gower Street, perhaps of Literature, which I had hoped vaguely, not strongly at all, nor ever formally declaring myself, through Jeffrey, from his friend Brougham and consorts, which they were kind enough to dispose of otherwise). My own poor little Jeannie! my poor pair of kind little Jeannies! Poor Templand Jeannie went home again, striving to hope, but sickened in winter, worsened when the spring came, and summer 1828 was still some weeks off when she had departed. It must have been in April or March of 1828. The funeral at Crawfurd I remember sadly well; old Walter, John and two sons (Walter of Auchtertool, and Alick now successor in Liverpool), with various old Moffat people etc. etc. at the inn at Crawfurd; pass of Dalveen with Dr. Russell in the dark (holding candles, both of us, inside the chaise), and old Walter's silent sorrow and my own as we sat together in the vacant parlour after getting home. 'Hah, we'll no see her nae mair!' murmured the old man, and that was all I heard from him, I think.

Old Walter now fell entirely to the care of daughter 'Grizzie,' who was unweariedly attentive to him, a most affectionate daughter, an excellent housewife too, and had money enough to support herself and him in their quiet, neat and frugal way.

Templand continued in all points as trim and beautiful as ever; the old man made no kind of complaint, and in economics there was even an improvement. But the old cheery patience of daughter 'Jeannie,' magnanimously effacing herself, and returning all his little spirts of smoke in the form of lambent kindly flame and radiant light upon him, was no longer there; and we did not doubt but he sometimes felt the change. Templand has a very fine situation; old Walter's walk, at the south end of the house, was one of the most picturesque and pretty to be found in the world. Nith valley (river half a mile off, winding through green holms, now in its borders of clean shingle, now lost in pleasant woods and rushes) lay patent to the S., the country sinking perhaps 100 feet rather suddenly; just beyond Templand, Kier, Penpont, Tynron lying spread, across the river, all as in a map, full of cheerful habitations, gentlemen's mansions, well-cultivated farms and their cottages and appendages; spreading up in irregular slopes and gorges against the finest range of hills, Barjarg with its trees and mansion atop, to your left hand Tynron Down, a grand massive lowland mountain (you might call it) with its white village at the base (behind which in summer time was the setting of the sun for you);

one big pass (Glen-shinnel, with the clearest river-water I ever saw out of Cumberland) bisecting this expanse of heights, and leading you by the Clove ('cloven?') of Maxwellton, into Glencairn valley, and over the Black Craig of Dunscore (Dun-scoir = Black hill) and to Craigenputtoch if you chose. Westward of Tynron rose Drumlanrig Castle and woods, and the view, if you quite turned your back to Dumfries, ended in the Lothers, Leadhills, and other lofty mountains, watershed and boundary of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, rugged, beautifully piled sierra, winding round into the eastern heights (very pretty too) which part Annandale from Nithsdale. [Alas, what is the use of all this, here and now?] Closeburn, mansion, woods, and greeneries, backed by brown steep masses, was on the south-eastern side, house etc. hiding it from Walter's walk. Walk where you liked, the view you could reckon unsurpassable, not the least needing to be 'surpassed.' Walter's walk special (it never had any name of that kind; but from the garden he glided mostly into it, in fine days, a small green seat at each end of it, and a small ditto gate, easy to open and shut) was not above 150 yards long; but he sauntered and walked in it as fancy bade him (not with an eye to 'regimen,' except so far as 'fancy'

herself might unconsciously point that way); took his newspapers (Liverpool sent by John) to read there in the sunny seasons, or sat, silent, but with a quietly alert look, contemplating the glorious panorama of 'sky-covered earth' in that part, and mildly reaping his poor bit of harvest from it without needing to pay rent!

We went over often from Craigenputtoch: were always a most welcome arrival, surprise oftenest, and our bits of visits, which could never be prolonged, were uniformly pleasant on both sides. One of our chief pleasures, I think almost our chief, during those moorland years. Oh those pleasant gig-drives, in fine leafy twilight, or deep in the night sometimes, ourselves two alone in the world, the good 'Larry' faring us (rather too light for the job, but always soft and willing), how they rise on me now, benignantly luminous from the bosom of the grim dead night! Night! what would I give for one, the very worst of them, at this moment! Once we had gone to Dumfries, in a soft misty December day (for a portrait which my darling wanted, not of herself!); a bridge was found broken as we went down, brook unsafe by night; we had to try 'Cluden (Lower Cairn) Water' road, as all was mist and pitch-darkness, on our return, road un-

known except in general, and drive like no other in my memory. Cairn hoarsely roaring on the left (my darling's side); 'Larry,' with but one lamp-candle (for we had put out the other, lest both might fall done), bending always to be straight in the light of that; I really anxious, though speaking only hopefully; my darling so full of trust in me, really happy and opulently interested in these equipments; in these poor and dangerous circumstances how opulent is a nobly royal heart! She had the worthless 'portrait' (pencil sketch by a wandering German, announced to us by poor and hospitable Mrs. Richardson, once a 'novelist' of mark, much of a gentlewoman and well loved by us both) safe in her reticule; 'better far than none,' she cheerfully said of it, and the price, I think, had been 5*s*., fruit of her thrift too:—well, could California have made me and her so rich, had I known it (sorry gloomy mortal) just as she did? To noble hearts such wealth is there in poverty itself, and impossible without poverty! I saw ahead, high in the mist, the minarets of Dunscore Kirk, at last, glad sight; at Mrs. Broatch's cosy rough inn, we got 'Larry' fed, ourselves dried and refreshed (still seven miles to do, but road all plain); and got home safe, after a pleasant day, in spite of all. Then the drive to

Boreland once (George Welsh's, 'Uncle George,' youngest of the Penfillans); heart of winter, intense calm frost, and through Dumfries, at least 35 miles for poor 'Larry' and us; very beautiful that too, and very strange, past the base of towering New Abbey, huge ruins, piercing grandly into the silent frosty sunset, on this hand, despicable cowhouse of Presbyterian kirk on that hand (sad new contrast to Devorgilla's old bounty) etc. etc.:—of our drive home again I recollect only her invincible contentment, and the poor old cotter woman offering to warm us with a flame of dry broom, 'A'll licht a bruim couev, if ye'll please to come in!' Another time we had gone to 'Dumfries Cattle Show' (first of its race, which are many since); a kind of lark on our part, and really entertaining, though the day proved shockingly wet and muddy; saw various notabilities there, Sir James Grahame (baddish, proud man, we both thought by physiognomy, and did not afterwards alter our opinion much), Ramsay Macculloch (in sky-blue coat, shiningly on visit from London) etc. etc., with none of whom, or few, had we right (or wish) to speak, abundantly occupied with seeing so many fine specimens, biped and quadruped. In afternoon we suddenly determined to take Templand for the night (nearer by some miles, and weather

still so wet and muddy); and did so, with the best success, a right glad surprise there. Poor Huskisson had perished near Liverpool, in first trial of the railway, I think, the very day before; at any rate we heard the news, or at least the full particulars there, the tragedy (spectacular mostly, but not quite, or inhumanly in any sense) of our bright glad evening there.

The Liverpool children first, then 'Uncle John' himself for a fortnight or so, used to come every summer, and stir up Templand's quietude to us bystanders in a purely agreeable way. Of the children I recollect nothing almost; nothing that was not cheerful and auroral matutinal. The two boys, Walter and Alick, came once on visit to us, perhaps oftener, but once I recollect their lying quiet in their big bed till eleven A.M., with exemplary politeness, for fear of awakening me who had been up for two hours, though everybody had forgotten to announce it to them. We ran across to Templand rather oftener than usual on these occasions, and I suppose stayed a shorter time.

My Jeannie had a great love and regard for her 'Uncle John,' whose faults she knew well enough, but knew to be of the surface all, while his worth of many fine kinds ran in the blood, and never once

failed to show in the conduct when called for. He had all his father's veracity, integrity, abhorrence of dishonourable behaviour; was kind, munificent, frank, and had more than his father's impetuosity, vehemence, and violence, or perhaps was only more provoked (in his way of life), to exhibit these qualities now and then. He was cheerful, musical, politely conversible; truly a genial harmonious, loving nature; but there was a roar in him too like a lion's. He had had great misfortunes and provocations; his way of life, in dusty, sooty, ever noisy Liverpool, with its dinnerings, wine-drinkings, dull evening parties issuing in whist, was not his element, few men's less, though he made not the least complaint of it (even to himself, I think): but his heart, and all his pleasant memories and thoughts, were in the breezy hills of Moffatdale, with the rustic natives there, and their shepherdings, huntings (brock and fox), and solitary fishings in the clear streams. It was beautiful to see how he made some pilgriming into those or the kindred localities; never failed to search out all his father's old herdsmen (with a sovereign or two for each, punctual as fate); and had a few days' fishing as one item. He had got his schooling at Closeburn; was, if not very learned, a very intelligent enquiring kind of man; could talk

to you instructively about all manner of practical things; and loved to talk with the intelligent, though nearly all his life was doomed to pass itself with the stupid or commonplace sort, who were intent upon nothing but 'getting-on,' and giving dinners or getting them. Rarely did he burst out into brief fiery recognition of all this; yet once at least, before my time, I heard of his doing so in his own drawing-room, with brevity, but with memorable emphasis and fury. He was studiously polite in general, always so to those who deserved it, not quite always to those who did not.

His demeanour in his bankruptcy, his and his wife's (who for the rest, though a worthy well-intending, was little of an amiable woman), when the villain of a partner eloped, and left him possessor of a minus 12,000*l.*, with other still painfuller items (sister Jeannie's incurable heart, for example) was admitted to be beautiful. Creditors had been handsome and gentle, aware how the case stood; household with all its properties and ornaments left intact, etc. Wife rigorously locked all her plate away; husband laboriously looked out for a new course of business; ingeniously found or created one, prospered in it, saving every penny possible; thus, after perhaps seven or eight years, had a great

dinner: all the plate out again, all the creditors there, and under every man's cover punctual sum due, payment complete to every creditor; 'Pocket your cheques, gentlemen, with our poor warmest thanks, and let us drink better luck for time coming!' He prospered always afterwards, but never saved much money, too hospitable, far too open-handed, for that; all his dinners, ever since I knew him, were given (never dined out, he), and in more than one instance, to our knowledge, ruined people were lifted up by him (one widow cousin, one orphan, youngest daughter of an acquaintance e.g.) as if they had been his own; sank possibly enough mainly or altogether into his hands, and were triumphantly (with patience and in silence) brought through. No wonder my darling liked this uncle, nor had I the least difficulty in liking him.

Once I remember mounting early, almost with the sun (a kind hand expediting, perhaps sending me), to breakfast at Templand, and spend the day with him there. I rode by the shoulder of the Black Craig (Dunscore Hill), might see Dumfries with its cap of early kitchen-smoke, all shrunk to the size of one's hat, though there were 11,000 souls in it, far away to the right; descended then by Cairn, by the Clove of Maxwellton (where at length

came roads), through fragrant grassy or bushy solitudes; at the Bridge of Shinnel, looked down into the pellucid glassy pool, rushing through its rock chasms, and at a young peasant woman, pulling potatoes by the brink, chubby infant at her knee—one of the finest mornings, one of the pleasantest rides; and arrived at Templand in good time and trim for my hosts. The day I forget; would be spent wholesomely wandering about, in rational talk on indifferent matters. Another time, long after, new from London then, I had wandered out with him, his two pretty daughters, and a poor good cousin called Robert Macqueen attending. We gradually strolled into Crichop Linn (a strange high-lying chasmy place, near Closeburn); there pausing, well aloft, and shaded from the noon sun, the two girls, with their father for octave accompaniment, sang us 'The Birks of Aberfeldy' so as I have seldom heard a song; voices excellent and true, especially his voice and native expression given; which stirred my poor London-fevered heart almost to tears. One earlier visit from London, I had driven up, latish, from Dumfries, to see my own little woman who was there among them all. No wink could I sleep; at length about three A.M., reflecting how miserable I should be all day, and cause only misery to the others, I (with leave had) rose, yoked my gig, and

drove away the road I had come. Morning cold and surly, all mortals still quiet, except unhappy self; I remember seeing towards Auldgarth, within a few yards of my road, a vigilant industrious heron, mid-leg deep in the Nith-stream, diligently fishing, dabbing its long bill and hungry eyes down into the rushing water (tail up stream), and paying no regard to my wheels or me. The only time I ever saw a hernshaw ('herrin'-shouw' the Annandalers call it) actually fishing. *Cætera desunt*; of Dumfries, of the day there, and its sequences, all trace is gone. It must have been soon after French Revolution Book; nerves all inflamed and torn up, body and mind in a most hag-ridden condition (too much their normal one those many London years)

Of visits from Templand there were not so many; but my darling (hampered and gyved as we were by the *genius loci* and its difficulties) always triumphantly made them do. She had the genius of a field-marshal, not to be taken by surprise, or weight of odds, in these cases! Oh, my beautiful little guardian spirit! Twice at least there was visit from Uncle John in person and the Liverpool strangers, escorted by mother; my mother, too, was there one of the times. Warning I suppose had been given; night-quarters etc. all arranged. Uncle John and

boys went down to Orr Water, I attending without rod, to fish. Tramping about on the mossy brink, uncle and I awoke an adder; we had just passed its underground hole; alarm rose, looking round, we saw the vile sooty-looking fatal abominable wretch, towering up above a yard high (the only time I ever saw an adder); one of the boys snatched a stray branch, hurried up from behind, and with a good hearty switch or two, broke the creature's back.

Another of these dinner days, I was in the throes of a review article ('Characteristics,' was it?) and could not attend the sport; but sauntered about, much on the strain, to small purpose; dinner all the time that I could afford. Smoking outside at the dining-room window, 'Is not every day the conflux of two eternities,' thought I, 'for every man?' Lines of influence from all the past and stretching onwards into all the future, do intersect there. That little thoughtkin stands in some of my books; I recollect being thankful (scraggily thankful) for the day of small things.

We must have gone to Craigenputtoch early in May 1828. I remember passing our furniture carts (my father's carts from Scotsbrig, conducted by my two farming brothers) somewhere about Elvanfoot, as the coach brought us two along. I don't remember

our going up to Craigenputtoch (a day or two after), but do well remember what a bewildering heap it all was for some time after.

Geraldine's Craigenputtoch stories are more mythical than any of the rest. Each consists of two or three, in confused exaggerated state, rolled with new confusion into one, and given wholly to her, when perhaps they were mainly some servant's in whom she was concerned. That of the kitchen door, which could not be closed again on the snowy morning, etc., that is a fact very visible to me yet; and how I, coming down for a light to my pipe, found Grace Macdonald (our Edinburgh servant, and a most clever and complete one) in tears and despair, with a stupid farm-servant endeavouring vainly by main force to pull the door to, which, as it had a frame round it, sill and all, for keeping out the wind, could not be shut except by somebody from within (me, e.g.) who would first clear out the snow at the sill, and then, with his best speed, shut; which I easily did. The washing of the kitchen floor etc. (of which I can remember nothing) must have been years distant, under some quite other servant, and was probably as much of a joyous half-frolic as of anything else. I can remember very well her coming in to me, late at night (eleven or so), with her first loaf,

looking mere triumph and quizzical gaiety: 'See!' The loaf was excellent, only the crust a little burnt; and she compared herself to Cellini and his Perseus, of whom we had been reading. From that hour we never wanted excellent bread. In fact, the saving charm of her life at Craigenputtoch, which to another young lady of her years might have been so gloomy and vacant, was that of conquering the innumerable practical problems that had arisen for her there; all of which, I think all, she triumphantly mastered. Dairy, poultry-yard, piggery; I remember one exquisite pig, which we called Fixie ('Quintus Fixlein' of Jean Paul), and such a little ham of it as could not be equalled. Her cow gave 24 quarts of milk daily in the two or three best months of summer; and such cream, and such butter (though oh, she had such a problem with that; owing to a bitter herb among the grass, not known of till long after by my heroic darling, and she triumphed over that too)! That of milking with her own little hand, I think, could never have been necessary, even by accident (plenty of milkmaids within call), and I conclude must have had a spice of frolic or adventure in it, for which she had abundant spirit. Perfection of housekeeping was her clear and speedy attainment in that new scene. Strange how she

made the desert blossom for herself and me there; what a fairy palace she had made of that wild moorland home of the poor man! In my life I have seen no human intelligence that so genuinely pervaded every fibre of the human existence it belonged to. From the baking of a loaf, or the darning of a stocking, up to comporting herself in the highest scenes or most intricate emergencies, all was insight, veracity, graceful success (if you could judge it), fidelity to insight of the fact given.

We had trouble with servants, with many paltry elements and objects, and were very poor; but I do not think our days there were sad, and certainly not hers in especial, but mine rather. We read together at night, one winter, through 'Don Quixote' in the original; Tasso in ditto had come before; but that did not last very long. I was diligently writing and reading there; wrote most of the 'Miscellanies' there, for Foreign, Edinburgh, etc. Reviews (obliged to keep several strings to my bow), and took serious thought about every part of every one of them. After finishing an article, we used to get on horseback, or mount into our soft old gig, and drive away, either to her mother's (Templand, fourteen miles off), or to my father and mother's (Scotsbrig, seven or six-and-thirty miles); the pleasantest journeys I

ever made, and the pleasantest visits. Stay perhaps three days; hardly ever more than four; then back to work and silence. My father she particularly loved, and recognised all the grand rude worth and immense originality that lay in him. Her demeanour at Scotsbrig, throughout in fact, was like herself, unsurpassable; and took captive all those true souls, from oldest to youngest, who by habit and type might have been so utterly foreign to her. At Templand or there, our presence always made a sunshiny time. To Templand we sometimes rode on an evening, to return next day early enough for something of work; this was charming generally. Once I remember we had come by Barjarg, not by Auldgarth (Bridge), and were riding, the Nith then in flood, from Penfillan or Penpont neighbourhood; she was fearlessly following or accompanying me; and there remained only one little arm to cross, which did look a thought uglier, but gave me no disturbance, when a farmer figure was seen on the farther bank or fields, earnestly waving and signalling (could not be heard for the floods); but for whom we should surely have had some accident, who knows how bad! Never rode that water again, at least never in flood, I am sure.

We were not unhappy at Craigenputtoch; per-

haps these were our happiest days. Useful, continual labour, essentially successful; that makes even the moor green. I found I could do fully twice as much work in a given time there, as with my best effort was possible in London, such the interruptions etc. Once, in the winter time, I remember counting that for three months, there had not been any stranger, not even a beggar, called at Craigenputtoch door. In summer we had sparsely visitors, now and then her mother, or my own, once my father; who never before had been so far from his birthplace as when here (and yet 'knew the world' as few of his time did, so well had he looked at what he did see)! At Auldgarth Brig, which he had assisted to build when a lad of fifteen, and which was the beginning of all good to him, and to all his brothers (and to me), his emotion, after fifty-five years, was described to me as strong, conspicuous and silent. He delighted us, especially her, at Craigenputtoch, himself evidently thinking of his latter end, in a most intense, awe-stricken, but also quiet and altogether human way. Since my sister Margaret's death he had been steadily sinking in strength, though we did not then notice it. On August 12 (for the grouse's sake) Robert Welsh, her uncle, was pretty certain to be there, with a tag-raggery of

Dumfries Writers, dogs, etc. etc., whom, though we liked him very well, even I, and much more she, who had to provide, find beds, etc., felt to be a nuisance. I got at last into the way of riding off, for some visit or the like, on August 12, and unless 'Uncle Robert' came in person, she also would answer, 'not at home.'

An interesting relation to Goethe had likewise begun in Comley Bank first, and now went on increasing; 'boxes from Weimar' (and 'to,' at least once or twice) were from time to time a most sunny event; I remember her making for Ottilie a beautiful Highland bonnet (bright blue velvet, with silvered thistle etc.), which gave plenty of pleasure on both hands. The sketch of Craigenputtoch[1] was taken by G. Moir, advocate (ultimately sheriff, professor, etc., 'little Geordie Moir' as we called him), who was once and no more with us. The visit of Emerson from Concord, and our quiet night of clear fine talk, was also very pretty to both of us. The Jeffreys came twice, expressly, and once we went to Dumfries by appointment to meet them in passing. Their correspondence was there a steadily enlivening element. One of the visits (I forget whether first

[1] Sent to Goethe, and engraved under Goethe's direction for the German translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*.

or last, but from Hazlitt, London, there came to Jeffrey a death-bed letter one of the days, and instead of '10*l.*,' 50*l.* went by return); Jeffrey, one of the nights, young laird of Stroquhan present, was, what with mimicry of speakers, what with other cleverness and sprightliness, the most brilliantly amusing creature I have ever chanced to see. One time we went to Craigcrook, and returned their visit, and, as I can now see, stayed at least a week too long. His health was beginning to break; he and I had, nightly, long arguments (far too frank and equal on my side, I can now see with penitence) about moral matters, perhaps till two or three A.M. He was a most gifted, prompt, ingenious little man (essentially a dramatic genius, say a melodious Goldoni or more, but made into a Scotch advocate and Whig); never a deeply serious man. He discovered here, I think, that I could not be 'converted,' and that I was of thoughtlessly rugged rustic ways, and faultily irreverent of him (which, alas, I was). The correspondence became mainly hers by degrees, but was, for years after, a cheerful, lively element, in spite of Reform Bills and officialities (ruinous to poor Jeffrey's health and comfort) which, before long, supervened. We were at Haddington on that Craigcrook occasion, stayed with the Donaldsons at

Sunnybank (*hodie* Tenterfield), who were her oldest and dearest friends (hereditarily and otherwise) in that region. I well remember the gloom of our arrival back to Craigenputtoch, a miserable wet, windy November evening, with the yellow leaves all flying about, and the sound of brother Alick's stithy (who sometimes amused himself with smithwork, to small purpose), clink, clinking solitary through the blustering element. I said nothing, far was she from ever, in the like case, saying anything. Indeed I think we at once re-adjusted ourselves, and went on diligently with the old degree of industry and satisfaction.

'Old Esther,' whose death came one of our early winters, was a bit of memorability in that altogether vacant scene. I forget the old woman's surname, (perhaps M'George ?), but well recall her lumpish heavy figure (lame of a foot), and her honest, quiet, not stupid countenance of mixed ugliness and stoicism. She lived about a mile from us in a poor cottage of the next farm (Corson's, of Nether Craigenputtoch; very stupid young brother, now minister in Ayrshire, used to come and bore me at rare intervals); Esther had been a laird's daughter riding her palfrey at one time, but had gone to wreck, father and self —a special 'misfortune' (so they delicately name it),

being of Esther's own producing. 'Misfortune' in the shape ultimately of a solid tall ditcher, very good to his old mother Esther; had, just before our coming, perished miserably one night on the shoulder of Dunscore hill (found dead there, next morning) which had driven his poor old mother up to this thriftier hut, and silent mode of living, in our moorland part of the parish. She did not beg, nor had my Jeannie much to have given her of help (perhaps on occasion milk, old warm clothes, etc.), though always very sorry for her last sad bereavement of the stalwart affectionate son. I remember one frosty kind of forenoon, while walking meditative to the top of our hill (now a mass of bare or moorland whinstone crag, once a woody wilderness, with woody mountain in the middle of it, 'Craigenputtick, or the stone mountain,' 'Craig' of the 'Puttick,' puttick being a sort of hawk, both in Galloway speech and in Shakspeare's old English; 'Hill forest of the Putticks,' now a very bare place), the universal silence was complete, all but one click-clack, heard regularly like a far-off spondee or iambus rather, 'click-clack,' at regular intervals, a great way to my right. No other sound in nature; on looking sharply I discovered it to be old Esther on the highway, crippling along towards our house most probably. Poor old

soul, thought I, what a desolation! but you will meet a kind face too, perhaps! heaven is over all.

Not long afterwards, poor old Esther sank to bed; death-bed, as my Jane (who had a quick and sure eye in these things), well judged it would be. Sickness did not last above a ten days; my poor wife zealously assiduous, and with a minimum of fuss or noise. I remember those few poor days; as full of human interest to her (and through her to me), and of a human pity, not painful, but sweet and genuine. She went walking every morning, especially every night, to arrange the poor bed etc. (nothing but rudish hands, rude though kind enough, being about), the poor old woman evidently gratified by it and heart-thankful, and almost to the very end giving clear sign of that. Something pathetic in poor old Esther and her exit—nay, if I rightly bethink me, that 'click-clack' pilgrimage had in fact been a last visit to Craigenputtoch with some poor bit of crockery (small grey-lettered butter-plate, which I used to see) 'as a wee memorandum o' me, mem, when I am gane!' 'Memorandum' was her word; and I remember the poor little platter for years after. Poor old Esther had awoke, that frosty morning, with a feeling that she would soon die, that 'the bonny leddy' had been 'unco' guid' to her, and that there

was still that 'wee bit memorandum.' Nay, I think she had, or had once had, the remains, or complete ghost of a 'fine old riding-habit,' once her own, which the curious had seen: but she had judged it more polite to leave to the parish. Ah me!

The gallop to Dumfries and back on 'Larry,' an excellent, well-paced, well-broken loyal little horse of hers (thirteen hands or so, an exceeding favourite, and her last), thirty good miles of swift canter at the least, is a fact which I well remember, though from home at the moment. Word had come (to her virtually, or properly perhaps), that the Jeffreys, three and a servant, were to be there, day after to-morrow, perhaps to-morrow itself; I was at Scotsbrig, nothing ready at all (and such narrow means to get ready anything, my darling heroine!) She directly mounted 'Larry,' who 'seemed to know that he must gallop, and faithfully did it;' laid her plans while galloping; ordered everything at Dumfries; sent word to me express; and galloped home, and stood victoriously prepared at all points to receive the Jeffreys, who, I think, were all there on my arrival. The night of her express is to me very memorable for its own sake. I had been to Burns-wark (visit to good old Grahame, and walk of three miles to and three from); it was ten P.M. of a most

still and fine night, when I arrived at my father's door, heard him making worship, and stood meditative, gratefully, lovingly, till he had ended; thinking to myself, how good and innocently beautiful and peaceful on the earth is all this, and it was the last time I was ever to hear it. I must have been there twice or oftener in my father's time, but the sound of his pious Coleshill (that was always his tune), pious psalm and prayer, I never heard again. With a noble politeness, very noble when I consider, they kept all that in a fine kind of remoteness from us, knowing (and somehow forgiving us completely), that we did not think of it quite as they. My Jane's express would come next morning; and of course I made 'Larry' ply his hoofs.

The second ride, in Geraldine, is nearly altogether mythical, being in reality a ride from Dumfries to Scotsbrig (two and a half miles beyond 'Ecclefechan,' where none of us ever passed) with some loss of road within the last five miles (wrong turn at Hodden Brig, I guessed), darkness (night-time in May), money etc., and 'terror' enough for a commonplace young lady, but little or nothing of real danger, and terror not an element at all, I fancy, in her courageous mind. 'Larry,' I think, cannot have been her horse (half-blind two years before in an epidemic,

through which she nursed him fondly, he once 'kissing her cheek' in gratitude, she always thought), or 'Larry' would have known the road, for we had often ridden and driven it. I was at that time gone to London, in quest of houses.

My last considerable bit of writing at Craigenputtoch was 'Sartor Resartus;' done, I think, between January and August 1830; my sister Margaret had died while it was going on. I well remember when and how (at Templand one morning) the germ of it rose above ground. 'Nine months,' I used to say, it had cost me in writing. Had the perpetual fluctuation, the uncertainty and unintelligible whimsicality of Review Editors not proved so intolerable, we might have lingered longer at Craigenputtoch, 'perfectly left alone, and able to do more work, beyond doubt, than elsewhere.' But a book did seem to promise some respite from that, and perhaps further advantages. Teufelsdröckh was ready; and (first days of August) I decided to make for London. Night before going, how I still remember it! I was lying on my back on the sofa in the drawing-room; she sitting by the table (late at night, packing all done, I suppose): her words had a guise of sport but were profoundly plaintive in meaning. 'About to part, who knows for how long; and what

may have come in the interim!' this was her thought, and she was evidently much out of spirits. 'Courage, dearie, only for a month!' I would say to her in some form or other. I went, next morning early, Alick driving: embarked at Glencaple Quay; voyage as far as Liverpool still vivid to me; the rest, till arrival in London, gone mostly extinct: let it! The beggarly history of poor 'Sartor' among the blockheadisms is not worth recording, or remembering—least of all here! In short, finding that whereas I had got 100*l.* (if memory serve) for 'Schiller' six or seven years before, and for 'Sartor,' at least thrice as good, I could not only not 'get 200*l.*,' but even get no 'Murray' or the like to publish it on 'half profits' (Murray a most stupendous object to me; tumbling about, eyeless, with the evidently strong wish to say 'yes and no;' my first signal experience of that sad human predicament); I said, 'We will make it no, then; wrap up our MS.; wait till this Reform Bill uproar abate; and see, and give our brave little Jeannie a sight of this big Babel, which is so altered since I saw it last (in 1824–25)!' She came right willingly, and had in spite of her ill-health, which did not abate but the contrary, an interesting, cheery, and, in spite of our poor arrangements, really pleasant

winter here. We lodged in Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Lane, clean and decent pair of rooms, and quiet decent people (the daughter is she whom Geraldine speaks of as having, I might say, fallen in love with her, wanted to be our servant at Craigenputtoch etc.), reduced from wealth to keeping lodgings, and prettily resigned to it; really good people. Visitors etc. she had in plenty; John Mill one of the most interesting, so modest ardent, ingenuous, ingenious, and so very fond of me at that time. Mrs. Basil Montague (already a correspondent of hers) now accurately seen, was another of the distinguished. Jeffrey, Lord Advocate, often came on an afternoon; never could learn his road to and from the end of Piccadilly, though I showed it him again and again. In the evening, miscellany of hers and mine, often dullish, had it not been for her, and the light she had shed on everything. I wrote 'Johnson' here; just before going. News of my father's death came here: oh, how good and tender she was, and consolatory by every kind of art, in those black days! I remember our walk along Holborn forward into the City, and the bleeding mood I was in, she wrapping me like the softest of bandages:—in the City somewhere, two boys fighting, with a ring of grinning

blackguards round them; I rushed passionately through, tore the fighters asunder, with some passionate rebuke ('in this world full of death'), she on my arm; and everybody silently complied. Nothing was wanting in her sympathy, or in the manner of it, as even from sincere people there often is. How poor we were; and yet how rich! I remember once taking her to Drury Lane Theatre (ticket from Playwright Kenny belike) along sloppy streets, in a November night (this was before my father's sudden death); and how paltry the equipment looked to me, how perfectly unobjectionable to her, who was far above equipments and outer garnitures. Of the theatricality itself that night I can remember absolutely nothing. Badams, my old Birmingham friend and physician, a most inventive, light-hearted, and genially gallant kind of man, sadly eclipsed within the last five years, ill-married, plunged amid grand mining speculations (which were and showed themselves sound, but not till they had driven him to drink brandy instead of water, and next year to die miserably overwhelmed). Badams with his wife was living out at Enfield, in a big old rambling sherd of a house among waste gardens; thither I twice or thrice went, much liking the man, but never now getting any good of him; she once for three

or four days went with me; sorry enough days, had not we, and especially she, illumined them a little. Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once or oftener; a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness, even when it was serious and good-mannered, which it seldom was, usually ill-mannered (to a degree), screwed into frosty artificialities, ghastly make-believe of wit, in fact more like 'diluted insanity' (as I defined it) than anything of real jocosity, humour, or geniality. A most slender fibre of actual worth in that poor Charles, abundantly recognisable to me as to others, in his better times and moods; but he was cockney to the marrow; and cockneydom, shouting 'glorious, marvellous, unparalleled in nature!' all his days had quite bewildered his poor head, and churned nearly all the sense out of the poor man. He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle-legs also in black, face and head fineish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility bodily and spiritual (something

of real insanity I have understood), and yet something too of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring. Poor Lamb! he was infinitely astonished at my wife, and her quiet encounter of his too ghastly London wit by a cheerful native ditto. Adieu, poor Lamb! He soon after died, as did Badams, much more to the sorrow of us both. Badams at our last parting (in Ampton Street, four or more months after this) burst into tears. 'Pressed down like putty under feet,' we heard him murmuring, 'and no strength more in me to rise!' We invited him to Craigenputtoch with our best temptations next summer, but it was too late; he answered, almost as with tears, 'No, alas!' and shortly died.

We had come home, last days of previous March: wild journey by heavy coach, I outside, to Liverpool; to Birmingham it was good, and inn there good, but next day (a Sunday, I think) we were quite overloaded; and had our adventures, especially on the street in Liverpool, rescuing our luggage after dark. But at Uncle John's, again, in Maryland Street, all became so bright. At mid-day, somewhere, we dined pleasantly *tête-à-tête*, in the belly of the coach, from my dear one's stores (to save expense doubtless, but the rest of the day had been unpleasantly chaotic)

even to me, though from her, as usual, there was nothing but patient goodness. Our dinners at Maryland Street I still remember, our days generally as pleasant, our departure in the Annan steamer, one bright sunshiny forenoon, uncle etc. zealously helping and escorting; sick, sick my poor woman must have been; but she retired out of sight, and would suffer with her best grace in silence:—ah me, I recollect now a tight, clean brandy-barrel she had bought; to 'hold such quantities of luggage, and be a water-barrel for the rain at Craigenputtoch!' how touching to me at this moment. And an excellent water-barrel it proved; the purest tea I ever tasted made from the rain it stored for us. At Whinniery, I remember, brother Alick and others of them were waiting to receive us; there were tears among us (my father gone, when we returned); she wept bitterly, I recollect, her sympathetic heart girdled in much sickness and dispiritment of her own withal; but my mother was very kind and cordially good and respectful to her always. We returned in some days to Craigenputtoch, and were again at peace there. Alick, I think, had by this time left; and a new tenant was there (a peaceable but dull stupid fellow; and our summers and winters for the future (1832–1834) were lonelier than ever. Good servants

too were hardly procurable; difficult anywhere, still more so at Craigenputtoch, where the choice was so limited. However, we pushed along; writing still brisk; 'Sartor' getting published in Fraser, etc. etc. We had not at first any thought of leaving. And indeed would the Review Editors but have stood steady (instead of for ever changeful), and domestic service gone on comfortably, perhaps we might have continued still a good while. We went one winter (1833? or 2?) to Edinburgh; the Jeffreys absent in official regions. A most dreary contemptible kind of element we found Edinburgh to be (partly by accident, or baddish behaviour of two individuals, Dr. Irving one of them, in reference to his poor kinswoman's furnished house); a locality and life-element never to be spoken of in comparison with London, and the frank friends there. To London accordingly, in the course of next winter, and its new paltry experiences of house-service etc., we determined to go. Edinburgh must have been in 1833–2 after all? Our home-coming I remember; missed the coach in Princes Street, waited perdue till following morning; bright weather, but my poor Jeannie so ill by the ride, that she could not drive from Thornhill to Templand (half a mile), but had to go or stagger hanging on my arm, and instantly

took to bed with one of her terrible headaches. Such headaches I never witnessed in my life; agony of retching (never anything but phlegm) and of spasmodic writhing, that would last from twenty-four to sixty hours, never the smallest help affordable. Oh, what of pain, pain, my poor Jeannie had to bear in this thorny pilgrimage of life; the unwitnessed heroine, or witnessed only by me, who never till now see it wholly!

She was very hearty for London, when I spoke of it, though till then her voice on the subject had never been heard. 'Burn our ships!' she gaily said, one day—i.e. dismantle our house; carry all our furniture with us. And accordingly here it still is (mostly all of it her father's furniture: whose character of solidly noble is visibly written on it: 'respect what is truly made to its purpose; detest what is falsely, and have no concern with it!') My own heart could not have been more emphatic on that subject; honour to him for its worth to me, not as furniture alone. My writing-table, solid mahogany well devised, always handy, yet steady as the rocks, is the best I ever saw; 'no book could be too good for being written here,' it has often mutely told me. His watch, commissioned by him in Clerkenwell, has measured my time for forty

years, and would still guide you to the longitude, could anybody now take the trouble of completely regulating it (old Whitelaw in Edinburgh, perhaps thirty-five years ago, was the last that did). Repeatedly have upholsterers asked, 'Who made these chairs, ma'am?' In cockneydom, nobody in our day; 'unexampled prosperity' makes another kind. Abhorrence, quite equal to my own, of cheap and nasty, I have nowhere seen, certainly nowhere else seen completely accomplished, as poor mine could never manage almost in the least degree to be. My pride, fierce and sore as it might be, was never hurt by that furniture of his in the house called mine; on the contrary my piety was touched, and ever and anon have this table etc. been a silent solemn sermon to me. Oh, shall not victory at last be to the handful of brave; in spite of the rotten multitudinous canaille, who seem to inherit all the world and its forces and steel-weapons and culinary and stage properties? Courage; and be true to one another!

I remember well my departure (middle of May, 1834), she staying to superintend packing and settling; in gig, I, for the last time; with many thoughts (forgotten there); brother Alick voluntarily waiting at Shillahill Bridge with a fresh horse for

me; night at Scotsbrig, ride to Annan (through a kind of May series of slight showers), pretty breakfast waiting us in poor good Mary's (ah me, how strange is all that now, 'Mother, you shall see me once yearly, and regularly hear from me, while we live!' etc. etc.); embarkation at Annan foot; Ben Nelson and James Stuart; our lifting . . .,[1] and steaming off,—my two dear brothers (Alick and Jamie) standing silent, apart, feeling I well knew what:—self resolute enough, and striving (not quite honestly) to feel more so! Ride to London, all night and all day (I think). Trades-Union people out processioning ('Help us; what is your Reform Bill else?' thought they, and I gravely saluting one body of them, I remember, and getting grave response from the leader of them). At sight of London I remember humming to myself a ballad-stanza of 'Johnnie o' Braidislea' which my dear old mother used to sing,

> 'For there's seven foresters in yon forest;
> And them I want to see, see,
> And them I want to see (and shoot down)!

Lodged at Ampton Street again; immense stretches of walking in search of houses. Camden Town once; Primrose Hill and its bright . . . . .[1]

[1] Word omitted in MS.

population in the distance; Chelsea; Leigh Hunt's huggermugger, etc. etc.—what is the use of recollecting all that?

Her arrival I best of all remember: ah me! She was clear for this poor house (which she gradually, as poverty a little withdrew after long years' pushing, has made so beautiful and comfortable) in preference to all my other samples: and here we spent our two-and-thirty years of hard battle against fate; hard but not quite unvictorious, when she left me, as in her car of heaven's fire. My noble one! I say deliberately her part in the stern battle, and except myself none knows how stern, was brighter and braver than my own. Thanks, darling, for your shining words and acts, which were continual in my eyes, and in no other mortal's. Worthless I was your divinity, wrapt in your perpetual love of me an pride in me, in defiance of all men and things. Oh, was it not beautiful, all this that I have lost for ever! And I was Thomas the Doubter, the unhoping; till now the only half-believing, in myself and my priceless opulences! At my return from Annandale, after 'French Revolution,' she so cheerily recounted to me all the good 'items;' item after item. 'Oh it has had a great success, dear!'—to no purpose; and at length beautifully lost patience

with me for my incredulous humour. My life has not wanted at any time what I used to call 'desperate hope' to all lengths; but of common 'hoping hope' it has had but little; and has been shrouded since youthhood (almost since boyhood, for my school-years, at Annan, were very miserable, harsh, barren and worse) in continual gloom and grimness, as of a man set too nakedly *versus* the devil and all men. Could I be easy to live with? She flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and in spite of my glooms and my misdoings, would at no moment cease to love me and help me. What of bounty too is in heaven!

We proceeded all through Belgrave Square hither, with our servant, our looser luggage, ourselves and a little canary bird ('Chico,' which she had brought with her from Craigenputtoch) one hackney coach rumbling on with us all. Chico, in Belgrave Square, burst into singing, which we took as a good omen. We were all of us striving to be cheerful (she needed no effort of striving); but we 'had burnt our ships,' and at bottom the case was grave. I do not remember our arriving at this door, but I do the cheerful gipsy life we had here among the litter and carpenters for three incipient days. Leigh Hunt was in the next street, sending kind

*un*practical messages; in the evenings, I think, personally coming in; we had made acquaintance with him (properly he with us), just before leaving in spring 1832. Huggermugger was the type of his economics, in all respects, financial and other; but he was himself a pretty man, in clean cotton nightgown, and with the airiest kindly style of sparkling talk, wanting only wisdom of a sound kind, and true insight into fact. A great want!

I remember going with my dear one (and Eliza Miles, the 'daughter' of Ampton Street, as escort), to some dim ironmonger's shop, to buy kettles and pans on the thriftiest of fair terms. How noble and more than royal is the look of that to me now, and of my royal one then. California is dross and dirt to the experiences I have had. A tinderbox with steel and flint was part of our outfit (incredible as it may seem at this date); I could myself burn rags into tinder, and I have groped my way to the kitchen, in sleepless nights, to strike a light for my pipe in that manner. Chico got a wife by and by (oh the wit there was about that and its sequels), produced two bright yellow young ones, who, as soon as they were fledged, got out into the trees of the garden, and vanished towards swift destruction; upon which, villain Chico finding his poor wife fallen

so tattery and ugly, took to pecking a hole in her head, pecked it and killed her, by and by ending his own disreputable life. I had begun 'The French Revolution' (trees at that time before our window —a tale by these too on her part): infinitesimal little matters of that kind hovered round me like bright fire-flies, irradiated by her light! Breakfast early, was in the back part of this ground-floor room, details of gradual intentions etc. as to 'French Revolution,' advices, approval or criticism, always beautifully wise, and so soft and loving, had they even been foolish!

We were not at all unhappy during those three years of 'French Revolution;' at least she was not; her health perhaps being better than mine, which latter was in a strangely painful, and as if conflagrated condition towards the end. She had made the house 'a little Eden round her' (so neat and graceful in its simplicity and thrifty poverty); 'little Paradise round you,' those were Edward Irving's words to her, on his visit to us; short affectionate visit, the first and the last (October 1834); on horseback, just about setting off for Glasgow, where he died December following. I watched him till at the corner of Cook's Grounds he vanished, and we never saw him more. Much consulting about

him we had always had; a letter to Henry Drummond (about delivering him from the fools and fanatics that were agitating him to death, as I clearly saw) lay on the mantelpiece here for some days in doubt, and was then burnt. Brother, father, rational friend, I could not think of, except Henry; and him I had seen only once, not without clear view of his unsoundness too. Practically we had long ago had to take leave of poor Irving, but we both knew him well, and all his brotherhoods to us first and last, and mourned him in our hearts as a lost hero. Nobler man I have seen few if any, till the foul gulfs of London pulpit-popularity sucked him in, and tragically swallowed him.

We were beginning to find a friend or two here; that is, an eligible acquaintance, none as yet very dear to us, though several brought a certain pleasure. Leigh Hunt was here almost nightly, three or four times a week, I should reckon; he came always neatly dressed, was thoroughly courteous, friendly of spirit, and talked like a singing bird. Good insight, plenty of a kind of humour too; I remember little warbles in the tones of his fine voice which were full of fun and charm. We gave him Scotch porridge to supper ('nothing in nature so interesting and delightful'); she played him Scotch tunes; a man

he to understand and feel them well. His talk was often enough (perhaps at first oftenest), literary, biographical, autobiographical, wandering into criticism, reform of society, progress, etc. etc., on which latter points he gradually found me very shocking (I believe—so fatal to his rose-coloured visions on the subject). An innocent-hearted, but misguided, in fact rather foolish, unpractical and often much suffering man. John Mill was another steady visitor (had by this time introduced his Mrs. Taylor too, a very will-o'-wispish 'iridescence' of a creature; meaning nothing bad either). She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humour took her; but got taught better (to her lasting memory) before long. Mill was very useful about 'French Revolution;' lent me all his books, which were quite a collection on that subject; gave me, frankly, clearly, and with zeal, all his better knowledge than my own (which was pretty frequently of use in this or the other detail); being full of eagerness for such an advocate in that cause as he felt I should be. His evenings here were sensibly agreeable for most part. Talk rather wintry ('sawdustish,' as old Sterling once called it), but always well-informed and sincere. The Mrs. Taylor business was becoming

more and more of questionable benefit to him (we could see), but on that subject we were strictly silent, and he was pretty still. For several years he came hither, and walked with me every Sunday. Dialogues fallen all dim, except that they were never in the least genial to me, and that I took them as one would wine where no nectar is to be had, or even thin ale where no wine. Her view of him was very kindly, though precisely to the same effect. How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging like a nobler second self! Under heaven is nothing beautifuller. We sat talking till late; 'shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes' (vol. ii.), and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks

(reading Marryat's novels), tried, cautious-cautiously, as on ice paper-thin, once more; and in short had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. I forget how much of money we still had. I think there was at first something like 300*l.*, perhaps 280*l.*, to front London with. Nor can I in the least remember where we had gathered such a sum, except that it was our own, no part of it borrowed or given us by anybody. 'Fit to last till "French Revolution" is ready!' and she had no misgivings at all. Mill was penitently liberal; sent me 200*l.* (in a day or two), of which I kept 100*l.* (actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume); upon which he bought me 'Biographie Universelle,' which I got bound, and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed, and fanaticised 'John Stuart Mill' to take that 100*l.* back; but I fear there is no way.

How my incomparable one contrived to beat out these exiguous resources into covering the appointed space I cannot now see, nor did I then know; but in the like of that, as in her other tasks, she was silently successful always, and never, that I saw, had a misgiving about success. There would be some

trifling increments from 'Fraser's Magazine,' perhaps ('Diamond Necklace,' etc. were probably of those years); but the guess stated above is the nearest I can now come to, and I don't think is in defect of the actuality. I was very diligent, very desperate ('desperate hope;') wrote my two (folio) pages (perhaps four or five of print) day by day: then about two P.M. walked out; always heavy laden, grim of mood, sometimes with a feeling (not rebellious or impious against God Most High), but otherwise too similar to Satan's stepping the burning marle. Some conviction I had that the book was worth something, and pretty constant persuasion that it was not I that could make it better. Once or twice among the flood of equipages at Hyde Park Corner, I recollect sternly thinking, 'Yes; and perhaps none of you could do what I am at!' But generally my feeling was, 'I shall finish this book, throw it at your feet, buy a rifle and spade, and withdraw to the Transatlantic Wilderness, far from human beggaries and basenesses!' This had a kind of comfort to me; yet I always knew too, in the background, that this would not practically do. In short, my nervous system had got dreadfully irritated and inflamed before I quite ended, and my desire was intense, beyond words, to have done with it.

The last paragraph I well remember writing upstairs in the drawing-room that now is, which was then my writing-room; beside her there and in a grey evening (summer I suppose), soon after tea (perhaps); thereupon, with her dear blessing on me, going out to walk. I had said before going out, 'What they will do with this book, none knows, my Jeannie, lass; but they have not had, for a two hundred years, any book that came more truly from a man's very heart, and so let them trample it under foot and hoof as they see best!' 'Pooh, pooh! they cannot trample that!' she would cheerily answer; for her own approval (I think she had read always regularly behind me) especially in vol. iii., was strong and decided.

We knew the Sterlings by this time, John, and all of them; old Sterling very often here. Knew Henry Taylor etc., the Wilsons of Eccleston Street, Rev. Mr. Dunn, etc. etc.; and the waste wilderness of London was becoming a peopled garden to us, in some measure, especially to her, who had a frank welcome to every sort of worth and even kindly singularity in her fellow-creatures, such as I could at no time rival.

Sprinklings of foreigners, 'political refugees,' had already begun to come about us; to me seldom

of any interest, except for the foreign instruction to be gathered from them (if any), and the curiosity attached to their foreign ways. Only two of them had the least charm to me as men: Mazzini, whom I remember, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor's (ultimately Mrs. Mill's) then husband, an innocent dull good man, brought in to me one evening; and Godefroi Cavaignac, whom my Jane had met somewhere, and thought worth inviting. Mazzini I once or twice talked with; recognisably a most valiant, faithful, considerably gifted and noble soul, but hopelessly given up to his republicanisms, his 'Progress,' and other Rousseau fanaticism, for which I had at no time the least credence, or any considerable respect amid my pity. We soon tired of one another, Mazzini and I, and he fell mainly to her share; off and on, for a good many years, yielding her the charm of a sincere mutual esteem, and withal a good deal of occasional amusement from Mazzini's curious bits of exile London and foreign life, and his singular Italian-English modes of locution now and then. For example, Petrucci having quenched his own fiery chimney one day, and escaped the fine (as he hoped), 'there came to pass a sweep' with finer nose in the solitary street, who involved him again. Or, *Ma, mio caro, non v'è ci un morto!*' which, I see, she

has copied into her poor little book of notabilia.[1] Her reports of these things to me, as we sat at breakfast or otherwise, had a tinkle of the finest mirth in them, and in short a beauty and felicity I have never seen surpassed. Ah me! ah me! whither fled?

Cavaignac was considerably more interesting to both of us. A fine Bayard soul (with figure to correspond), a man full of seriousness and of genial gaiety withal; of really fine faculties and of a politeness (especially towards women) which was curiously elaborated into punctiliousness, yet sprang everywhere from frank nature. A man very pleasant to converse with, walk with, or see drop in on an evening, and lead you or follow you far and wide on the world of intellect and humanly recorded fact. A Republican to the bone, but a 'Bayard' in that vesture (if only Bayard had wit and fancy at command). We had many dialogues while 'French Revolution' struggled through its last two volumes; Cavaignac freely discussing with me, accepting kindly my innumerable dissents from him, and on

[1] Explained in this book. An undertaker came one dark winter morning by mistake to Mazzini's house to enquire for 'the corpse.' Mazzini, who answered the bell himself, said, 'But, my dear' (an Italian would say 'my dear' to a hangman), 'there is not here a dead.'

the whole elucidating many little points to me. Punctually on the *jour de l'an* came some little gift to her, frugal yet elegant; and I have heard him say with mantling joyous humour overspreading that sternly sad French face, '*Vous n'êtes pas Ecossaise, Madame*; *désormais vous serez Française!*' I think he must have left us in 1843; he and I rode, one summer forenoon, to Richmond and back (some old Bonapartist colonel married out there, dull ignorant loud fellow to my feeling); country was beautiful, air balmy, ride altogether ditto ditto. I don't remember speaking with him again; 'going to Paris this week' or so, he (on unconditional amnesty, not on conditional like all the others). He returned once, or indeed twice, during the three years he still lived; but I was from home the last time, both of us the first (at Newby Cottage, Annan, oh dear!) and I saw him no more. The younger brother ('President' in 1849 etc.) I had often heard of from him, and learned to esteem on evidence given, but never saw. I take him to have been a second Godefroi probably, with less gift of social utterance, but with a soldier's breeding in return.

One autumn, and perhaps another, I recollect her making a tour with the elder Sterling (Thunderer

and wife), which, in spite of the hardships to one so delicate, she rather enjoyed. Thunderer she had at her apron-string, and brought many a comical pirouette out of him from time to time. Good Mrs. S. really loved her, and *vice versâ*; a luminous household circle that to us: as may be seen in 'Life of Sterling,' more at large.

Of money from 'French Revolution' I had here as yet got absolutely nothing; Emerson in America, by an edition of his there, sent me 150*l.* ('pathetic!' was her fine word about it, 'but never mind, dear'); after some three years grateful England (through poor scrubby but correctly arithmetical Fraser) 100*l.*; and I don't remember when, some similar munificence; but I now (and indeed not till recent years do I) see it had been, as she called it, 'a great success,' and greatish of its kind. Money I did get somewhere honestly, articles in 'Fraser,' in poor Mill's (considerably hidebound) 'London Review;' 'Edinburgh' I think was out for me before this time. 'London Review' was at last due to the charitable faith of young Sir William Molesworth, a poorish narrow creature, but an ardent believer in Mill Père (James) and Mill Fils. 'How much will your Review take to launch it then?' asked he (all other Radical believers being so close of fist). 'Say

4,000*l.*,' answered Mill. 'Here, then,' writing a cheque for that amount, rejoined the other. My private (altogether private) feeling, I remember, was, that they could, with profit, have employed me much more extensively in it; perhaps even (though of this I was candid enough to doubt) made me editor of it; let me try it for a couple of years; worse I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself did as editor (sawdust to the masthead, and a croakery of crawling things, instead of a speaking by men); but I whispered to none but her the least hint of all this; and oh, how glad am I now, and for long years back, that apparently nothing of it ever came to the thoughts or the dreams of Mill and Co.! For I should surely have accepted of it, had the terms been at all tolerable. I had plenty of Radicalism, and have, and to all appearance shall have; but the opposite hemisphere (which never was wanting either, nor will be, as it miserably is in Mill and Co.) had not yet found itself summoned by the trumpet of time and his events (1848; study of Oliver etc.) into practical emergence, and emphasis and prominence as now. 'Ill luck,' take it quietly; you never are sure but it may be good and the best.

Our main revenue three or four (?) years now

was lectures; in Edward Street, Portman Square, the only free room there was; earnestly forwarded by Miss and Thomas Wilson, of Eccleston Street, (who still live and are good), by Miss Martineau, by Henry Taylor, Frederick Elliot, etc. etc. Brought in, on the average, perhaps 200*l.*, for a month's labour; first of them must have been in 1838, I think; Willis's Rooms, this. 'Detestable mixture of prophecy and play-actorism,' as I sorrowfully defined it; nothing could well be hatefuller to me; but I was obliged. And she, oh she was my angel, and unwearied helper and comforter in all that; how we drove together, we poor two, to our place of execution; she with a little drop of brandy to give me at the very last, and shone round me like a bright aureola, when all else was black and chaos! God reward thee, dear one! now when I cannot even own my debt. Oh, why do we delay so much, till death makes it impossible? And don't I continue it still with others? Fools, fools! we forget that it has to end; so this has ended, and it is such an astonishment to me; so sternly undeniable, yet as it were incredible!

It must have been in this 1838 that her mother first came to see us here. I remember giving each of them a sovereign, from a pocketful of odd which

I had brought home,—greatly to satisfaction especially of Mrs. Welsh, who I doubt not bought something pretty and symbolic with it. She came perhaps three times; on one of the later times was that of the 'one soireé,' with the wax-candles on mother's part—and subsequent remorse on daughter's! 'Burn these last two on the night when I lie dead!' Like a stroke of lightning this has gone through my heart, cutting and yet healing. Sacred be the name of it; its praise silent. Did I elsewhere meet in the world a soul so direct from the Empyrean? My dear old mother was perhaps equally pious, in the Roman sense, in the British she was much more so; but starry flashes of this kind she had not—from her education etc., could not.

By this time we were getting noticed by select individuals of the Aristocracy; and were what is called 'rather rising in society.' Ambition that way my Jane never had; but she took it always as a something of honour done to me, and had her various bits of satisfaction in it. The Spring-Rices (Lords Monteagle afterwards) were probably the first of their class that ever asked me out as a distinguished thing. I remember their flunkey arriving here with an express while we were at dinner; I remember, too, their soirée itself in Downing Street,

and the καλοὶ and καλαὶ (as I called them) with their state and their effulgences, as something new and entertaining to me. The Stanleys (of Alderley), through the Bullers, we had long since known, and still know; but that I suppose was still mostly theoretic,— or perhaps I had dined there, and seen the Hollands (Lord and Lady), the etc. (as I certainly did ultimately), but not been judged eligible, or both catchable and eligible? To me I can recollect (except what of snob ambition there might be in me, which I hope was not very much, though for certain it was not quite wanting either!) there was nothing of charm in any of them; old Lady Holland I viewed even with aversion, as a kind of hungry 'ornamented witch,' looking over at me with merely carnivorous views (and always questioning her Dr. Allen when I said anything); nor was it till years after (husband, Allen, etc. all dead) that I discovered remains of beauty in her, a pathetic situation, and distinguished qualities. My Jane I think knew still less of her; in her house neither my Jane nor I ever was. At Marshall's (millionaire of Leeds, and an excellent man, who much esteemed me, and once gave me a horse for health's sake) we had ample assemblages, shining enough in their kind;—but she, I somehow think, probably for saving the cost

of 'fly' (oh my queen, mine and a true one!), was not so often there as I. On the whole, that too was a thing to be gone through in our career; and it had its bits of benefits, bits of instructions etc. etc.; but also its temptations, intricacies, tendencies to vanity etc., to waste of time and faculty; and in a better sphere of arrangement, would have been a 'game not worth the candle.' Certain of the Aristocracy, however, did seem to me still very noble; and, with due limitation of the grossly worthless (none of whom had we to do with), I should vote at present that, of classes known to me in England, the Aristocracy (with its perfection of human politeness, its continual grace of bearing and of acting, steadfast 'honour,' light address and cheery stoicism), if you see well into it, is actually yet the best of English classes. Deep in it we never were, promenaders on the shore rather; but I have known it too, and formed deliberate judgment as above. My dear one in theory did not go so far (I think) in that direction,—in fact was not at the pains to form much 'theory;' but no eye in the world was quicker than hers for individual specimens;—and to the last she had a great pleasure in consorting more or less with the select of these; Lady William Russell, Dowager Lady Sandwich, Lady etc. etc. (and not in over-

quantity). I remember at first sight of the first Lady Ashburton (who was far from regularly beautiful, but was probably the chief of all these great ladies), she said of her to me, 'Something in her like a heathen goddess!'—which was a true reading, and in a case not plain at all, but oftener mistaken than rightly taken.

Our first visit to Addiscombe together, a bright summer Sunday; we walked (thrift, I daresay, ah me! from the near railway station; and my poor Jeannie grew very tired and disheartened, though nothing ill came); I had been there several times, and she had seen the lady here (and called her 'heathen goddess' to me). This time I had at once joined the company under the shady trees, on their beautiful lawn; and my little woman, in few minutes, her dress all adjusted, came stepping out, round the corner of the house,—with such a look of lovely innocency, modesty, ingenuousness, gracefully suppressed timidity, and radiancy of native cleverness, intelligence, and dignity, towards the great ladies and great gentlemen; it seems to me at this moment, I have never seen a more beautiful expression of a human face. Oh my dearest; my dearest that cannot now know how dear! There are glimpses of heaven too given us on this earth,

though sorely drowned in terrestrial vulgarities, and sorely 'flamed-on from the hell beneath' too. This must have been about 1843 or so?

A year or two before, going to see her mother, she had landed in total wreck of sea-sickness (miserable always at sea, but had taken it as cheapest doubtless), and been brought up almost speechless, and set down at the Queensberry Arms Inn, Annan. Having no maid, no sign but of trouble and (unprofitable) ladyhood, they took her to a remote bedroom, and left her to her solitary shifts there. Very painful to me, yet beautiful and with a noble pathos in it, to look back upon (from her narrative of it) here and now! How Mary, my poor but ever faithful 'Sister Mary,' came to her (on notice), her resources few, but her heart overflowing; could hardly get admittance to the flunkey house of entertainment at all; got it, however, had a 'pint of sherry' with her, had this and that, and perhaps on the third day, got her released from the base place; of which that is my main recollection now, when I chance to pass it, in its now dim enough condition. Perhaps this was about 1840; Mary's husband (now farmer at the Gill, not a clever man, but a diligent and good-natured) was then a carter with two horses in Annan, gradually becoming unable to live in that poor capa-

city there. They had both been Craigenputtoch figures; and might have been most sordid to my bright darling, but never were at all; gradually far from it, Mary at least. She loved Mary for her kind-heartedness; admired and respected her skill and industry in domestic management of all kinds; and often contrasted to me her perfect talent in that way, compared to sister Jean's, who intellectually was far the superior (and had once been her own pupil and protégée, about the time we left Comley Bank; always very kind and grateful to her since, too, but never such a favourite as the other). Mary's cottage was well known to me too, as I came home by the steamer, on my visits, and was often riding down to bathe etc. These visits, 'once a year to my mother,' were pretty faithfully paid; and did my heart always some good; but for the rest were unpleasantly chaotic (especially when my poor old mother, worthiest and dearest of simple hearts, became incapable of management by her own strength, and of almost all enjoyment even from me). I persisted in them to the last, as did my woman; but I think they comprised for both of us (such skinless creatures), in respect of outward physical hardship, an amount larger than all the other items of our then life put together.

How well I remember the dismal evening, when we had got word of her mother's dangerous crisis of illness (a stroke, in fact, which ended it); and her wildly impressive look, laden as if with resolution, affection, and prophetic woe, while she sate in the railway carriage and rolled away from me into the dark. 'Poor, poor Jeannie!' thought I; and yet my sympathy how paltry and imperfect was it to what hers would have been for me! Stony-hearted; shame on me! She was stopped at Liverpool by news of the worst; I found her sharply wretched, on my following, and had a strange two or three months, slowly settling everything at Templand; the 'last country spring,' and my first for many long years. Bright, sad, solitary (letters from Lockhart etc.), nocturnal mountain heather burning, by day the courses of the hail-storms from the mountains, how they came pouring down their respective valleys, deluge-like, and blotted out the sunshine etc., spring of 1843 or 2?

I find it was in 1842 (February 20) that my poor mother-in-law died. Wild night for me from Liverpool, through Dumfries (sister Jean out with tea, etc.), arrival at waste Templand (only John Welsh etc. there; funeral quite over); all this and the lonesome, sad, but not unblessed three months

almost which I spent there, is still vividly in my mind. I was for trying to keep Templand once, as a summer refuge for us, one of the most picturesque of locations; but her filial heart repelled the notion; and I have never seen more than the chimney-tops of Templand since. Her grief, at my return and for months afterwards, was still poignant, constant; and oh how inferior my sympathy with her to what hers would have been with me; woe on my dull hard ways in comparison! To her mother she had been the kindest of daughters; life-rent of Craigenputtoch settled frankly on her, and such effort to make it practically good to the letter when needful. I recollect one gallop of hers, which Geraldine has not mentioned, gallop from Craigenputtoch to Dumfries Bank, and thence to Templand at a stretch, with the half-year's rent, which our procrastinating brother Alick seldom could or would be punctual with. (Ah me! gallop which pierces my heart at this moment, and clothes my darling with a sad radiancy to me); but she had many remorses, and indeed had been obliged to have manifold little collisions with her fine high-minded, but often fanciful and fitful mother, who was always a beauty, too, and had whims and thin-skinned ways, distasteful enough to such a daughter. All which, in cruel aggravation (for all were really

small, and had been ridiculous rather than deep or important), now came remorsefully to mind, and many of them, I doubt not, stayed.

Craigenputtoch lapsed to her in 1842, therefore; to me she had left the fee-simple of it by will (in 1824, two years before our marriage), as I remember she once told me thereabouts, and never but once. Will found, the other day, after some difficulty, since her own departure, and the death of any Welsh to whom she could have wished me to bequeath it. To my kindred it has no relation, nor shall it go to them; it is much a problem with me how I shall leave it settled ('Bursaries for Edinburgh College,' or what were best?) after my poor interest in it is over. Considerably a problem; and what her wish in it would have actually been? 'Bursaries' had come into my own head, when we heard that poor final young Welsh was in consumption, but to her I never mentioned it. ('Wait till the young man's decease do suggest it?') and now I have only hypothesis and guess. She never liked to speak of the thing, even on question, which hardly once or twice ever rose; and except on question, a stone was not more silent. Beautiful queenlike woman, I did admire her complete perfection on this head of the actual 'dowry' she had now brought, 200*l.* yearly or so, which to us

was a highly considerable sum, and how she absolutely ignored it, and as it were had not done it at all. Once or so I can dimly remember telling her as much (thank God I did so), to which she answered scarcely by a look, and certainly without word, except perhaps 'Tut!'

Thus from this date onward we were a little richer, easier in circumstances; and the pinch of poverty, which had been relaxing latterly, changed itself into a gentle pressure, or into a limit and little more. We did not change our habits in any point, but the grim collar round my neck was sensibly slackened. Slackened, not removed at all, for almost twenty years yet. My books were not, nor ever will be 'popular,' productive of money to any but a contemptible degree. I had lost by the death of Bookseller Fraser and change to Chapman and Hall; in short to judge by the running after me by owls of Minerva in those times, and then to hear what day's wages my books brought me, would have astonished the owl mind. I do not think my literary income was above 200*l.* a year in those decades, in spite of my continual diligence day by day. 'Cromwell' I must have written, I think, in 1844, but for four years prior it had been a continual toil and misery to me. I forget what was

the price of 'Cromwell,' greater considerably than in any previous case, but the annual income was still somewhat as above. I had always 200*l.* or 300*l.* in bank, and continually forgot all about money. My darling rolled it all over upon me, and not one straw about it; only asked for assurance or promissory engagement from me. 'How little, then?' and never failed to make it liberally and handsomely do. Honour to her (beyond the ownership of California, I say now), and thanks to poverty that showed me how noble, worshipful, and dear she was.

In 1849, after an interval of deep gloom and bottomless dubitation, came 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' which unpleasantly astonished everybody, set the world upon the strangest suppositions ('Carlyle got deep into whisky!' said some), ruined my 'reputation' (according to the friendliest voices, and, in effect, divided me altogether from the mob of 'Progress-of-the-species' and other vulgar), but were a great relief to my own conscience as a faithful citizen, and have been ever since. My darling gaily approved, and we left the thing to take its own sweet will, with great indifferency and loyalty on our part. This did not help our incomings; in fact I suppose it effectually hindered, and has done so till quite recently, any 'progress

of ours in that desirable direction, though I did not find that the small steady sale of my books was sensibly altered from year to year, but quietly stood where it used to be. Chapman (hard-fisted cautious bibliographer) would not, for about ten years farther, go into any edition of my 'Collected Works.' I did once transiently propose it, once only, and remember being sometimes privately a good deal sulky towards the poor man for his judgment on that matter, though decided to leave him strictly to his own light in regard to it, and indeed to avoid him altogether when I had not clear business with him. The 'recent return of popularity greater than ever' which I hear of, seems due alone to that late Edinburgh affair; especially to the Edinburgh 'address,' and affords new proof of the singularly dark and feeble condition of 'public judgment' at this time. No idea, or shadow of an idea, is in that address, but what had been set forth by me tens of times before, and the poor gaping sea of Prurient Blockheadism receives it as a kind of inspired revelation, and runs to buy my books (it is said) now when I have got quite done with their buying or refusing to buy. If they would give me 10,000*l.* a year and bray unanimously their hosannahs heaven-high for the rest of my life, who now would there be to get the

smallest joy or profit from it? To me I feel as if it would be a silent sorrow rather, and would bring me painful retrospections, nothing else! On the whole, I feel often as if poor England had really done its very kindest to me, after all. Friends not a few I do at last begin to see that I have had all along, and these have all, or all but two or three, been decorously silent; enemies I cannot strictly find that I have had any (only blind blockheads running athwart me on their own errand); and as for the speaking and criticising multitude, who regulate the paying ditto, I perceive that their labours on me have had a twofold result: 1°. that, after so much nonsense said in all dialects, so very little sense or real understanding of the matter, I have arrived at a point of indifferency towards all that, which is really very desirable to a human soul that will do well; and 2°. that, in regard to money, and payment etc. in the money kind, it is essentially the same, to a degree which, under both heads (if it were safe for me to estimate it), I should say was really a far nearer than common approach to completeness. And which, under both heads, so far as it is complete, means victory, and the very highest kind of 'success!' Thanks to poor anarchic crippled and bewildered England, then; hasn't it done 'its very

best' for me, under disguised forms, and seeming occasionally to do its worst? Enough of all that; I had to say only that my dear little helpmate, in regard to these things also, has been throughout as one sent from heaven to me. Never for a moment did she take to blaming England or the world on my behalf; rather to quizzing my despondencies (if any on that head), and the grotesque stupidities of England and the world. She cared little about criticisms of me, good or bad, but I have known her read, when such came to hand, the unfriendliest specimens with real amusement, if their stupidity was of the readable or amusing kind to bystanders. Her opinion of me was curiously unalterable from the first. In Edinburgh for example, in 1826 still, Bookseller Tait (a foolish goosey, innocent but very vulgar kind of mortal), 'Oh, Mrs. Carlyle, fine criticism in the "Scotsman;" you will find it at, I think you will find it at—' 'But what good will it do me?' answered Mrs. Carlyle, with great good humour, to the miraculous collapse of Tait, who stood (I dare say) with eyes staring!

In 1845, late autumn, I was first at the Grange for a few days (doing d'Ewes's 'Election to the Long Parliament,' I recollect); she with me the next year, I think; and there, or at Addiscombe, Alver-

stoke, Bath House, saw on frequent enough occasions, for twelve years coming, or indeed for nineteen (till the second Lord Ashburton's death), the choicest specimens of English aristocracy; and had no difficulty in living with them on free and altogether human terms, and learning from them by degrees whatever they had to teach us. Something actually, though perhaps not very much, and surely not the best. To me, I should say, more than to her, came what lessons there were. Human friendships we also had, and she too was a favourite with the better kind. Lord Lansdowne, for example, had at last discovered what she was; not without some amazement in his old retrospective mind, I dare say! But to her the charm of such circles was at all times insignificant; human was what she looked at, and what she was, in all circles. *Ay de mi!* it is a mingled yarn, all that of our 'Aristocratic' history, and I need not enter on it here. One evening, at Bath House, I saw her in a grand soirée, softly step up, and (unnoticed as she thought, by anybody), kiss the old Duke of Wellington's shoulder! That perhaps was one of the prettiest things I ever saw there. Duke was then very old, and hitched languidly about, speaking only when spoken to, some 'wow-wow,' which perhaps had little meaning in it;

he had on his Garter order, his gold-buckle stock, and was very clean and trim; but except making appearance in certain evening parties, half an hour in each, perhaps hardly knew what he was doing. From Bath House we saw his funeral procession, a while after; and, to our disgust, in one of the mourning coaches, some official or dignitary reading a newspaper. The hearse (seventeen tons of bronze), the arrangements generally, were vulgar and disgusting; but the fact itself impressed everybody; the street rows all silently doffed hat as the body passed; and London, altogether, seemed to be holding its breath. A dim, almost wet kind of day; adieu, adieu! With Wellington I don't think either of us had ever spoken; though we both esteemed him heartily. I had known his face for nearly thirty years; he also, I think, had grown to know mine, as that of somebody who wished him well; not otherwise, I dare say, or the proprietor's name at all; but I have seen him gaze at me a little as we passed on the streets. To speak to him, with my notions of his ways of thinking, and of his articulate endowments, was not among my longings. I went once to the House of Lords, expressly to hear the sound of his voice, and so complete my little private physiognomical portrait of him; a fine aquiline voice,

I found it, quite like the face of him; and got a great instruction and lesson, which has stayed with me, out of his little speech itself (Lord Ellenborough's 'Gates of Somnauth' the subject, about which I cared nothing); speech of the most haggly, hawky, pinched and meagre kind, so far as utterance and 'eloquence' went; but potent for conviction beyond any other; nay, I may say, quite exclusively of all the others that night, which were mere 'melodious wind' to me (Brougham's, Derby's, etc. etc.), while this hitching, stunted, haggling discourse of ten or thirteen minutes had made the Duke's opinion completely mine too. I thought of O. Cromwell withal, and have often since, oftener than ever before, said to myself, 'Is not this (to make your opinion mine) the aim of all "eloquence," rhetoric, and Demosthenic artillery practice?' And what is it good for? Fools! get a true insight and belief of your own as to the matter; that is the way to get your belief into me, and it is the only way!

One of the days while I was first at the Grange (in 1845) was John Sterling's death-day. I had well marked it, with a sad almost remorseful contrast; we were at St. Cross and Winchester Cathedral that day. I think my wife's latest favourites,

and in a sense friends and intimates, among the aristocracy were the old Dowager Lady Sandwich (died about four years ago, or three), young Lady Lothian (recent acquaintance), and the (Dowager) Lady William Russell, whom I think she had something of real love to, and in a growing condition for the last two or three years. This is a clever, high-mannered, massive-minded old lady, now seventy-two; admirable to me, this good while, as a finished piece of social art, but hardly otherwise much. My poor little wife! what a capacity of liking, of sympathy, of giving and getting pleasure, was in her heart, to the very last, compared with my gaunt mournful darkness in that respect. This Lady William wrote many notes etc. in these past seven weeks; I was really sorry for her withal; and, with an effort, near a month ago, went and saw her. Alas! she had nothing to speak to me of, but of letters received (such 'sympathy' from Rome, from Vienna, by persons I knew not, or knew to be fools; as if this could have been of comfort to me!)—and I could perceive the real 'affection' (to whatever extent) had been mostly on my poor darling's side, the alone opulent in that kind! 'Pleasant at our little bits of artistic dinners' (the lady seemed to feel); 'a sweet orange, which has dropped from one's

hand into the dust!' I came away, not angry (oh no), but full of miserable sorrowful feelings of the poverty of life; and have not since been back.

She liked London constantly, and stood in defence of it against me and my atrabilious censures of it, never had for herself the least wish to quit it again, though I was often talking of that, and her practice would have been loyal compliance for my behoof. I well remember my first walking her up to Hyde Park Corner in the summer evening, and her fine interest in everything. At the corner of the Green Park I found something for her to sit on; 'Hah, there is John Mill coming!' I said, and her joyful ingenuous blush is still very beautiful to me. The good child! It did not prove to be Mill (whom she knew since 1831, and liked for my sake); but probably I showed her the Duke of Wellington, whom one often used to see there, striding deliberately along, as if home from his work, about that hour; him (I almost rather think, that same evening), and at any rate, other figures of distinction or notoriety. And we said to one another, 'How strange to be in big London here; isn't it?' Our purchase of household kettles and saucepans etc. in the mean ironmongery, so noble in its poverty and

loyalty on her part, is sad and infinitely lovely to me at this moment.

We had plenty of 'company' from the very first; John Mill, down from Kensington once a week or oftener; the 'Mrs. Austin' of those days, so popular and almost famous, on such exiguous basis (translations from the German, rather poorly some, and of original nothing that rose far above the rank of twaddle); '*femme alors célèbre*,' as we used to term the phenomenon, parodying some phrase I had found in Thiers. Mrs. A. affected much sisterhood with us (affected mainly, though in kind wise), and was a cheery, sanguine, and generally acceptable member of society,—already up to the Marquis of Lansdowne (in a slight sense), much more to all the Radical officials and notables; Charles Buller, Sir W. Molesworth, etc. etc. of '*alors*.' She still lives, this Mrs. A., in quiet though eclipsed condition; spring last she was in town for a couple of weeks; and my dear one went twice to see her, though I couldn't manage quite. Erasmus Darwin, a most diverse kind of mortal, came to seek us out very soon ('had heard of Carlyle in Germany etc.') and continues ever since to be a quiet house-friend, honestly attached; though his visits latterly have been rarer and rarer, health so poor, I so occupied, etc. etc.

He had something of original and sarcastically ingenious in him, one of the sincerest, naturally truest, and most modest of men; elder brother of Charles Darwin (the famed Darwin on Species of these days), to whom I rather prefer him for intellect, had not his health quite doomed him to silence and patient idleness;—grandsons, both, of the first famed Erasmus ('Botanic Garden' etc.), who also seems to have gone upon 'species' questions, '*omnia ex conchis*' (all from oysters) being a dictum of his (even a stamp he sealed with still extant), as the present Erasmus once told me, many long years before this of Darwin on Species came up among us! Wonderful to me, as indicating the capricious stupidity of mankind; never could read a page of it, or waste the least thought upon it. E. Darwin it was who named the late Whewell, seeing him sit, all ear (not all assent) at some of my lectures, 'the Harmonious Blacksmith'; a really descriptive title. My dear one had a great favour for this honest Darwin always; many a road, to shops and the like, he drove her in his cab ('Darwingium Cabbum,' comparable to Georgium Sidus), in those early days when even the charge of omnibuses was a consideration, and his sparse utterances, sardonic often, were a great amusement to her. 'A perfect gentleman,' she at once discerned him to

be, and of sound worth and kindliness, in the most unaffected form. 'Take me now to Oxygen Street, a dyer's shop there!' Darwin, without a wrinkle or remark, made for Oxenden Street and drew up at the required door. Amusingly admirable to us both, when she came home.

Our commonest evening sitter, for a good while, was Leigh Hunt, who lived close by, and delighted to sit talking with us (free, cheery, idly melodious as bird on bough), or listening, with real feeling, to her old Scotch tunes on the piano, and winding up with a frugal morsel of Scotch porridge (endlessly admirable to Hunt). I think I spoke of this above? Hunt was always accurately dressed, these evenings, and had a fine chivalrous gentlemanly carriage, polite, affectionate, respectful (especially to her), and yet so free and natural. Her brilliancy and faculty he at once recognised, none better, but there rose gradually in it, to his astonished eye, something of positive, of practically steadfast, which scared him off a good deal; the like in my own case too, still more, which he would call 'Scotch,' 'Presbyterian,' who knows what; and which gradually repelled him, in sorrow, not in anger, quite away from us, with rare exceptions, which, in his last years, was almost pathetic to us both. Long before this, he had gone

to live in Kensington, and we scarcely saw him except by accident. His household, while in '4 Upper Cheyne Row,' within few steps of us here, almost at once disclosed itself to be huggermugger, unthrift, and sordid collapse, once for all; and had to be associated with on cautious terms; while he himself emerged out of it in the chivalrous figure I describe. Dark complexion (a trace of the African, I believe), copious clean strong black hair, beautifully-shaped head, fine beaming serious hazel eyes; seriousness and intellect the main expression of the face (to our surprise at first); he would lean on his elbow against the mantelpiece (fine clean, elastic figure too he had, five feet ten or more), and look round him nearly in silence, before taking leave for the night, 'as if I were a Lar,' said he once, 'or permanent household god here!' (such his polite aerial-like way). Another time, rising from this Lar attitude, he repeated (voice very fine) as if in sport of parody, yet with something of very sad perceptible, 'While I to sulphurous and penal fire' . . . as the last thing before vanishing. Poor Hunt! no more of him. She, I remember, was almost in tears during some last visit of his, and kind and pitying as a daughter to the now weak and time-worn old man.

Allan Cunningham, living in Pimlico, was well within walking distance, and failed not to come down now and then, always friendly, smooth and fond of pleasing; 'a solid Dumfries stone-mason at any rate!' she would define him. He had very smooth manners, much practical shrewdness, some real tone of melody lodged in him, item a twinkle of bright mockery where he judged it safe, culture only superficial (of the surface, truly); reading, information, ways of thinking, all mainly ditto ditto. Had a good will to us evidently; not an unwelcome face, when he entered, at rare intervals; always rather rarer, as they proved to be; he got at once into Nithsdale, recalled old rustic comicalities (seemed habitually to dwell there), and had not much of instruction either to give or receive. His resort seemed to be much among Scotch City people, who presented him with punchbowls etc.; and in his own house there were chiefly unprofitable people to be met. We admired always his sense for managing himself in strange London; his stalwart healthy figure and ways (bright hazel eyes, bald open brow, sonorous hearty tone of voice, a tall, perpendicular, quietly manful-looking figure), and were sorry sincerely to lose him, as we suddenly did. His widow too is now gone; some of the sons (especially Colonel Frank,

the youngest, and a daughter, who lives with Frank), have still a friendly though far-off relation to this house.

Harriet Martineau had for some years a much more lively intercourse here, introduced by Darwin possibly, or I forget by whom, on her return from America; her book upon which was now in progress. Harriet had started into lionhood since our first visit to London, and was still run much after, by a rather feeble set of persons chiefly. She was not unpleasant to talk with for a little, though through an ear-trumpet, without which she was totally deaf. To admire her literary genius, or even her solidity of common sense, was never possible for either of us; but she had a sharp eye, an imperturbable self-possession, and in all things a swiftness of positive decision, which joined to her evident loyalty of intention, and her frank, guileless, easy ways, we both liked. Her adorers, principally, not exclusively, 'poor whinnering old moneyed women in their well-hung broughams, otherwise idle,' did her a great deal of mischief; and indeed as it proved were gradually turning her fine clear head (so to speak), and leading to sad issues for her. Her talent, which in that sense was very considerable, I used to think, would have made her a quite shining matron of some big female estab-

lishment, mistress of some immense dress-shop, for instance (if she had a dressing-faculty, which perhaps she hadn't); but was totally inadequate to grapple with deep spiritual and social questions, into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting. However, she was very fond of us, me chiefly, at first, though gradually of both, and I was considerably the first that tired of her. She was much in the world, we little or hardly at all; and her frank friendly countenance, eager for practical help had it been possible, was obliging and agreeable in the circumstances, and gratefully acknowledged by us. For the rest, she was full of Nigger fanaticisms; admirations for (e.g.) her brother James (a Socinian preacher of due quality). The 'exchange of ideas' with her was seldom of behoof in our poor sphere. But she was practically very good. I remember her coming down, on the sudden when it struck her, to demand dinner from us; and dining pleasantly, with praise of the frugal terms. Her soirées were frequent and crowded (small house in Fludyer Street full to the door); and we, for sake of the notabilities or notorieties wandering about there, were willing to attend; gradually learning how insignificant such notabilities nearly all were. Ah me! the thing which it is now touching to reflect on, was the thrift we had to

exercise, my little heroine and I! My darling was always dressed to modest perfection (talent conspicuous in that way, I have always understood and heard confirmed), but the expense of 10*s.* 6*d.* for a 'neat fly' was never to be thought of; omnibus, with clogs and the best of care, that was always our resource. Painful at this moment is the recollection I have of one time, muddy night, between Regent Street and our goal in Fludyer Street, when one of her clogs came loose; I had to clasp it, with what impatience compared to her fine tolerance, stings me with remorse just now. Surely, even I might have taken a cab from Regent Street; 1*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; and there could have been no 'quarrel about fare' (which was always my horror in such cases); she, beautiful high soul, never whispered or dreamt of such a thing, possibly may have expressly forbidden it, though I cannot recollect that it was proposed in this case. Shame on me! However, I cleaned perfectly my dirty fingers again (probably in some handy little rain-pool in the Park, with diligent wiping); she entered faultless into the illumination (I need not doubt), and all still went well enough.

In a couple of years or so, our poor Harriet, nerves all torn by this racket, of 'fame' so-called,

fell seriously ill; threatening of tumour, or I know not what; removed from London (never has resided there since, except for temporary periods); took shelter at Tynemouth, 'to be near her brother-in-law, an expert surgeon in Newcastle, and have solitude, and the pure sea air.' Solitude she only sometimes had; and, in perfection, never; for it soon became evident she was constantly in spectacle there, to herself and to the sympathetic adorers (who refreshed themselves with frequent personal visits and continual correspondings); and had, in sad effect, so far as could be managed, the whole world, along with self and company, for a theatre to gaze upon her. Life in the sickroom, with 'Christus Consolator' (a paltry print then much canted of), etc. etc.; this, and other sad books, and actions full of ostentation, done there, gave painful evidence, followed always by painfuller, till the atheism etc. etc., which I heard described (by the first Lady Ashburton once) as 'a stripping of yourself naked, not to the skin only, but to the bone, and walking about in that guise!' (clever of its kind).

Once in the earliest stage of all this, we made her a visit, my Jane and I; returning out of Scotland by that route. We were very sorry for her; not censorious in any measure, though the aspects

were already questionable, to both of us (as I surmise). We had our lodging in the principal street (rather noisy by night), and stayed about a week, not with much profit, I think, either to her or ourselves; I at least with none.

There had been, before this, some small note or two of correspondence; with little hope on my part, and now I saw it to be hopeless. My hopefuller and kindlier little darling continued it yet awhile, and I remember scrubbyish (lively enough, but 'sawdustish') Socinian didactic little notes from Tynemouth for a year or two hence; but the vapidly didactic etc. vein continuing more and more, even she, I could perceive, was getting tired of it, and at length, our poor good Harriet, taking the sublime terror 'that her letters might be laid hold of by improper parties in future generations,' and demanding them all back that she herself might burn them, produced, after perhaps some retiring pass or two, a complete cessation. We never quarrelled in the least, we saw the honest ever self-sufficient Harriet, in the company of common friends, still once or twice, with pleasure rather than otherwise; but never had more to do with her or say to her. A soul clean as river sand; but which would evidently grow no flowers of our planting! I remember our return

home from that week at Tynemouth; the yelling flight through some detestable smoky chaos, and midnight witch-dance of base-looking nameless dirty towns (or was this some other time, and Lancashire the scene?) I remember she was with me, and her bright laugh (long after, perhaps towards Rugby now) in the face of some innocent young gentleman opposite, who had ingeniously made a nightcap for himself of his pocket-handkerchief and looked really strange (an improvised 'Camus crowned with sedge') but was very good-humoured too. During the week, I also recollect reading one play (never any since or before) of Knight's edition of 'Shakspeare,' and making my reflections on that fatal brood of people, and the nature of 'fame' etc. Sweet friends, for Jesus' sake forbear!

In those first years, probably from about 1839, we had got acquainted with the Leeds Marshall family; especially with old Mr. (John) Marshall, the head and founder of it, and the most or really almost only interesting item of it. He had made immense moneys ('wealth now no object to him,' Darwin told us in the name of everybody), by skilful, faithful and altogether human conduct in his flax and linen manufactory at Leeds; and was now settled in opulently shining circumstances in London,

endeavouring to enjoy the victory gained. Certain of his sons were carrying on the Leeds 'business' in high, quasi-'patriotic' and 'morally exemplary,' though still prudent and successful style; the eldest was in Parliament, 'a landed gentleman' etc. etc.; wife and daughters were the old man's London household, with sons often incidentally present there. None of them was entertaining to speak with, though all were honest wholesome people. The old man himself, a pale, sorrow-stricken, modest, yet dignified-looking person, full of respect for intellect, wisdom and worth (as he understood the terms); low voiced, almost timidly inarticulate (you would have said); yet with a definite and mildly precise imperativeness to his subalterns, as I have noticed once or twice, was an amicable, humane, and thoroughly respectable phenomenon to me. The house (Grosvenor Street, western division), was resplendent, not gaudy, or offensive with wealth and its fruits and furnishings; the dinners large, and splendidly served; guests of distinction (especially on the Whig or Radical side), were to be met with there, and a good sprinkling of promising younger people of the same, or a superior type. Soirées extensive, and sumptuously illuminated in all senses, but generally not entertaining. My astonishment at the 'Reform' M.P.'s whom I

met there, and the notions they seemed 'reforming' (and radicalling, and quarrelling with their superiors) upon! We went pretty often (I think I myself far the oftener, as in such cases, my loyal little darling taking no manner of offence not to participate in my lionings, but behaving like the royal soul she was, I, dullard egoist, taking no special recognition of such nobleness, till the bar was quite passed, or even not fully then!) Alas, I see it now (perhaps better than I ever did!), but we seldom had much real profit, or even real enjoyment for the hour. We never made out together that often-urged 'visit to Hallsteads' (grand mansion and establishment, near Greystoke, head of Ullswater in Cumberland). I myself, partly by accident, and under convoy of James Spedding, was there once, long after, for one night; and felt very dull and wretched, though the old man and his good old wife etc. were so good. Old Mr. Marshall was a man worth having known; evidently a great deal of human worth and wisdom lying funded in him. And the world's resources even when he had victory over it to the full, were so exiguous, and perhaps to himself almost contemptible! I remember well always, he gave me the first horse I ever had in London, and with what noble simplicity of unaffected politeness he did it.

'Son William' (the gentleman son, out near Watford) 'will be glad to take it off your hands through winter; and in summer it will help your health, you know!' And in this way it continued two summers (most part of two), till in the second winter William brought it down; and it had to be sold for a trifle, 17*l.* if I recollect, which William would not give to the Anti-Corn-Law Fund (then struggling in the shallows) as I urged, but insisted on handing over to me. And so it ended. I was at Headingley (by Leeds) with James Marshall, just wedded to Spring-Rice's daughter, a languishing patroness of mine; stayed till third day; and never happened to return. And this was about the sum of my share in the Marshall adventure. It is well known the Marshall daughters were all married off (each of them had 50,000*l.*) and what intricate intermarrying with the Spring-Rices there was, 'Dowager Lady Monteagle' that now is being quasi-mother-in-law of James Marshall, her own brother, wife etc. etc.! 'Family so used up!' as old Rogers used to snuffle and say. My Jeannie quarrelled with nothing in Marshalldom; quite the contrary; formed a kind of friendship (conquest I believe it was, on her side generously converted into something of friendship) with Cordelia Marshall, a prim affection-

ate, but rather puling weak and sentimental elderly young lady, who became, shortly after, wife, first wife of the late big Whewell, and aided his position and advancement towards Mastership of Trinity, etc. I recollect seeing them both here, and Cordelia's adoration of her 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' with friendly enough assent, and some amusement, from us two; and I don't think I ever saw Cordelia again. She soon ceased to write hither; we transiently heard, after certain years, that she was dead, and Whewell had married again.

I am weary, writing down all this; so little has my lost one to do with it, which alone could be its interest for me! I believe I should stop short. The London years are not definite, or fertile in disengaged remembrances, like the Scotch ones: dusty dim, unbeautiful they still seem to me in comparison; and my poor Jeannie's 'problem' (which I believe was sorer, perhaps far sorer, than ever of old, but in which she again proved not to be vanquishable, and at length to be triumphant!) is so mixed with confusing intricacies to me that I cannot sort it out into clear articulation at all, or give the features of it, as before. The general type of it is shiningly clear to me. A noble fight at my side; a valiant strangling of serpents day after day done gaily by

her (for most part), as I had to do it angrily and gloomily; thus we went on together. *Ay de mi! Ay de mi!*

[June 28. Note from Dods yesterday that the tablet[1] was not come, nor indeed had been expected; note to-day that it did come yesterday; at this hour probably the mason is hewing out a bed for it; in the silence of the Abbey Kirk yonder, as completion of her father's tomb. The eternities looking down on him, and on us poor Sons of Time! Peace, peace!]

By much the tenderest and beautifullest reminiscence to me out of those years is that of the Lecture times. The vilest welter of odious confusions, horrors and repugnancies; to which, meanwhile, there was compulsion absolute; and to which she was the one irradiation; noble loving soul, not to be quenched in any chaos that might come. Oh, her love to me; her cheering, unaffected, useful practicality of help: was not I rich, after all? She had a steady hope in me, too, while I myself had habitually none (except of the desperate kind); nay a steady contentment with me, and with our lot together, let hope be as it might. 'Never mind

[1] For the church at Haddington, where Mrs. Carlyle was buried.

him, my dear,' whispered Miss Wilson to her, one day, as I stood wriggling in my agony of incipiency, 'people like it; the more of that, the better does the Lecture prove!' Which was a truth; though the poor sympathiser might, at the moment, feel it harsh. This Miss Wilson and her brother still live (2 Eccleston Street); opulent, fine, Church of England people (scrupulously orthodox to the secularities not less than the spiritualities of that creed), and Miss Wilson very clever too (i.e. full of strong just insight in her way); who had from the first taken to us, and had us much about them (Spedding, Maurice, etc. attending) then and for some years afterwards; very desirous to help us, if that could have much done it (for indeed, to me, it was always mainly an indigestion purchased by a loyal kind of weariness). I have seen Sir James Stephen there, but did not then understand him, or that he could be a 'clever man,' as reported by Henry Taylor and other good judges. 'He shuts his eyes on you,' said the elder Spring-Rice (Lord Monteagle), 'and talks as if he were dictating a Colonial Despatch' (most true; 'teaching you how not to do it,' as Dickens defined afterwards); one of the pattest things I ever heard from Spring-Rice, who had rather a turn for such. Stephen ultimately, when on half-pay and a

Cambridge Professor, used to come down hither pretty often on an evening, and we heard a great deal of talk from him, recognisably serious and able, though always in that Colonial-Office style, more or less. Colonial-Office being an Impotency (as Stephen inarticulately, though he never said or whispered it, well knew), what could an earnest and honest kind of man do, but try and teach you how not to do it? Stephen seemed to me a master in that art.

The lecture time fell in the earlier part of the Sterling period, which latter must have lasted in all, counting till John's death, about ten years (autumn 1845 when John died). To my Jeannie, I think, this was clearly the sunniest and wholesomest element in her then outer life. All the household loved her, and she had virtually, by her sense, by her felt loyalty, expressed oftenest in a gay mildly quizzing manner, a real influence, a kind of light command one might almost call it, willingly yielded her among them. Details of this are in print (as I said above). In the same years, Mrs. Buller (Charles's mother) was a very cheerful item to her. Mrs. B. (a whilom Indian beauty, wit and finest fine lady), who had at all times a very recognising eye for talent, and real reverence for it, very soon made

out something of my little woman, and took more and more to her, all the time she lived after. Mrs. B.'s circle was gay and populous at this time (Radical chiefly; Radical lions of every complexion), and we had as much of it as we would consent to. I remember being at Leatherhead too, and, after that a pleasant rustic week at Troston Parsonage (in Suffolk, where Mrs. B.'s youngest son 'served,' and serves), which Mrs. B. contrived very well to make the best of, sending me to ride for three days in Oliver Cromwell's country, that she might have the wife more to herself. My Jane must have been there altogether, I dare say, near a month (had gone before me, returned after me), and I regretted never to have seen the place again. This must have been in September or October 1842; Mrs. Welsh's death in early spring past. I remember well my feelings in Ely Cathedral, in the close of sunset or dusk; the place was open, free to me without witnesses; people seemed to be tuning the organ, which went in solemn gusts far aloft. The thought of Oliver, and his 'Leave off your fooling, sir, and come down!' was almost as if audible to me. Sleepless night, owing to cathedral bells, and strange ride next day to St. Ives, to Hinchinbrook, etc., and thence to Cambridge, with thundercloud and lightning dog-

ging me to rear and bursting into torrents few minutes after I got into the Hoop Inn.

My poor darling had, for constant accompaniment to all her bits of satisfactions, an altogether weak state of health, continually breaking down, into violent fits of headache in her best times, and in winter-season into cough etc. in lingering forms of a quite sad and exhausting sort. Wonderful to me how she, so sensitive a creature, maintained her hoping cheerful humour to such a degree, amidst all that; and, except the pain of inevitable sympathy, and vague fluttering fears, gave me no pain. Careful always to screen me from pain, as I by no means always reciprocally was; alas, no, miserable egoist in comparison. At this time I must have been in the thick of 'Cromwell;' four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculations, futile wrestling, and misery, I used to count it had cost me, before I took to editing the 'Letters and Speeches' ('to have them out of my way'), which rapidly drained off the sour swamp water bodily, and left me, beyond all first expectation, quite free of the matter. Often I have thought how miserable my books must have been to her, and how, though they were none of her choosing, and had come upon her like ill weather or ill health, she at no instant, never once I do believe, made the

least complaint of me or my behaviour (often bad, or at least thoughtless and weak) under them! Always some quizzing little lesson, the purport and effect of which was to encourage me; never once anything worse. Oh, it was noble, and I see it so well now, when it is gone from me, and no return possible.

'Cromwell' was by much the worst book-time, till this of 'Friedrich,' which indeed was infinitely worse; in the dregs of our strength too;—and lasted for about thirteen years. She was generally in quite weak health, too, and was often, for long weeks or months, miserably ill.

It was strange how she contrived to sift out of such a troublous forlorn day as hers, in each case, was, all the available little items, as she was sure to do, and used to have them ready for me in the evening when my work was done, in the prettiest little narrative anybody could have given of such things. Never again shall I have such melodious, humanly beautiful half-hours; they were the rainbow of my poor dripping day, and reminded me that there otherwise was a sun. At this time, and all along, she 'did all the society;' was all brightness to the one or two (oftenest rather dull and prosaic fellows, for the better sort respected my seclusion,

especially during that last 'Friedrich' time) whom I needed to see on my affairs in hand, or who, with more of brass than others, managed to intrude upon me. For these she did, in their several kinds, her very best. Her own people, whom I might be apt to feel wearisome (dislike any of them I never did, or his or her discharge from service would have swiftly followed), she kept beautifully out of my way, saving my 'politeness' withal; a very perfect skill she had in all this; and took my dark toiling periods, however long sullen and severe they might be, with a loyalty and heart acquiescence that never failed, the heroic little soul!

'Latter-Day Pamphlet' time, and especially the time that preceded it (1848 etc.) must have been very sore and heavy. My heart was long overloaded with the meanings at length uttered there, and no way of getting them set forth would answer. I forget what ways I tried, or thought of. 'Times' newspaper was one (alert, airy, rather vacant editorial gentleman I remember going to once, in Printing House Square); but this, of course, proved hypothetical merely, as all others did, till we, as last shift, gave the rough MSS. to Chapman (in Forster's company one winter Sunday). About half of those ultimately printed might be in Chapman's hands,

but there was much manipulation as well as addition needed. Forster soon fell away, I could perceive, into terror and surprise, as indeed everybody did. 'A lost man!' thought everybody. Not she at any moment; much amused by the outside pother, she, and glad to see me getting delivered of my black electricities and consuming fires in that way. Strange letters came to us, during those nine months of pamphleteering, strange visitors (of moon-struck unprofitable type for most part), who had, for one reason or another, been each of them wearing himself half-mad on some one of the public scandals I was recognising and denouncing. I still remember some of their faces and the look their paper bundles had. She got a considerable entertainment out of all that, went along with me in everything (probably counselling a little here and there, a censorship well worth my regarding, and generally adoptable, here as everywhere), and minded no whit any results that might follow this evident speaking of the truth. Somebody, writing from India I think, and clearly meaning kindness, 'did hope' (some time afterwards) 'the tide would turn, and this lamentable hostility of the press die away into friendship again;' at which I remember our innocent laughter, ignorant till then what 'The Press's'

feelings were, and leaving 'The Press' very welcome to them then. Neuberg helped me zealously, as volunteer amanuensis etc., through all this business, but I know not that even he approved it all, or any of it to the bottom. In the whole world I had one complete approver; in that, as in other cases, one, and it was worth all.

On the back of 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' followed 'Life of Sterling;' a very quiet thing, but considerably disapproved of too, as I learned, and utterly revolting to the religious people in particular (to my surprise rather than otherwise). 'Doesn't believe in us, then, either?' Not he, for certain; can't, if you will know! Others urged disdainfully, 'What has Sterling done that he should have a Life!' 'Induced Carlyle somehow to write him one!' answered she once (to the Ferguses, I think) in an arch airy way which I can well fancy, and which shut up that question there. The book was afterwards greatly praised, again on rather weak terms I doubt. What now will please me best in it, and alone will, was then an accidental quality, the authentic light, under the due conditions, that is thrown by it on her. Oh, my dear one, sad is my soul for the loss of thee, and will to the end be, as I compute! Lonelier creature there is not henceforth in this

world ; neither person, work, or thing going on in it that is of any value, in comparison, or even at all. Death I feel almost daily in express fact, death is the one haven ; and have occasionally a kind of kingship, sorrowful, but sublime, almost godlike, in the feeling that that is nigh. Sometimes the image of her, gone in her car of victory (in that beautiful death), and as if nodding to me with a smile, 'I am gone, loved one ; work a little longer, if thou still carest ; if not, follow. There is no baseness, and no misery here. Courage, courage to the last!' that, sometimes, as in this moment, is inexpressibly beautiful to me, and comes nearer to bringing tears than it once did.

In 1852 had come the new modelling of our house, attended with infinite dusty confusion (head-carpenter, stupid though honest, fell ill, etc. etc.); confusion falling upon her more than me, and at length upon her altogether. She was the architect, guiding and directing and contriving genius, in all that enterprise, seemingly so foreign to her. But, indeed, she was ardent in it, and she had a talent that way which was altogether unique in my experience. An 'eye' first of all; equal in correctness to a joiner's square, this, up almost from her childhood, as I understood. Then a sense of

order, sense of beauty, of wise and thrifty convenience; sense of wisdom altogether in fact, for that was it; a human intellect shining luminous in every direction, the highest and the lowest (as I remarked above). In childhood she used to be sent to seek when things fell lost; 'the best seeker of us all,' her father would say, or look (as she thought); for me also she sought everything, with such success as I never saw elsewhere. It was she who widened our drawing-room (as if by a stroke of genius) and made it zealously (at the partial expense of three feet from her own bedroom) into what it is, one of the prettiest little drawing-rooms I ever saw, and made the whole house into what it now is. How frugal, too, and how modest about it! House was hardly finished, when there arose that of the 'demon fowls,' as she appropriately named them; macaws, Cochin-chinas, endless concert of crowing, cackling, shrieking roosters (from a bad or misled neighbour, next door) which cut us off from sleep or peace, at times altogether, and were like to drive me mad, and her through me, through sympathy with me. From which also she was my deliverer, had delivered and contrived to deliver me from hundreds of such things (oh, my beautiful little Alcides, in the new days of anarchy

and the mud-gods, threatening to crush down a poor man, and kill him with his work still on hand!) I remember well her setting off, one winter morning, from the Grange on this enterprise, probably having thought of it most of the night (sleep denied). She said to me next morning the first thing: 'Dear, we must extinguish those demon fowls, or they will extinguish us! Rent the house (No. 6, proprietor mad etc. etc.) ourselves! it is but some 40*l.* a year; pack away those vile people, and let it stand empty. 'I will go this very day upon it, if you assent;' and she went accordingly, and slew altogether this Lerna hydra, at far less expense than taking the house, nay almost at no expense at all, except by her fine intellect, tact, just discernment, swiftness of decision, and general nobleness of mind (in short). Oh, my bonny little woman, mine only in memory now!

I left the Grange two days after her, on this occasion, hastening through London, gloomy of mind, to see my dear old mother yet once (if I might) before she died. She had, for many months before, been evidently and painfully sinking away, under no disease, but the ever-increasing infirmities of eighty-three years of time. She had expressed no desire to see me, but her love from my birth up-

wards, under all scenes and circumstances, I knew to be emphatically a mother's. I walked from the Kirtlebridge Station that dim winter morning; my one thought 'Shall I see her yet alive?' She was still there; weary, very weary, and wishing to be at rest. I think she only at times knew me; so bewildering were her continual distresses; once she entirely forgot me; then, in a minute or two, asked my pardon. Ah me! ah me! It was my mother and not my mother; the last pale rim or sickle of the moon, which had once been full, now sinking in the dark seas. This lasted only three days. Saturday night she had her full faculties, but was in nearly unendurable misery, not breath sufficient etc., etc. John tried various reliefs, had at last to give a few drops of laudanum, which eased the misery, and in an hour or two brought sleep. All next day she lay asleep, breathing equally but heavily, her face grand and solemn, almost severe, like a marble statue; about four P.M the breathing suddenly halted, recommenced for half an instant, then fluttered, ceased. 'All the days of my appointed time,' she had often said, 'will I wait till my change come.' The most beautifully religious soul I ever knew. Proud enough she was too, though piously humble, and full of native

intellect, humour, etc., though all undeveloped. On the religious side, looking into the very heart of the matter, I always reckon her rather superior to my Jane, who in other shapes and with far different exemplars and conditions, had a great deal of noble religion too. Her death filled me with a kind of dim amazement and crush of confused sorrows, which were very painful, but not so sharply pathetic as I might have expected. It was the earliest terror of my childhood 'that I might lose my mother;' and it had gone with me all my days. But, and that is probably the whole account of it, I was then sunk in the miseries of 'Friedrich' etc. etc., in many miseries; and was then fifty-eight years of age. It is strange to me, in these very days, how peaceable, though still sacred and tender, the memory of my mother now lies in me. (This very morning, I got into dreaming confused nightmare stuff about some funeral and her; not hers, nor obviously my Jane's, seemingly my father's rather, and she sending me on it,—the saddest bewildered stuff. What a dismal debasing and confusing element is that of a sick body on the human soul or thinking part!)

It was in 1852 (September–October, for about a month) that I had first seen Germany, gone on my

first errand as to 'Friedrich': there was a second, five years afterwards; this time it was to enquire (of Preuss and Co.); to look about me, search for books, portraits, etc. etc. I went from Scotsbrig (my dear old mother painfully weak, though I had no thought it would be the last time I should see her afoot); from Scotsbrig for Leith by Rotterdam, Köln, Bonn (Neuberg's);—and on the whole never had nearly so (outwardly) unpleasant a journey in my life; till the second and last I made thither. But the Chelsea establishment was under carpenters, painters; till those disappeared, no work possible, scarcely any living possible (though my brave woman did make it possible without complaint). 'Stay so many weeks, all painting at least shall then be off!' I returned, near broken-down utterly, at the set time; and alas, was met by a foul dabblement of paint oozing downstairs; the painters had proved treacherous to her; time could not be kept! It was the one instance of such a thing here: and, except the first sick surprise, I now recollect no more of it.

'Mamma, wine makes cosy!' said the bright little one, perhaps between two and three years old, her mother, after some walk with sprinkling of wet or the like, having given her a dram-glass of wine

on their getting home: 'Mamma, wine makes cosy!' said the small silver voice, gaily sipping, getting its new bits of insight into natural philosophy! What 'pictures' has my beautiful one left me; what joys can surround every well-ordered human heart. I said long since, I never saw so beautiful a childhood. Her little bit of a first chair, its wee wee arms etc., visible to me in the closet at this moment, is still here, and always was. I have looked at it hundreds of times; from of old, with many thoughts. No daughter or son of hers was to sit there; so it had been appointed us, my darling. I have no book a thousandth-part so beautiful as thou; but these were our only 'children,'—and, in a true sense, these were verily ours; and will perhaps live some time in the world, after we are both gone;—and be of no damage to the poor brute chaos of a world, let us hope! The Will of the Supreme shall be accomplished. Amen. But to proceed.

Shortly after my return from Germany (next summer I think, while the Cochin-chinas were at work, and we could not quit the house, having spent so much on it, and got a long lease), there began a new still worse hurlyburly of the building kind, that of the new top-storey,—whole area of the house to be thrown into one sublime garret-room, lighted

from above, thirty feet by thirty say, and at least eleven feet high, double-doored, double-windowed, impervious to sound, to—in short, to everything but self and work! I had my grave doubts about all this; but John Chorley, in his friendly zeal, warmly urged it on, pushed, superintended;—and was a good deal disgusted with my dismal experience of the result. Something really good might have come of it in a scene where good and faithful work was to be had on the part of all, from architect downwards; but here, from all (except one good young man of the carpenter trade, whom I at length noticed thankfully in small matters), the 'work,' of planning to begin with, and then of executing, in all its details, was mere work of Belial, i.e. of the Father of lies; such 'work' as I had not conceived the possibility of among the sons of Adam till then. By degrees, I perceived it to be the ordinary English 'work' of this epoch; and, with manifold reflections, deep as Tophet, on the outlooks this offered for us all, endeavoured to be silent as to my own little failure. My new illustrious 'study' was definable as the least inhabitable, and most entirely detestable and despicable bit of human workmanship in that kind, sad and odious to me very. But, by many and long-continued efforts, with endless

botherations which lasted for two or three years after (one winter starved by 'Arnott's improved grate,' I recollect), I did get it patched together into something of supportability; and continued, though under protest, to inhabit it during all working hours, as I had indeed from the first done. The whole of the now printed 'Friedrich' was written there (or in summer in the back court and garden, when driven down by baking heat). Much rawer matter, I think, was tentatively on paper, before this sublime new 'study.' 'Friedrich' once done, I quitted the place for ever, and it is now a bedroom for the servants. 'The 'architect' for this beautiful bit of masonry and carpentry was one 'Parsons,' really a clever creature, I could see, but swimming as for dear life in a mere 'mother of dead dogs' (ultimately did become bankrupt). His men of all types, Irish hodmen and upwards, for real mendacity of hand, for drunkenness, greediness, mutinous nomadism, and anarchic malfeasance throughout, excelled all experience or conception. Shut the lid on their 'unexampled prosperity' and them, for evermore.

The sufferings of my poor little woman, throughout all this, must have been great, though she whispered nothing of them,—the rather, as this was my enterprise (both the 'Friedrich' and it);—indeed

it was by her address and invention that I got my sooterkin of a 'study' improved out of its worst blotches; it was she, for example, that went silently to Bramah's smith people, and got me a fireplace, of merely human sort, which actually warmed the room and sent Arnott's miracle about its business. But undoubtedly that 'Friedrich' affair, with its many bad adjuncts, was much the worst we ever had, and sorely tried us both. It lasted thirteen years or more. To me a desperate dead-lift pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it; alone, withdrawn from all the world (except some bores who would take no hint, almost nobody came to see me, nor did I wish almost anybody then left living for me), all the world withdrawing from me; I desperate of ever getting through (not to speak of 'succeeding,') left solitary 'with the nightmares' (as I sometimes expressed it), 'hugging unclean creatures' (Prussian Blockheadism) 'to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!' Why do I speak of all this? It is now become κόπρος to me, insignificant as the dung of a thousand centuries ago. I did get through, thank God; let it now wander into the belly of oblivion for ever. But what I do still, and shall more and more, remember with loving admiration is her behaviour in it. She was habitually in the feeblest

health; often, for long whiles, grievously ill. Yet by an alchemy all her own, she had extracted grains as of gold out of every day, and seldom or never failed to have something bright and pleasant to tell me, when I reached home after my evening ride, the most foredone of men. In all, I rode, during that book, some 30,000 miles, much of it (all the winter part of it) under cloud of night, sun just setting when I mounted. All the rest of the day, I sat silent aloft, insisting upon work, and such work, *invitissimâ Minervâ* for that matter. Home between five and six, with mud mackintoshes off, and, the nightmares locked up for a while, I tried for an hour's sleep before my (solitary, dietetic, altogether simple) bit of dinner; but first always came up for half an hour to the drawing-room and her; where a bright kindly fire was sure to be burning (candles hardly lit, all in trustful chiaroscuro), and a spoonful of brandy in water, with a pipe of tobacco (which I had learned to take sitting on the rug, with my back to the jamb, and door never so little open, so that all the smoke, if I was careful, went up the chimney), this was the one bright portion of my black day. Oh, those evening half-hours, how beautiful and blessed they were, not awaiting me now on my home-coming for the last ten weeks! She was oftenest reclining on the sofa;

wearied enough, she too, with her day's doings and endurings. But her history, even of what was bad, had such grace and truth, and spontaneous tinkling melody of a naturally cheerful and loving heart, that I never anywhere enjoyed the like. Her courage, patience, silent heroism, meanwhile, must often have been immense. Within the last two years or so she has told me about my talk to her of the Battle of Mollwitz on these occasions, while that was on the anvil. She was lying on the sofa, weak, but I knew little how weak, and patient, kind, quiet and good as ever. After tugging and wriggling through what inextricable labyrinth and slough of despond I still remember, it appears I had at last conquered Mollwitz, saw it all clear ahead and round me, and took to telling her about it, in my poor bit of joy, night after night. I recollect she answered little, though kindly always. Privately, she at that time felt convinced she was dying:—dark winter, and such the weight of misery and utter decay of strength, and, night after night, my theme to her, Mollwitz! This she owned to me, within the last year or two, which how could I listen to without shame and abasement? Never in my pretended superior kind of life, have I done, for love of any creature, so supreme a kind of thing. It touches me at this moment with penitence

and humiliation, yet with a kind of soft religious blessedness too. She read the first two volumes of 'Friedrich,' much of it in printer's sheets (while on visit to the aged Misses Donaldson at Haddington); her blame was unerringly straight upon the blot, her applause (should not I collect her fine notekins and reposit them here?) was beautiful and as sunlight to me, for I knew it was sincere withal, however exaggerated by her great love of me. The other volumes (hardly even the third, I think) she never read—I knew too well why; and submitted without murmur, save once or twice perhaps a little quiz on the subject, which did not afflict her, either. Too weak, too weak by far, for a dismal enterprise of that kind, as I knew too well! But those Haddington visits were very beautiful to her (and to me through her letters and her), and by that time we were over the hill and 'the worst of our days were past' (as poor Irving used to give for toast, long ago), worst of them past, though we did not yet quite know it.

[July 3.] Voll. 1 and 2 of 'Friedrich' were published, I find, in 1858. Probably about two years before that was the nadir of my wife's sufferings,—internal sufferings and dispiritments; for outward fortune etc. had now, for about ten years, been on a

quite tolerable footing, and indeed evidently fast on the improving hand: nor had this, at any worst time, ever disheartened her, or darkened her feelings. But in 1856, owing to many circumstances, my engrossment otherwise (sunk in 'Friedrich,' in etc. etc.; far less exclusively, very far less, than she supposed, poor soul!);—and owing chiefly, one may fancy, to the deeper downbreak of her own poor health, which from this time, as I now see better, continued its advance upon the citadel, or nervous system, and intrinsically grew worse and worse:—in 1856, too evidently, to whatever owing, my poor little darling was extremely miserable! Of that year there is a bit of private diary, by chance left unburnt; found by me since her death, and not to be destroyed, however tragical and sternly sad are parts of it. She had written, I sometimes knew (though she would never show to me or to mortal any word of them), at different times, various bits of diary; and was even, at one time, upon a kind of autobiography (had not C——, the poor C—— now just gone, stept into it with swine's foot, most intrusively, though without ill intention,—finding it unlocked one day;—and produced thereby an instantaneous burning of it; and of all like it which existed at that time). Certain enough, she wrote

various bits of diary and private record, unknown to me: but never anything so sore, downhearted, harshly distressed and sad as certain pages (right sure am I!) which alone remain as specimen! The rest are all burnt; no trace of them, seek where I may.

. . . . . .

A very sad record! We went to Scotland soon after; she to Auchtertool (cousin Walter's), I to the Gill (sister Mary's).

In July 1856, soon after, may have been about middle of month, we went to Edinburgh; a blazing day, full of dust and tumult, which I still very well remember! Lady Ashburton had got for herself a grand 'Queen's saloon' or *ne-plus-ultra* of railway carriages (made for the Queen some time before) costing no end of money. Lady sat, or lay, in the saloon. A common six-seat carriage, immediately contiguous, was accessible from it. In this the lady had insisted we should ride, with her doctor and her maid; a mere partition, with a door, dividing us from her. The lady was very good, cheerful though much unwell; bore all her difficulties and disappointments with an admirable equanimity and magnanimity: but it was physically almost the uncomfortablest journey I ever made.

At Peterborough, the *ne-plus-ultra* was found to have its axletree on fire; at every station afterwards buckets were copiously dashed and poured (the magnanimous lady saying never a syllable to it); and at Newcastle-on-Tyne, they flung the humbug *ne-plus* away altogether, and our whole party into common carriages. Apart from the burning axle, we had suffered much from dust and even from foul air, so that at last I got the door opened, and sat with my head stretched out backward, into the wind. This had alarmed my poor wife, lest I should tumble out altogether; and she angrily forbade it, dear loving woman, and I complied, not at first knowing why she was angry. This and Lady A.'s opening her door to tell us, 'Here is Hinchinbrook!' (a long time before, and with something of pathos traceable in her cheery voice) are nearly all that I now remember of the base and dirty hurlyburly. Lord A. had preceded by some days, and was waiting for our train at Edinburgh 9.30 P.M.; hurlyburly greater and dirtier than ever. They went for Barry's Hotel at once, servants and all; no time to inform us (officially), that we too were their guests. But that, too, passed well. We ordered apartments, refreshments of our own there (first of all baths; inside of my shirt-collar was as black as

ink!), and before the refreshments were ready, we had a gay and cordial invitation etc. etc.; found the 'old bear' (Ellis) in their rooms, I remember, and Lord A. and he with a great deal to say about Edinburgh and its people and phenomena. Next morning the Ashburtons went for Kinloch-Luichart (fine hunting seat in Ross-shire); and my dear little woman to her cousin's at Auchtertool, where I remember she was much soothed by their kindness, and improved considerably in health for the time. The day after seeing her settled there, I made for Annandale, and my sister Mary's at the Gill. (Maggie Welsh, now here with me, has helped in adjusting into clearness the recollection of all this.) I remember working on final corrections of books ii. and iii. of 'Friedrich,' and reading in 'Plato' (translation, and not my first trial of him) while there. My darling's letters I remember, too (am on search for them just now), also visits from sister Jean and to Dumfries and her, silent nocturnal rides from that town etc., and generally much riding on the (Priestside) Solway Sands, and plenty of sombre occupation to my thoughts.

Late on in autumn, I met my Jeannie at Kirkcaldy again; uncomfortably lodged, both of us, and did not loiter (though the people very kind); I was

bound for Ross-shire and the Ashburtons (miserable journey thither, sombre, miserable stay there, wet weather, sickly, solitary mostly, etc. etc.); my wife had gone to her aunts' in Edinburgh for a night or two; to the Haddington Miss Donaldsons; and in both places, the latter especially, had much to please her, and came away with the resolution to go again.

Next year, 1857, she went accordingly, stayed with the Donaldsons (eldest of these old ladies, now well above eighty, and gone stone blind, was her 'godmother,' had been at Craigenputtoch to see us, the dearest of old friends my wife now had). She was at Auchtertool too, at Edinburgh with her aunts, once and again; but the chief element was 'Sunny Bank, Haddington,' which she began with and ended with; a stay of some length each time. Happy to her, and heart-interesting to a high degree, though sorrowfully involved in almost constant bodily pain. It was a tour for health, urged on her by me for that end; and the poor little darling seemed inwardly to grudge all along the expense on herself (generous soul!) as if she were not worth money spent, though money was in no scarcity with us now! I was printing 'Friedrich,' voll. i. and ii., here; totally solitary, and recollect her letters of that tour

as altogether genial and delightful, sad and miserable as the view is which they now give me of her endless bodily distresses and even torments, now when I read them again after nine years, and what has befallen me eleven weeks ago!

Sunday, July 8. Began writing again at the second line of this page; the intermediate time has been spent in a strenuous search for, and collection of all her letters now discoverable (by Maggie Welsh and me), which is now completed, or nearly so, 1843–2 the earliest found (though surely there ought to be others, of 1837 etc. ?), and some of almost every year onward to the last. They are exceedingly difficult to arrange, not having in general any date, so that place often enough, and day and even year throughout, are mainly to be got by the Post Office stamp, supported by inference and enquiry such as is still possible, at least to me.

The whole of yesterday I spent in reading and arranging the letters of 1857; such a day's reading as I perhaps never had in my life before. What a piercing radiancy of meaning to me in those dear records, hastily thrown off, full of misery, yet of bright eternal love; all as if on wings of lightning, tingling through one's very heart of hearts! Oh, I

was blind not to see how brittle was that thread of noble celestial (almost more than terrestrial) life; how much it was all in all to me, and how impossible it should long be left with me. Her sufferings seem little short of those in a hospital fever-ward, as she painfully drags herself about; and yet constantly there is such an electric shower of all-illuminating brilliancy, penetration, recognition, wise discernment, just enthusiasm, humour, grace, patience, courage, love, and in fine of spontaneous nobleness of mind and intellect, as I know not where to parallel! I have asked myself, Ought all this to be lost, or kept for myself, and the brief time that now belongs to me? Can nothing of it be saved, then, for the worthy that still remain among these roaring myriads of profane unworthy? I really must consider it farther; and already I feel it to have become uncertain to me whether at least this poor notebook ought to be burnt ere my decease, or left to its chances among my survivors? As to 'talent,' epistolary and other, these letters, I perceive, equal and surpass whatever of best I know to exist in that kind; for 'talent,' 'genius,' or whatever we may call it, what an evidence, if my little woman needed that to me! Not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *cohue* of 'celebrated scribbling women' that have

strutted over the world, in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman. But it is difficult to make these letters fairly legible; except myself there is nobody at all that can completely read them as they now are. They abound in allusions, very full of meaning in this circle, but perfectly dark and void in all others. *Coterie-sprache*, as the Germans call it, 'family circle dialect,' occurs every line or two; nobody ever so rich in that kind as she; ready to pick up every diamond-spark, out of the common floor dust, and keep it brightly available; so that hardly, I think, in any house, was there more of *coterie-sprache*, shining innocently, with a perpetual expressiveness and twinkle generally of quiz and real humour about it, than in ours. She mainly was the creatress of all this; unmatchable for quickness (and trueness) in regard to it, and in her letters it is continually recurring; shedding such a lambency of 'own fireside' over everything, if you are in the secret. Ah me, ah me! At least, I have tied up that bundle (the two letters touching on 'Friedrich' have a paper round them; the first written in Edinburgh, it appears now!)

July 9. Day again all spent in searching and sorting a box of hers, full of strange and sad memo-

rials of her mother, with a few of father and infant self (put up in 1842), full of poignant meanings to her then and to me now. Her own christening cap is there, e.g.; the lancet they took her father's blood with (and so killed him, as she always thought); father's door-plate; 'commission in Perth Fencibles,' etc.; two or three Christmas notes of mine, which I could not read without almost sheer weeping.

It must have been near the end of October 1863, when I returned home from my ride, weather soft and muddy, humour dreary and oppressed as usual (nightmare 'Friedrich' still pressing heavily as ever), but as usual also, a bright little hope in me that now I was across the muddy element, and the lucid twenty minutes of my day were again at hand. To my disappointment my Jeannie was not here; 'had gone to see her cousin in the city,'—a Mrs. Godby, widow of an important post-official, once in Edinburgh, where he had wedded this cousin, and died leaving children; and in virtue of whom she and they had been brought to London a year or two ago, to a fine situation as 'matron of the Post-office establishment' ('forty maids under her etc. etc., and well managed by her') in St. Martin's-le-Grand. She was a good enough creature, this Mrs. Godby (Binnie

had been her Scotch name; she is now Mrs. Something-else, and very prosperous). My Jeannie, in those early times, was anxious to be kind to her in the new scene, and had her often here (as often as, for my convenience, seemed to the loyal heart permissible), and was herself, on calls and little tea-visits, perhaps still oftener there. A perfectly harmless Scotch cousin, polite and prudent; almost prettyish (in spite of her projecting upper-teeth); with good wise instincts; but no developed intelligence in the articulate kind. Her mother, I think, was my mother-in-law's cousin or connection; and the young widow and her London friend were always well together. This was, I believe, the last visit my poor wife ever made her, and the last but two she ever received from her, so miserably unexpected were the issues on this side of the matter!

We had been at the Grange for perhaps four or five weeks that autumn; utterly quiet, nobody there besides ourselves; Lord Ashburton being in the weakest state, health and life visibly decaying. I was permitted to be *perdue* till three o'clock daily, and sat writing about Poland I remember; mournful, but composed and dignifiedly placid the time was to us all. My Jeannie did not complain of health beyond wont, except on one point, that her

right arm was strangely lame, getting lamer and lamer, so that at last she could not 'do her hair herself,' but had to call in a maid to fasten the hind part for her. I remember her sadly dispirited looks, when I came in to her in the morning with my enquiries; 'No sleep,' too often the response; and this lameness, though little was said of it, a most discouraging thing. Oh, what discouragements, continual distresses, pains and miseries my poor little darling had to bear; remedy for them nowhere, speech about them useless, best to be avoided,—as, except on pressure from myself, it nobly was! This part of her life-history was always sad to me; but it is tenfold more now, as I read in her old letters, and gradually realise, as never before, the continual grinding wretchedness of it, and how, like a winged Psyche, she so soared above it, and refused to be chained or degraded by it. 'Neuralgic rheumatism,' the doctors called this thing: 'neuralgia' by itself, as if confessing that they knew not what to do with it. Some kind of hot half-corrosive ointment was the thing prescribed; which did, for a little while each time remove the pain mostly, the lameness not; and I remember to have once seen her beautiful arm (still so beautiful) all stained with spots of burning, so zealous had she been in trying, though with small

faith in the prescription. This lasted all the time we were at the Grange; it had begun before, and things rather seemed to be worsening after we returned. Alas, I suppose it was the siege of the citadel that was now going on; disease and pain had for thirty or more years been trampling down the outworks, were now got to the nerves, to the citadel, and were bent on storming that.

I was disappointed, but not sorry at the miss of my 'twenty minutes;' that my little woman, in her weak languid state, had got out for exercise, was gladness; and I considered that the 'twenty minutes' was only postponed, not lost, but would be repaid me presently with interest. After sleep and dinner (all forgotten now), I remember still to have been patient, cheerfully hopeful; 'she is coming, for certain, and will have something nice to tell me of news etc., as she always has!' In that mood I lay on the sofa, not sleeping, quietly waiting, perhaps for an hour-and-half more. She had gone in an omnibus, and was to return in one. At this time she had no carriage. With great difficulty I had got her induced, persuaded and commanded, to take two drives weekly in a hired brougham ('more difficulty in persuading you to go into expense, than other men have to persuade their wives to keep out of

it!') On these terms she had agreed to the two drives weekly, and found a great benefit in them; but on no terms could I get her to consent to go, herself, into the adventure of purchasing a brougham etc., though she knew it to be a fixed purpose, and only delayed by absolute want of time on my part. She could have done it, too, employed the right people to do it, right well, and knew how beneficial to her health it would likely be: but no, there was a refined delicacy which would have perpetually prevented her; and my 'time,' literally, was Zero. I believe, for the last seven years of that nightmare 'Friedrich,' I did not write the smallest message to friends, or undertake the least business, except upon plain compulsion of necessity. How lucky that, next autumn, I did actually, in spite of 'Friedrich,' undertake this of the brougham: it is a mercy of heaven to me for the rest of my life! and oh! why was it not undertaken, in spite of all 'Friedrichs' and nightmares, years before! That had been still luckier, perhaps endlessly so? but that was not to be.

The visit to Mrs. Godby had been pleasant, and gone all well; but now, dusk falling, it had to end—again by omnibus as ill-luck would have it. Mrs. G. sent one of her maids as escort. At the corner of

Cheapside the omnibus was waited for (some excavations going on near by, as for many years past they seldom cease to do); Chelsea omnibus came; my darling was in the act of stepping in (maid stupid and of no assistance), when a cab came rapidly from behind, and, forced by the near excavation, seemed as if it would drive over her, such her frailty and want of speed. She desperately determined to get on the flag pavement again; desperately leaped, and did get upon the curbstone; but found she was falling over upon the flags, and that she would alight on her right or neuralgic arm, which would be ruin; spasmodically struggled against this for an instant or two (maid nor nobody assisting), and had to fall on the neuralgic arm,—ruined otherwise far worse, for, as afterwards appeared, the muscles of the thigh-bone or sinews attaching them had been torn in that spasmodic instant or two; and for three days coming the torment was excessive, while in the right arm there was no neuralgia perceptible during that time, nor any very manifest new injury afterwards either. The calamity had happened, however, and in that condition, my poor darling, 'put into a cab' by the humane people, as her one request to them, arrived at this door,—'later' than I expected;

and after such a 'drive from Cheapside' as may be imagined!

I remember well my joy at the sound of her wheels ending in a knock; then my surprise at the delay in her coming up; at the singular silence of the maids when questioned as to that. Thereupon my rushing down, finding her in the hands of Larkin and them, in the greatest agony of pain and helplessness I had ever seen her in. The noble little soul, she had determined I was not to be shocked by it; Larkin then lived next door, assiduous to serve us in all things (did maps, indexes, even joinerings etc. etc.;) him she had resolved to charge with it; alas, alas! as if you could have saved me, noble heroine and martyr? Poor Larkin was standing helpless; he and I carried her upstairs in an armchair to the side of her bed, into which she crept by aid of her hands. In few minutes, Barnes (her wise old doctor) was here, assured me there were no bones broken, no joint out, applied his bandagings and remedies, and seemed to think the matter was slighter than it proved to be,—the spasmodic tearing of sinews being still a secret to him.

For fifty hours the pain was excruciating; after that it rapidly abated, and soon altogether ceased, except when the wounded limb was meddled with never

so little. The poor patient was heroic, and had throughout been. Within a week, she had begun contriving rope machineries, leverages, and could not only pull her bell, but lift and shift herself about, by means of her arms, into any coveted posture, and was, as it were, mistress of the mischance. She had her poor little room arranged, under her eye, to a perfection of beauty and convenience. Nothing that was possible to her had been omitted (I remember one little thing the apothecary had furnished; an artificial champagne cask; turn a screw and your champagne spurted up, and when you had a spoonful, could be instantly closed down; with what a bright face she would show me this in action!) In fact her sick-room looked pleasanter than many a drawing-room (all the weakness and suffering of it nobly veiled away); the select of her lady-friends were admitted for short whiles and liked it well; to me, whenever I entered, all spoke of cheerfully patient hope, the bright side of the cloud always assiduously turned out for me, in my dreary labours! I might have known, too, better than I did, that it had a dark side withal; sleeplessness, sickliness, utter weakness; and that 'the silver lining' was due to my darling's self mainly, and to the inextinguishable loyalty and hope that dwelt in her. But I

merely thought, 'How lucky beyond all my calculations!'

I still right well remember the night when her bedroom door (double-door) suddenly opened upon me into the drawing-room, and she came limping and stooping on her staff, so gracefully and with such a childlike joy and triumph, to irradiate my solitude. Never again will any such bright vision of gladdening surprise illuminate the darkness for me in that room or any other? She was in her Indian dressing-gown, absolutely beautiful, leaning on her nibby staff (a fine hazel, cut and polished from the Drumlanrig woods, by some friend for my service); and with such a kindly brilliancy and loving innocence of expression, like that of a little child, unconquerable by weakness and years! A hot-tempered creature, too, few hotter, on momentary provocation; but what a fund of soft affection, hope, and melodious innocence and goodness, to temper all that lightning! I doubt, candidly, if I ever saw a nobler human soul than this which (alas, alas, never rightly valued till now!) accompanied all my steps for forty years. Blind and deaf that we are: oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all

be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late!

We thought all was now come or fast coming right again, and that, in spite of that fearful mischance, we should have a good winter, and get our dismal 'misery of a book' done, or almost done. My own hope and prayer was and had long been continually that; hers too, I could not doubt, though hint never came from her to that effect, no hint or look, much less the smallest word, at any time, by any accident. But I felt well enough how it was crushing down her existence, as it was crushing down my own; and the thought that she had not been at the choosing of it, and yet must suffer so for it, was occasionally bitter to me. But the practical conclusion always was, 'Get done with it, get done with it! For the saving of us both, that is the one outlook.' And, sure enough, I did stand by that dismal task with all my time and all my means; day and night wrestling with it, as with the ugliest dragon, which blotted out the day-light and the rest of the world to me, till I should get it slain. There was perhaps some merit in this; but also, I fear, a demerit. Well, well, I could do no better; sitting smoking upstairs, on nights when sleep was impossible, I had thoughts enough; not

permitted to rustle amid my rugs and wrappages lest I awoke her, and startled all chance of sleep away from her. Weak little darling, thy sleep is now unbroken; still and serene in the eternities (as the Most High God has ordered for us), and nobody more in this world will wake for my wakefulness.

My poor woman was what we called 'getting well' for several weeks still; she could walk very little, indeed she never more walked much in this world; but it seems she was out driving, and again out, hopefully for some time.

Towards the end of November (perhaps it was in December), she caught some whiff of cold, which, for a day or two, we hoped would pass, as many such had done; but on the contrary, it began to get worse, soon rapidly worse, and developed itself into that frightful universal 'neuralgia,' under which it seemed as if no force of human vitality would be able long to stand. 'Disease of the nerves' (poisoning of the very channels of sensation); such was the name the doctors gave it; and for the rest, could do nothing farther with it; well had they only attempted nothing! I used to compute that they, poor souls, had at least reinforced the disease to twice its natural amount, such the pernicious effect

of all their 'remedies' and appliances, opiates, etc. etc.; which every one of them (and there came many) applied anew, and always with the like result. Oh, what a sea of agony my darling was immersed in, month after month! Sleep had fled. A hideous pain, of which she used to say that 'common honest pain, were it cutting off one's flesh or sawing of one's bones would be a luxury in comparison,' seemed to have begirdled her, at all moments and on every side. Her intellect was clear as starlight, and continued so; the clearest intellect among us all; but she dreaded that this too must give way. 'Dear,' said she to me, on two occasions, with such a look and tone as I shall never forget, 'promise me that you will not put me into a madhouse, however this go. Do you promise me, now?' I solemnly did. 'Not if I do quite lose my wits?' 'Never, my darling; oh, compose thy poor terrified heart!' Another time, she punctually directed me about her burial; how her poor bits of possessions were to be distributed, this to one friend, that to another (in help of their necessities, for it was the poor sort she had chosen, old indigent Haddington figures). What employment in the solitary night watches, on her bed of pain! Ah me, ah me!

The house by day, especially, was full of confusion; Maggie Welsh had come at my solicitation, and took a great deal of patient trouble (herself of an almost obstinate placidity), doing her best among the crowd of doctors, sick-nurses, visitors. I mostly sat aloft, sunk, or endeavouring to be sunk, in work; and, till evening, only visited the sick-room at intervals, first thing in the morning, perhaps about noon again, and always (if permissible) at three P.M., when riding time came, etc. etc. If permissible, for sometimes she was reported as 'asleep' when I passed, though it oftenest proved to have been quiescence of exhaustion, not real sleep. To this hour it is inconceivable to me how I could continue 'working;' as I nevertheless certainly for much the most part did! About three times or so, on a morning, it struck me, with a cold shudder as of conviction, that here did lie death; that my world must go to shivers, down to the abyss; and that 'victory' never so complete, up in my garret, would not save her, nor indeed be possible without her. I remember my morning walks, three of them or so, crushed under that ghastly spell. But again I said to myself, 'No man, doctor or other, knows anything about it. There is still what appetite there was; that I can myself understand;'—and generally,

before the day was done, I had decided to hope again, to keep hoping and working. The aftercast of the doctors' futile opiates were generally the worst phenomena; I remember her once coming out to the drawing-room sofa, perhaps about midnight; decided for trying that. Ah me, in vain! palpably in vain; and what a look in those bonny eyes, vividly present to me yet; unaidable, and like to break one's heart!

One scene with a Catholic sick-nurse I also remember well.

A year or two before this time, she had gone with some acquaintance who was in quest of sick-nurses to an establishment under Catholic auspices, in Brompton somewhere (the acquaintance, a Protestant herself, expressing her 'certain knowledge' that this Catholic was the one good kind);—where accordingly the aspect of matters, and especially the manner of the old French lady who was matron and manager, produced such a favourable impression, that I recollect my little woman saying, 'If I need a sick-nurse, that is the place I will apply at.' Appliance now was made; a nun duly sent, in consequence:—this was in the early weeks of the illness; household sick-nursing (Maggie's and that of the maids alternately) having sufficed till now. The

nurse was a good-natured young Irish nun ; with a good deal of brogue, a tolerable share of blarney too, all varnished to the due extent; and, for three nights or so, she answered very well. On the fourth night, to our surprise, though we found afterwards it was the common usage, there appeared a new nun, new and very different,—an elderly French 'young lady,' with broken English enough for her occasions, and a look of rigid earnestness, in fact with the air of a life broken down into settled despondency and abandonment of all hope that was not ultra-secular. An unfavourable change ; though the poor lady seemed intelligent, well-intentioned ; and her heart-broken aspect inspired pity and good wishes, if no attraction. She commenced by rather ostentatious performance of her nocturnal prayers, 'Beata Maria,' or I know not what other Latin stuff ; which her poor patient regarded with great vigilance, though still with what charity and tolerance were possible. 'You won't understand what I am saying or doing,' said the nun ; 'don't mind me.' 'Perhaps I understand it better than yourself,' said the other (who had Latin from of old) and did 'mind' more than was expected. The dreary hours, no sleep, as usual, went on ; and we heard nothing, till about three A.M. I was awakened (I, what

never happened before or after, though my door was always left slightly ajar, and I was right above, usually a deep sleeper),—awakened by a vehement continuous ringing of my poor darling's bell. I flung on my dressing-gown, awoke Maggie by a word, and hurried down. 'Put away that woman!' cried my poor Jeannie vehemently; 'away, not to come back.' I opened the door into the drawing-room; pointed to the sofa there, which had wraps and pillows plenty; and the poor nun at once withdrew, looking and murmuring her regrets and apologies. 'What was she doing to thee, my own poor little woman?' No very distinct answer was to be had then (and afterwards there was always a dislike to speak of that hideous bit of time at all, except on necessity); but I learned in general, that during the heavy hours, loaded, every moment of them, with its misery, the nun had gradually come forward with ghostly consolations, ill received, no doubt; and at length, with something more express, about 'Blessed Virgin,' 'Agnus Dei,' or whatever it might be; to which the answer had been, 'Hold your tongue, I tell you: or I will ring the bell!' Upon which the nun had rushed forward with her dreadfullest supernal admonitions, 'impenitent sinner,' etc., and a practical attempt to prevent the ringing.

Which only made it more immediate and more decisive. The poor woman expressed to Miss Welsh much regret, disappointment, real vexation and self-blame; lay silent, after that, amid her rugs; and disappeared, next morning, in a polite and soft manner: never to reappear, she or any consort of hers. I was really sorry for this heavy-laden, pious or quasi-pious and almost broken-hearted Frenchwoman,—though we could perceive she was under the foul tutelage and guidance, probably, of some dirty muddy-minded semi-felonious proselytising Irish priest. But there was no help for her in this instance; probably, in all England, she could not have found an agonised human soul more nobly and hopelessly superior to her and her poisoned gingerbread 'consolations.' This incident threw suddenly a glare of strange and far from pleasant light over the sublime Popish 'sister of charity' movement;—and none of us had the least notion to apply there henceforth.

The doctors were many; Dr. Quain (who would take no fees) the most assiduous; Dr. Blakiston (ditto) from St. Leonard's, express one time; speaking hope, always, both of these, and most industrious to help, with many more, whom I did not even see. When any new miraculous kind of doctor was re-

commended as such, my poor struggling martyr, conscious too of grasping at mere straws, could not but wish to see him; and he came, did his mischief, and went away. We had even (by sanction of Barnes, and indeed of sound sense never so sceptical) a trial of 'animal magnetism;' two magnetisers, first a man, then a quack woman (evidently a conscious quack I perceived her to be), who at least did no ill, except entirely disappoint (if that were much an exception.) By everybody it had been agreed that a change of scene (as usual, when all else has failed) was the thing to be looked to: 'St. Leonard's as soon as the weather will permit!' said Dr. Quain and everybody, especially Dr. Blakiston, who generously offered his house withal; 'definitely more room than we need!' said the sanguine B. always; and we dimly understood too, from his wife (Bessie Barnet, an old inmate here, and of distinguished qualities and fortunes), that the doctor would accept remuneration; though this proved quite a mistake. The remuneration he had expected was to make a distinguished cure over the heads of so many London rivals. Money for the use of two rooms in his house, we might have anticipated, but did not altogether, he would regard with sovereign superiority.

It was early in March, perhaps March 2, 1864, a cold-blowing damp and occasionally raining day, when the flitting thither took effect. Never shall I see again so sad and dispiriting a scene; hardly was the day of her last departure for Haddington, departure of what had once been she (the instant of which they contrived to hide from me here), so miserable; for she at least was now suffering nothing, but safe in victorious rest for evermore, though then beyond expression suffering. There was a railway invalid carriage, so expressly adapted, so etc., and evidently costing some ten or twelve times the common expense: this drove up to the door; Maggie and she to go in this. Well do I recollect her look as they bore her downstairs: full of nameless sorrow, yet of clearness, practical management, steady resolution; in a low small voice she gave her directions, once or twice, as the process went on, and practically it was under her wise management. The invalid carriage was hideous to look upon; black, low, base-looking, and you entered it by window, as if it were a hearse. I knew well what she was thinking; but her eye never quailed, she gave her directions as heretofore; and, in a minute or two, we were all away. Twice or oftener in the journey, I visited Maggie and her in their prison. No com-

plaint: but the invalid carriage, in which I doubt if you could actually sit upright (if you were of man's stature or of tall woman's), was evidently a catch-penny humbug, and she freely admitted afterwards that she would never enter it again, and that in a coupé to ourselves she would have been far better. At St. Leonard's, I remember, there was considerable waiting for the horses that should have been ready, a thrice bleak and dreary scene to us all (she silent as a child): the arrival, the dismounting, the ascent of her quasi-bier up Blakiston's long stairs, etc., etc. Ah me! Dr. Blakiston was really kind. The sea was hoarsely moaning at our hand, the bleared skies sinking into darkness overhead. Within doors, however, all was really nice and well-provided (thanks to the skilful Mrs. B.); excellent drawing-room, and sitting-room, with bed for her; bedroom upstairs for Maggie, ditto; for servant, within call, etc. etc.; all clean and quiet. A kind of hope did rise, perhaps even in her, at sight of all this. My mood, when I bethink me, was that of deep misery frozen torpid; singularly dark and stony, strange to me now; due in part to the 'Friedrich' incubus then. I had to be home again that night, by the last train; miscalculated the distance, found no vehicle; and never in my

life saved a train by so infinitesimally small a miss. I had taken mournfully tender leave of my poor much-suffering heroine (speaking hope to her, when I could readily have lifted up my voice and wept). I was to return in so many days, if nothing went wrong; at once, if anything did. I lost nothing by that hurried ride, except, at London Station, or in the final cab, a velvet cap, of her old making, which I much regretted, and still regret. 'I will make you another cap, if I get better,' said she lovingly, at our next meeting; but she never did, or perhaps well could. What matter? That would have made me still sorrier, had I had it by me now. Wae's me, wae's me![1]

I was twice or perhaps thrice at St. Leonard's (Warrior Square, Blakiston's house right end of it to the sea). Once I recollect being taken by Forster, who was going on a kind of birthday holiday with his wife. Blakiston spoke always in a tone of hope, and there really was some improvement; but, alas, it was small and slow. Deep misery and pain still too visible: and all we could say was, 'We must try St. Leonard's farther; I shall be able

[1] Wae is the Scotch adjective, too. Wae, wae; there is no word in English that will express what I feel. Wae is my habitual mood in these months.

to shift down to you in May!' My little darling looked sweet gratitude upon me (so thankful always for the day of small things!) but heaviness, sorrow, and want of hope was written on her face; the sight filling me with sadness, though I always strove to be of B.'s opinion. One of my volumes (4th, I conclude) was coming out at that time; during the Forster visit, I remember there was some review of this volume, seemingly of a shallow impudent description, concerning which I privately applauded F.'s silent demeanour, and not B.'s vocal, one evening at F.'s inn. The dates, or even the number of these sad preliminary visits, I do not now recollect: they were all of a sad and ambiguous complexion. At home, too, there daily came a letter from Maggie; but this in general, though it strove to look hopeful, was ambiguity's own self! Much driving in the open air, appetite where it was, sleep at least ditto; all this, I kept saying to myself, must lead to something good.

Dr. Blakiston, it turned out, would accept no payment for his rooms; 'a small furnished house of our own' became the only outlook, therefore; and was got, and entered into, sometime in April, some weeks before my arrival in May. Brother John, before this, had come to visit me here; ran down to

St. Leonard's one day: and, I could perceive, was silently intending to pass the summer with us at St. Leonard's. He did so, in an innocent self-soothing, kindly and harmless way (the good soul, if good wishes would always suffice!) and occasionally was of some benefit to us, though occasionally also not. It was a quiet sunny day of May when we went down together; I read most of 'Sterne's Life' (just out, by some Irishman, named Fitz-something); looked out on the old Wilhelmus Conquestor localities; on Lewes, for one thing (de 'Le Ouse,' —Ouse the dirty river there is still named); on Pevensey, Bexhill, etc., with no unmixed feeling, yet not with absolute misery, as we rolled along. I forget if Maggie Welsh was still there at St. Leonard's. My darling, certain enough, came down to meet us, attempting to sit at dinner (by my request, or wish already signified); but too evidently it would not do. Mary Craik was sent for (from Belfast) instead of Maggie Welsh who 'was wanted' at Liverpool, and did then or a few days afterwards return thither, Mary Craik succeeding, who was very gentle, quiet, prudent, and did well in her post.

I had settled all my book affairs the best I could. I got at once installed into my poor closet on the

ground-floor, with window to the north (keep that open, and, the door ajar, there will be fresh air!) Book box was at once converted into book press (of rough deal, but covered with newspaper veneering where necessary), and fairly held and kept at hand the main books I wanted; camp-desk, table or two, drawer or two, were put in immediate seasonablest use. In this closet there was hardly room to turn; and I felt as if crushed, all my apparatus and I, into a stocking, and there bidden work. But I really did it withal, to a respectable degree, printer never pausing for me, work daily going on; and this doubtless was my real anchorage in that sea of trouble, sadness and confusion, for the two months it endured. I have spoken elsewhere of my poor darling's hopeless wretchedness, which daily cut my heart, and might have cut a very stranger's: those drives with her ('daily, one of your drives is with me,' and I saw her gratitude, poor soul, looking out through her despair; and sometimes she would try to talk to me, about street sights, persons, etc.; and it was like a bright lamp flickering out into extinction again); drives mainly on the streets to escape the dust, or still dismaller if we did venture into the haggard, parched lanes, and their vile whirlwinds. Oh, my darling, I would have cut the universe in two

for thee, and this was all I had to share with thee, as we were!

St. Leonard's, now that I look back upon it, is very odious to my fancy, yet not without points of interest. I rode a great deal too, two hours and a half my lowest stint; bathed also, and remember the bright morning air, bright Beachy Head and everlasting sea, as things of blessing to me; the old lanes of Sussex too, old cottages, peasants, old vanishing ways of life, were abundantly touching; but the new part, and it was all getting 'new,' was uniformly detestable and even horrible to me. Nothing but dust, noise, squalor, and the universal tearing and digging as if of gigantic human swine, not finding any worm or roots that would be useful to them! The very 'houses' they were building, each 'a congeries of rotten bandboxes' (as our own poor 'furnished house' had taught me, if I still needed teaching), were 'built' as if for nomad apes, not for men. The 'moneys' to be realised, the etc. etc., does or can God's blessing rest on all that? My dialogues with the dusty sceneries there (Fairlight, Crowhurst, Battle, Rye even, and Winchelsea), with the novelties and the antiquities, were very sad for most part, and very grim; here and there with a kind of wild interest too. Battle I did

arrive at, one evening, through the chaotic roads; Battle, in the rustle or silence of incipient dusk, was really affecting to me; and I saw to be a good post of fence for King Harold, and wondered if the Bastard did 'land at Pevensey,' or not near Hastings somewhere (Bexhill or so?) and what the marchings and preliminaries had really been. Faithful study, continued for long years or decades, upon the old Norman romances etc., and upon the ground, would still tell some fit person, I believe; but there shriek the railway 'shares' at such and such a premium; let us make for home! My brother, for a few times at first, used to accompany me on those rides, but soon gave in (not being bound to it like me); and Noggs [1] and I had nothing for it but solitary contemplation and what mute 'dialogue' with nature and art we could each get up for himself. I usually got home towards nine P.M. (half-past eight the rigorous rule); and in a grey dusty evening, from some windy hill-tops, or in the intricate old narrow lanes of a thousand years ago, one's reflections were apt to be of a sombre sort. My poor little Jeannie (thanks to her, the loving one!) would not fail to be waiting for me, and sit trying to talk or listen, while I had tea; trying her best, sick and weary as she was; but always

[1] Carlyle's horse.

very soon withdrew after that; quite worn down and longing for solitary silence, and even a sleepless bed, as was her likeliest prospect for most part. How utterly sad is all that! yes; and there is a kind of devout blessing in it too (so nobly was it borne, and conquered in a sort); and I would not have it altered now, after what has come, if I even could.

We lived in the place called 'Marina' (what a name!) almost quite at the west end of St. Leonard's; a new house (bearing marks of thrifty, wise, and modestly-elegant habits in the old lady owners just gone from it); and for the rest, decidedly the worst built house I have ever been within. A scandal to human nature, it and its fellows; which are everywhere, and are not objected to by an enlightened public, as appears! No more of it, except our farewell malison; and pity for the poor old ladies who perhaps are still there!

My poor suffering woman had at first, for some weeks, a vestige of improvement, or at least of new hope and alleviation thereby. She 'slept' (or tried for sleep) in the one tolerable bedroom; second floor, fronting the sea, darkened and ventilated, made the tidiest we could; Miss Craik slept close by. I remember our settlings for the night; my last journey up, to sit a few minutes, and see

that the adjustments were complete ; a ' Nun's lamp ' was left glimmering within reach. My poor little woman strove to look as contented as she could, and to exchange a few friendly words with me as our last for the night. Then in the morning, there sometimes had been an hour or two of sleep; what news for us all ! And even brother John, for a while, was admitted to step up and congratulate, after breakfast. But this didn't last ; hardly into June, even in that slight degree. And the days were always heavy ; so sad to her, so painful, dreary without hope. What a time, even in my reflex of it ! Dante's Purgatory I could now liken it to ; both of us, especially my loved one by me, ' bent like corbels,' under our unbearable loads as we wended on, yet in me always with a kind of steady glimmering hope ! Dante's Purgatory, not his Hell, for there was a sacred blessedness in it withal; not wholly the society of devils, but among their hootings and tormentings something still pointing afar off towards heaven withal. Thank God !

At the beginning of June, she still had the feeling we were better here than elsewhere; by her direction, I warned the people we would not quit at ' the end of June,' as had been bargained, but ' of July, as was also within our option, on due notice given. End of June proved to be the time, all the same;

the old ladies (justly) refusing to revoke, and taking their full claim of money, poor old souls; very polite otherwise. Middle of June had not come when that bedroom became impossible; 'roaring of the sea,' once a lullaby, now a little too loud, on some high-tide or west wind, kept her entirely awake. I exchanged bedrooms with her; 'sea always a lullaby to me;' but, that night, even I did not sleep one wink; upon which John exchanged with me, who lay to rearward, as I till then had done. Rearward we looked over a Mews (from this room); from her now room, into the paltry little 'garden;' overhead of both were clay cliffs, multifarious dog and cock establishments (unquenchable by bribes paid), now and then stray troops of asses, etc. etc.; what a lodging for poor sufferers! Sleep became worse and worse; we spoke of shifting to Bexhill; 'fine airy house to be let there' (fable when we went to look); then some quiet old country inn? She drove one day (John etc. escorting) to Battle, to examine; nothing there, or less than nothing. Chelsea home was at least quiet, wholesomely aired and clean; but she had an absolute horror of her old home bedroom and drawing-room, where she had endured such torments latterly. 'We will new-paper them, re-arrange them,' said Miss Bromley; and this was

actually done in August following. That 'newpapering' was somehow to me the saddest of speculations. 'Alas, darling, is that all we can do for thee?' The weak weakest of resources; and yet what other had we? As June went on, things became worse and worse. The sequel is mentioned elsewhere. I will here put down only the successive steps and approximate dates of it.

June 29. After nine nights totally without sleep she announced to us, with a fixity and with a clearness all her own, that she would leave this place to-morrow for London; try there, not in her own house, but in Mrs. Forster's (Palace Gate house, Kensington), which was not yet horrible to her. June 30 (John escorting), she set off by the noon train. Miss Bromley had come down to see her; could only be allowed to see her in stepping into the train, so desperate was the situation, the mood so adequate to it; a moment never to be forgotten by me! How I 'worked' afterwards that day is not on record. I dimly remember walking back with Miss Bromley and her lady-friend to their hotel; talking to them (as out of the heart of icebergs); and painfully somehow sinking into icy or stony rest, worthy of oblivion.

At Forster's there could hardly be a more dubious

problem. My poor wandering martyr did get snatches of sleep there; but found the room so noisy, the scene so foreign etc., she took a farther resolution in the course of the night and its watchings. Sent for John, the first thing in the morning; bade him get places in the night-train for Annandale (my sister Mary's; all kindness poor Mary, whom she always liked); 'The Gill; we are not yet at the end there; and Nithsdale too is that way!' John failed not, I dare say, in representations, counter-considerations, but she was coldly positive; and go they did, express of about 330 miles. Poor Mary was loyal kindness itself; poor means made noble and more than opulent by the wealth of love and ready will and invention. I was seldom so agreeably surprised as by a letter in my darling's own hand, narrating the heads of the adventure briefly, with a kind of defiant satisfaction, and informing me that she had slept that first Gill night for almost nine hours! Whose joy like ours, durst we have hoped it would last, or even though we durst not! She stayed about a week still there; Mary and kindred eager to get her carriages (rather helplessly in that particular), to do and attempt for her whatever was possible; but the success, in sleep especially, grew less and less. In about a week she went

on to Nithsdale, to Dr. and Mrs. Russell, and there, slowly improving, continued. Improvement pretty constant; fresh air, driving, silence, kindness. By the time Mary Craik had got me flitted home to Chelsea, and herself went for Belfast, all this had steadily begun; and there were regular letters from her etc., and I could work here with such an alleviation of spirits as had long been a stranger to me. In August (rooms all 'new-papered,' poor little Jeannie!) she came back to me, actually there in the cab (John settling) when I ran downstairs, looking out on me with the old kind face, a little graver, I might have thought, but as quiet, as composed and wise and good as ever. This was the end, I might say, of by far the most tragic part of our tragedy: Act 5th, though there lay death in it, was nothing like so unhappy.

The last epoch of my darling's life is to be defined as almost happy in comparison! It was still loaded with infirmities, bodily weakness, sleeplessness, continual or almost continual pain, and weary misery, so far as body was conerned; but her noble spirit seemed as if it now had its wings free, and rose above all that to a really singular degree. The battle was over, and we were sore wounded; but the battle was over, and well. It was remarked by

everybody that she had never been observed so cheerful and bright of mind as in this last period. The poor bodily department, I constantly hoped too was slowly recovering; and that there would remain to us a 'sweet farewell' of sunshine after such a day of rains and storms, that would still last a blessed while, all my time at least, before the end came. And, alas! it lasted only about twenty months, and ended as I have seen. It is beautiful still, all that period, the death very beautiful to me, and will continue so; let me not repine, but patiently bear what I have got! While the autumn weather continued good she kept improving. I remember mornings when I found her quite wonderfully cheerful, as I looked in upon her bedroom in passing down, a bright ray of mirth in what she would say to me, inexpressibly pathetic, shining through the wreck of such storms as there had been. How could I but hope? It was an inestimable mercy to me (as I often remark) that I did at last throw aside everything for a few days, and actually get her that poor brougham. Never was soul more grateful for so small a kindness; which seemed to illuminate, in some sort, all her remaining days for her. It was, indeed, useful and necessary as a means of health; but still more precious, I doubt not, as a mark of

my regard for her. Ah me! she never knew fully, nor could I show her in my heavy-laden miserable life, how much I had at all times regarded, loved, and admired her. No telling of her now. 'Five minutes more of your dear company in this world. Oh that I had you yet for but five minutes, to tell you all!' this is often my thought since April 21.

She was surely very feeble in the Devonshire time (March etc., 1865); but I remember her as wonderfully happy. She had long dialogues with Lady A.; used to talk so prettily with me, when I called, in passing up to bed and down from it; she made no complaint, went driving daily through the lanes—sometimes regretted her own poor brougham and 'Bellona' (as 'still more one's own'), and contrasted her situation as to carriage convenience with that of far richer ladies. 'They have 30,000*l.* a year, cannot command a decent or comfortable vehicle here; their vehicles all locked up, 400 miles off, in these wanderings; while we—!' The Lady Ashburton was kindness itself to her; and we all came up to town together, rather in improved health she, I not visibly so, being now vacant and on the collapse, which is yet hardly over, or fairly on the turn. Will it ever be? I have sometimes thought this dreadful unexpected stroke might perhaps be pro-

vidential withal upon me; and that there lay some little work to do, under changed conditions, before I died. God enable me, if so; God knows.

In Nithsdale, last year, it is yet only fourteen months ago (ah me!) how beautiful she was; for three or four half or quarter-days together, how unique in their sad charm as I now recall them from beyond the grave! That day at Russell's, in the garden etc. at Holmhill; so poorly she, forlorn of outlook one would have said; (one outlook ahead, that of getting me this room trimmed up, the darling ever-loving soul!) and yet so lively, sprightly even, for my poor sake. 'Sir William Gomm' (old Peninsular and Indian General, who had been reading 'Friedrich' when she left), what a sparkle that was! her little slap on the table, and arch look, when telling us of him and it! And her own right hand was lame, she had only her left to slap with. I cut the meat for her, on her plate, that day at dinner, and our drive to the station at seven P.M. so sweet, so pure and sad. 'We must retrench, dear!' (in my telling her of some foolish Bank adventure with the draft I had left her;) 'retrench!' oh dear, oh dear! Amongst the last things she told me that evening was with deep sympathy; 'Mr. Thomson' (a Virginian who sometimes came) 'called one night; he

says there is little doubt they will hang President Davis!' Upon which I almost resolved to write a pamphlet upon it, had not I myself been so ignorant about the matter, so foreign to the whole abominable fratricidal 'war' (as they called it; 'self-murder of a million brother Englishmen, for the sake of sheer phantasms, and totally false theories upon the Nigger,' as I had reckoned it). In a day or two I found I could not enter upon that thrice abject Nigger-delirium (viler to me than old witchcraft, or the ravings of John of Münster, considerably viler), and that probably I should do poor Davis nothing but harm.

The second day, at good old Mrs. Ewart's, of Nithbank, is still finer to me. Waiting for me with the carriage; 'Better, dear, fairly better since I shifted to Nithbank!' the 'dinner' ahead there (to my horror), her cautious charming preparation of me for it; our calls at Thornhill (new servant 'Jessie,' admiring old tailor women—no, they were not of the Shankland kind—wearisome old women, whom she had such an interest in, almost wholly for my sake); then our long drive through the Drumlanrig woods, with such talk from her (careless of the shower that fell battering on our hood and apron; in spite of my habitual dispiritment and helpless gloom all that

summer, I too was cheered for the time. And then the dinner itself, and the bustling rustic company, all this, too, was saved by her; with a quiet little touch here and there, she actually turned it into something of artistic, and it was pleasant to everybody. I was at two or perhaps three dinners after this, along with her in London. I partly remarked, what is now clearer to me, with what easy perfection she had taken her position in these things, that of a person recognised for quietly superior if she cared to be so, and also of a suffering aged woman, accepting her age and feebleness with such a grace, polite composure and simplicity as—as all of you might imitate, impartial bystanders would have said! The minister's assistant, poor young fellow, was gently ordered out by her to sing me, 'Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en,' which made him completely happy, and set the dull drawing-room all into illumination till tea ended. He, the assistant, took me to the station (too late for her that evening).

The third day was at Dumfries; sister Jean's and the railway station: more hampered and obstructed, but still good and beautiful as ever on her part. Dumb Turner, at the station etc.; evening falling, ruddy opulence of sky, how beautiful, how brief and wae! The fourth time was only a ride from Dumfries

to Annan, as she went home, sad and afflictive to me, seeing such a journey ahead for her (and nothing but the new 'Jessie' as attendant, some carriages off;) I little thought it was to be the last bit of railwaying we did together. These, I believe, were all our meetings in Scotland of last year. One day I stood watching 'her train' at the Gill, as appointed; brother Jamie too had been summoned over by her desire; but at Dumfries she felt so weak in the hot day, she could only lie down on the sofa, and sadly send John in her stead. Brother Jamie, whose rustic equipoise, fidelity and sharp vernacular sense, she specially loved, was not to behold her at this time or evermore. She was waiting for me the night I returned hither; she had hurried back from her ittle visit to Miss Bromley (after the 'room' operation); must and would be here to receive me. She stood there, bright of face and of soul, her drawing-room all bright, and everything to the last fibre of it in order; had arrived only two or three hours before; and here again we were. Such welcome, after my vile day of railwaying, like Jonah in the whale's belly! That was always her way; bright home, with its bright face, full of love and victorious over all disorder, always shone on me like a star as I journeyed and tumbled along amid the shriekeries

and miseries. Such welcomes could not await me for ever; I little knew this was the last of them on earth. My next, for a thousand years I should never forget the next (of April 23, 1866) which now was lying only some six months away. I might have seen she was very feeble; but I noticed only how refinedly beautiful she was, and thought of no sorrow ahead,—did not even think, as I now do, how it was that she was beautifuller than ever; as if years and sorrows had only 'worn' the noble texture of her being into greater fineness, the colour and tissue still all complete! That night she said nothing of the room here (down below), but next morning, after breakfast, led me down, with a quiet smile, expecting her little triumph,—and contentedly had it; though I knew not at first the tenth part of her merits in regard to that poor enterprise, or how consummately it had been done to the bottom in spite of her weakness (the noble heart!); and I think (remorsefully) I never praised her enough for her efforts and successes in regard to it. Too late now!

My return was about the middle of September; she never travelled more, except among her widish circle of friends, of whom she seemed to grow fonder and fonder, though generally their qualities were of the affectionate and faithfully honest kind,

and not of the distinguished, as a requisite. She was always very cheerful, and had business enough; though I recollect some mornings, one in particular, when the sight of her dear face (haggard from the miseries of the past night) was a kind of shock to me. Thoughtless mortal:—she rallied always so soon, and veiled her miseries away:—I was myself the most collapsed of men, and had no sunshine in my life but what came from her. Our old laundress, Mrs. Cook, a very meritorious and very poor and courageous woman, age eighty or more, had fairly fallen useless that autumn, and gone into the workhouse. I remember a great deal of trouble taken about her, and the search for her, and settlement of her; such driving and abstruse enquiry in the slums of Westminster, and to the workhouses indicated; discovery of her at length, in the chaos of some Kensington Union (a truly cosmic body, herself, this poor old cook); with instantaneous stir in all directions (consulting with Rector Blunt, interviews with Poor-Law Guardians etc., etc.), and no rest till the poor old Mrs. Cook was got promoted into some quiet cosmic arrangement; small cell or cottage of your own somewhere, with liberty to read, to be clean, and to accept a packet of tea, if any friend gave you one, etc., etc. A good little triumph to my darling;

I think perhaps the best she had that spring or winter, and the last till my business and the final one.

'Frederick' ended in January 1865, and we went to Devonshire together, still prospering, she chiefly, though she was so weak. And her talk with me and with others there; nobody had such a charming tongue for truth, discernment, graceful humour and ingenuity; ever patient too and smiling, over her many pains and sorrows. We were peaceable and happy comparatively, through autumn and winter; especially she was wonderfully bearing her sleepless nights and thousandfold infirmities, and gently picking out of them more bright fragments for herself and me than many a one in perfect health and overflowing prosperity could have done. She had one or two select quality friends among her many others. Lady William Russell is the only one I will name, who loved her like a daughter, and was charmed with her talents and graces. 'Mr. Carlyle a great man? Yes! but Mrs. Carlyle, let me inform you, is no less great as a woman!' Lady William's pretty little dinners of three were every week or two an agreeable and beneficial event to me also, who heard the report of them given with such lucidity and charm.

End of October came somebody about the Edinburgh Rectorship, to which she gently advised me. Beginning of November I was elected; and an inane though rather amusing hurlyburly of empty congratulations, imaginary businesses, etc. etc., began, the end of which has been so fatally tragical! Many were our plans and speculations about her going with me; to lodge at Newbattle; at etc. etc. The heaps of frivolous letters lying every morning at breakfast, and which did not entirely cease all winter, were a kind of entertainment to her into March, when the address and journey had to be thought of as practical and close at hand. She decided unwillingly, and with various hesitations, *not* to go with me to Edinburgh, in the inclement weather, not to go even to Fryston (Lord Houghton's; Richard Milnes's). As to Edinburgh, she said one day, 'You are to speak extempore' (this was more than once clearly advised, and with sound insight); 'now if anything should happen to you, I find on any sudden alarm there is a sharp twinge comes into my back, which is like to cut my breath, and seems to stop the heart almost. I should take some fit in the crowded house; it will never do, really!' Alas, the doctors now tell me this meant an affection in some ganglion near the spine, and was a most serious thing; though I did not attach

importance to it, but only assented to her practical conclusion as perfectly just. She lovingly bantered and beautifully encouraged me about my speech, and its hateful ceremonials and empty botherations; which, for a couple of weeks, were giving me, and her through me, considerable trouble, interruption of sleep, etc. . . . so beautifully borne by her (for my sake), so much less so by me for hers. In fact I was very miserable (angry with myself for getting into such a coil of vanity, sadly ill in health), and her noble example did not teach me as it should. Sorrow to me now, when too late!

Thursday, March 29, about nine A.M., all was ready here; she softly regulating and forwarding, as her wont was. Professor Tyndall, full of good spirits, appeared with a cab for King's Cross Station. Fryston Hall to be our lodgings till Saturday. I was in the saddest sickly mood, full of gloom and misery, but striving to hide it; she too looked very pale and ill, but seemed intent only on forgetting nothing that could further me. A little flask, holding perhaps two glasses of fine brandy, she brought me as a thought of her own; I did keep a little drop of that brandy (hers, such was a superstition I had), and mixed it in a tumbler of water in that wild scene of the address, and afterwards told

her I had done so; thank Heaven that I remembered that in one of my hurried notes. The last I saw of her was as she stood with her back to the parlour door to bid me her good-bye. She kissed me twice (she me once, I her a second time); and—oh blind mortals! my one wish and hope was to get back to her again, and be in peace under her bright welcome, for the rest of my days, as it were!

Tyndall was kind, cheery, inventive, helpful; the loyalest son could not have more faithfully striven to support his father under every difficulty that rose; and they were many. At Fryston no sleep was to be had for railways etc., and the terror lay in those nights that speaking would be impossible, that I should utterly break down; to which, indeed, I had in my mind said, 'Well then,' and was preparing to treat it with the best contempt I could. Tyndall wrote daily to her, and kept up better hopes; by a long gallop with me the second day he did get me one good six hours of sleep; and to her, made doubtless the most of it: I knew dismally what her anxieties would be, but trust well he reduced them to their minimum. Lord Houghton's, and Lady's, kindness to me was unbounded; *she* also was to have been there, but I was thankful not. Saturday (to York etc. with Houghton, thence after long evil loiterings

to Edinburgh with Tyndall and Huxley) was the acme of the three road days; my own comfort was that there could be no post to her; and I arrived in Edinburgh the forlornest of all physical wretches; and had it not been for the kindness of the good Erskines, and of their people too, I should have had no sleep there either, and have gone probably from bad to worse. But Tyndall's letter of Sunday would be comforting; and my poor little darling would still be in hope that Monday morning, though of course in the painfullest anxiety, and I know she had quite 'gone off her sleep' in those five days since I had left.

Monday, at Edinburgh, was to me the gloomiest chaotic day, nearly intolerable for confusion, crowding, noisy inanity and misery, till once I got done. My speech was delivered as in a mood of defiant despair, and under the pressure of nightmares. Some feeling that I was not speaking lies alone sustained me. The applause etc. I took for empty noise, which it really was not altogether. The instant I found myself loose, I hurried joyfully out of it over to my brother's lodging (73 George Street, near by); to the students all crowding and shouting round me, I waved my hand prohibitively at the door, perhaps lifted my hat: and they gave but one cheer

more; something in the tone of *it* which did for the first time go into my heart. 'Poor young men! so well affected to the poor old brother or grandfather; and in such a black whirlpool of a world here all of us!' Brother Jamie, and son, etc., were sitting within. Erskine and I went silently walking through the streets; and at night was a kind, but wearing and wearying congratulatory dinner, followed by other such, unwholesome to me, not joyful to me; and endured as duties, little more. But that same afternoon, Tyndall's telegram, emphatic to the uttermost ('A perfect triumph' the three words of it) arrived here; a joy of joys to my own little heroine, so beautiful her description of it to me, which was its one value to me; nearly naught otherwise (in very truth) and the last of such that could henceforth have any such addition made to it. Alas! all 'additions' are now ended, and the thing added to has become only a pain. But I do thank heaven for this last favour to her that so loved me; and it will remain a joy to me, if my last in this world. She had to dine with Forster and Dickens that evening, and their way of receiving her good news charmed her as much almost as the news itself.

From that day forward her little heart appears to have been fuller and fuller of joy; newspapers, etc.

etc. making such a jubilation (foolish people, as if the address were anything, or had contained the least thing in it which had not been told you already!) She went out for two days to Mrs. Oliphant at Windsor; recovered her sleep to the old poor average, or nearly so; and by every testimony and all the evidence I myself have, was not for many years, if ever, seen in such fine spirits and so hopeful and joyfully serene and victorious frame of mind, till the last moment. Noble little heart! her painful, much enduring, much endeavouring little history, now at last crowned with plain victory, in sight of her own people, and of all the world; everybody now obliged to say my Jeannie was not wrong; she was right and has made it good! Surely for this I should be grateful to heaven, for this amidst the immeasurable wreck that was preparing for us. She had from an early period formed her own little opinion about me (what an Eldorado to me, ungrateful being, blind, ungrateful, condemnable, and heavy laden, and crushed down into blindness by great misery as I oftenest was!), and she never flinched from it an instant, I think, or cared, or counted, what the world said to the contrary (very brave, magnanimous, and noble, truly she was in all this); but to have the world confirm her in it was always a sensible

pleasure, which she took no pains to hide, especially from me.

She lived nineteen days after that Edinburgh Monday; on the nineteenth (April 21, 1866, between three and four P.M., as near as I can gather and sift), suddenly, as by a thunderbolt from skies all blue she was snatched from me; a 'death from the gods,' the old Romans would have called it; the kind of death she many a time expressed her wish for; and in all my life (and as I feel ever since) there fell on me no misfortune like it; which has smitten my whole world into universal wreck (unless I can repair it in some small measure), and extinguished whatever light of cheerfulness and loving hopefulness life still had in it to me.

[Here follows a letter from Miss Jewsbury, with part of a second, which tell their own tale, and after them Mr. Carlyle's closing words.]

43 Markham Square, Chelsea.
May 26, 1866.

Dear Mr. Carlyle,—I think it better to write than to speak on the miserable subject about which you told me to enquire of Mr. Sylvester.[1] I saw him to-day. He said that it would be about twenty minutes

[1] Mrs. Carlyle's coachman.

after three o'clock or thereabouts when they left Mr. Forster's house; that he then drove through the Queen's Gate, close by the Kensington Gardens, that there, at the uppermost gate, she got out, and walked along the side of the Gardens very slowly, about two hundred paces, with the little dog running, until she came to the Serpentine Bridge, at the southern end of which she got into the carriage again, and he drove on until they came to a quiet place on the Tyburnia side, near Victoria Gate, and then she put out the dog to run along. When they came opposite to Albion Street, Stanhope Place (lowest thoroughfare of Park towards Marble Arch), a brougham coming along upset the dog, which lay on its back screaming for a while, and then she pulled the check-string; and he turned round and pulled up at the side of the footpath, and there the dog was (he had got up out of the road and gone there): almost before the carriage stopped she was out of it. The lady whose brougham had caused the accident got out also, and several other ladies who were walking had stopped round the dog. The lady spoke to her; but he could not hear what she said, and the other ladies spoke. She then lifted the dog into the carriage, and got in herself. He asked if the little dog were hurt; but, he thinks, she did not hear

him, as carriages were passing. He heard the wretched vermin of a dog squeak as if she had been feeling it (nothing but a toe was hurt); this was the last sound or sigh he ever heard from her place of fate. He went on towards Hyde Park Corner, turned there and drove past the Duke of Wellington's Achilles figure, up the drive to the Serpentine and past it, and came round by the road where the dog was hurt, past the Duke of Wellington's [house] and past the gate opposite St. George's; getting no sign (noticing only the two hands laid on the lap, palm uppermost the right hand, reverse way the left, and all motionless), he turned into the Serpentine drive again; but after a few yards, feeling a little surprised, he looked back, and seeing her in the same posture, became alarmed, made for the streetward entrance into the Park (few yards westward of gatekeeper's lodge), and asked a lady to look in; and she said what we know, and she addressed a gentleman who confirmed her fears. It was then fully a quarter past four; going on to twenty minutes (but nearer the quarter), of this he is quite certain. She was leaning back in one corner of the carriage, rugs spread over her knees; her eyes were closed, and her upper lip slightly, slightly opened. Those who saw her at the hospi-

tal, and when in the carriage, speak of the beautiful expression upon her face.

I asked him how it was that so long a time was put over in so short a drive? He said he went very slowly on account of the distractions, etc., and he did not seem to think the time taken up at all remarkable (fifty-five minutes): nor did he tell me if he noticed the time as he passed the Marble Arch clock either of the two times.

If there be any other question you wish asked of him, if you will tell me, I will ask him. He said he heard the little dog cry out as though she were feeling to find if it were hurt.

Very respectfully and affectionately,

GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY.

On that miserable night, when we were preparing to receive her, Mrs. Warren [1] came to me and said, that one time when she was very ill, she said to her, that when the last had come, she was to go upstairs into the closet of the spare room and there she would find two wax candles wrapt in paper, and that those were to be lighted, and burned. She said that after she came to live in London, she wanted to give a party. Her mother wished every-

[1] The housekeeper in Cheyne Row.

thing to be very nice, and went out and bought candles and confectionary: and set out a table, and lighted up the room quite splendidly, and called her to come and see it, when all was prepared. She was angry; she said people would say she was extravagant, and would ruin her husband. She took away two of the candles and some of the cakes. Her mother was hurt and began to weep [I remember the 'soirée' well; heard nothing of this!—T. C.]. She was pained at once at what she had done; she tried to comfort her, and was dreadfully sorry. She took the candles and wrapped them up, and put them where they could be easily found. We found them and lighted them, and did as she had desired.

G. E. J.

What a strange, beautiful, sublime and almost terrible little action; silently resolved on, and kept silent from all the earth, for perhaps twenty-four years! I never heard a whisper of it, and yet see it to be true. The visit must have been about 1837; I remember the 'soirée' right well; the resolution, bright as with heavenly tears and lightning, was probably formed on her mother's death, February 1842. My radiant one! Must question Warren the first time I have heart (May 29, 1866).

I have had from Mrs. Warren a clear narrative (shortly after the above date). Geraldine's report is perfectly true; fact with Mrs. Warren occurred in February or March 1866, 'perhaps a month before you went to Edinburgh, sir.' I was in the house, it seems, probably asleep upstairs, or gone out for my walk, evening about eight o'clock. My poor darling was taken with some bad fit ('nausea,' and stomach misery perhaps), and had rung for Mrs. Warren, by whom, with some sip of warm liquid, and gentle words, she was soon gradually relieved. Being very grateful and still very miserable and low, she addressed Mrs. Warren as above, 'When the last has come, Mrs. Warren;' and gave her, with brevity, a statement of the case, and exacted her promise; which the other, with cheering counter-words ('Oh, madam, what is all this! you will see me die first!') hypothetically gave. All this was wiped clean away before I got in; I seem to myself to half recollect one evening, when she did complain of 'nausea so habitual now,' and looked extremely miserable, while I sat at tea (pour it out she always would herself drinking only hot water, oh heavens!) The candles burnt for two whole nights, says Mrs. W. (July 24, 1866).

The paper of this poor notebook of hers is done;

all I have to say, too (though there lie such volumes yet unsaid), seems to be almost done, and I must sorrowfully end it, and seek for something else. Very sorrowfully still, for it has been my sacred shrine and religious city of refuge from the bitterness of these sorrows during all the doleful weeks that are past since I took it up; a kind of devotional thing (as I once already said), which softens all grief into tenderness and infinite pity and repentant love, one's whole sad life drowned as if in tears for one, and all the wrath and scorn and other grim elements silently melted away. And now, am I to leave it; to take farewell of her a second time? Right silent and serene is she, my lost darling yonder, as I often think in my gloom, no sorrow more for her, nor will there long be for me.

APPENDIX.

REMINISCENCES OF SUNDRY.

[Begun at Mentone (Alpes Maritimes), Monday, January 28, 1867.]

Many literary and one or two political and otherwise public persons, more or less superior to the common run of men, I have met with in my life; but perhaps none of them really great, or worth more than a transient remembrance, loud as the talk about them once may have been; and certainly none of them, what is more to the purpose, ever vitally interesting or consummately admirable to myself; so that if I do, for want of something else to occupy me better, mark down something of what I recollect concerning some of them, who seemed the greatest, or stood the nearest to me, it surely ought to be with extreme brevity, with rapid succinctness (if I can): at all events with austere candour, and avoidance of anything which I can suspect to be untrue. Perhaps nobody but myself will ever read this,—but that is not infallibly certain—and even in regard to myself, the one possible profit of such a thing is, that it be not false or incorrect in any point, but correspond to the fact in all.

When it was that I first got acquainted with Southey's books, I do not now recollect, except that it must have

been several years after he had been familiar to me as a name, and many years after the public had been familiar with him as a poet, and poetically and otherwise didactic writer. His laureateship provoked a great deal of vulgar jesting; about the 'butt of sack,' etc.; for the newspaper public, by far the greater number of them radically given, had him considerably in abhorrence, and called him not only Tory, but 'renegade,' who had traitorously deserted, and gone over to the bad cause. It was at Kirkcaldy that we all read a 'slashing article' (by Brougham I should now guess, were it of the least moment) on Southey's 'Letters to W. Smith, M.P.' of Norwich, a small Socinian personage, conscious of meaning grandly and well, who had been denouncing him as 'renegade' (probably contrasting the once 'Wat Tyler' with the now laureateship) in the House of Commons; a second back stroke, which, in the irritating circumstances of the 'Wat' itself (republished by some sneaking bookseller) had driven Southey to his fighting gear or polemical pen. The pamphlet itself we did not see, except in review quotations, which were naturally the shrillest and weakest discoverable, with citations from 'Wat Tyler' to accompany; but the flash reviewer understood his trade; and I can remember how we all cackled and triumphed over Southey along with him, as over a slashed and well slain foe to us and mankind; for we were all Radicals in heart, Irving and I as much as any of the others, and were not very wise, nor had looked into the *per contra* side. I retract now on many points, on that of 'Barabbas' in particular, which example Southey cited as characteristic of demo-

cracy, greatly to my dissent, till I had much better, and for many years, considered the subject.

That bout of pamphleteering had brought Southey much nearer me, but had sensibly diminished my esteem of him, and would naturally slacken my desire for farther acquaintance. It must have been a year or two later when his 'Thalaba,' 'Curse of Kehama,' 'Joan of Arc,' etc. came into my hands, or some one of them came, which awakened new effort for the others. I recollect the much kindlier and more respectful feeling these awoke in me, which has continued ever since. I much recognise the piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man, which reigned in these pieces: full of soft pity, like the wailings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valour finely audible too. One could not help loving such a man; and yet I rather felt too as if he were a shrillish thin kind of man, the feminine element perhaps considerably predominating and limiting. However, I always afterwards looked out for his books, new or old, as for a thing of value, and in particular read his articles in the 'Quarterly,' which were the most accessible productions. In spite of my Radicalism, I found very much in these Toryisms which was greatly according to my heart; things rare and worthy, at once pious and true, which were always welcome to me, though I strove to base them on a better ground than his,—his being no eternal or time-defying one, as I could see; and time in fact, in my own case, having already done its work then. In this manner our innocently pleasant relation, as writer and written for, had gone on, without serious shock, though,

after 'Kehama,' not with much growth in quality or quantity, for perhaps ten years.

It was probably in 1836 or 7, the second or third year after our removal to London, that Henry Taylor, author of 'Artevelde' and various similar things, with whom I had made acquaintance, and whose early regard, constant esteem, and readiness to be helpful and friendly, should be among my memorabilia of those years, invited me to come to him one evening, and have a little speech with Southey, whom he judged me to be curious about, and to like, perhaps more than I did. Taylor himself, a solid, sound-headed, faithful man, though of morbid vivacity in all senses of that deep-reaching word, and with a fine readiness to apprehend new truth, and stand by it, was in personal intimacy with the 'Lake' sages and poets, especially with Southey; he considered that in Wordsworth and the rest of them was embodied all of pious wisdom that our age had, and could not doubt but the sight of Southey would be welcome to me. I readily consented to come, none but we three present, Southey to be Taylor's guest at dinner, I to join them after—which was done. Taylor, still little turned of thirty, lived miscellaneously about, in bachelor's lodgings, or sometimes for a month or two during 'the season' in furnished houses, where he could receive guests. In the former I never saw him, nor to the latter did I go but when invited. It was in a quiet ground-floor, of the latter character as I conjectured, somewhere near Downing Street, and looking into St. James's Park, that I found Taylor and Southey, with their wine before them, which

they hardly seemed to be minding ; very quiet this seemed to be, quiet their discourse too ; to all which, not sorry at the omen, I quietly joined myself. Southey was a man towards well up in the fifties ; hair grey, not yet hoary, well setting off his fine clear brown complexion ; head and face both smallish, as indeed the figure was while seated ; features finely cut ; eyes, brow, mouth, good in their kind —expressive all, and even vehemently so, but betokening rather keenness than depth either of intellect or character ; a serious, human, honest, but sharp almost fierce-looking thin man, with very much of the militant in his aspect,— in the eyes especially was visible a mixture of sorrow and of anger, or of angry contempt, as if his indignant fight with the world had not yet ended in victory, but also never should in defeat. A man you were willing to hear speak. We got to talk of Parliament, public speaking and the like (perhaps some electioneering then afoot ?) On my mentioning the candidate at Bristol, with his 'I say ditto to Mr. Burke'—'Hah, I myself heard that' (had been a boy listening when that was said !) His contempt for the existing set of parties was great and fixed, especially for what produced the present electoral temper ; though in the future too, except through Parliaments and elections, he seemed to see no hope. He took to repeating in a low, sorrowfully mocking tone, certain verses (I supposed of his own), emphatically in that vein which seemed to me bitter and exaggerative, not without ingenuity, but exhibiting no trace of genius. Partly in response, or rather as sole articulate response, I asked who had made those verses ? Southey answered carelessly, 'Praed, they say ;

Praed, I suppose.' My notion was, he was merely putting me off, and that the verses were his own, though he disliked confessing to them. A year or two ago, looking into some review of a reprint of Praed's works, I came upon the verses again, among other excerpts of a similar genus, and found that they verily were Praed's; my wonder now was that Southey had charged his memory with the like of them. This Praed was a young M.P. who had gained distinction at Oxford or Cambridge. As he spoke and wrote without scruple against the late illustrious Reform Bill and sovereign Reform doctrine in general, great things were expected of him by his party, now sitting cowed into silence, and his name was very current in the newspapers for a few months; till suddenly (soon after this of Southey), the poor young man died, and sank at once into oblivion, tragical though not unmerited, nor extraordinary, as I judged from the contents of that late reprint and Biographical Sketch, by some pious and regretful old friend of his. That Southey had some of Praed's verses by heart (verses about Hon. Mr. this moving, say, to abolish death and the devil; Hon. Mr. B., to change, for improvement's sake, the obliquity of the Ecliptic, etc. etc.) is perhaps a kind of honour to poor Praed, who, (inexorable fate cutting short his 'career of ambition' in that manner,) is perhaps as sad and tragical to me as to another. After Southey's bit of recitation I think the party must have soon broken up. I recollect nothing more of it, except my astonishment when Southey at last completely rose from his chair to shake hands; he had only half risen and nodded on my

coming in ; and all along I had counted him a lean little man ; but now he shot suddenly aloft into a lean tall one, all legs, in shape and stature like a pair of tongs, which peculiarity my surprise doubtless exaggerated to me, but only made it the more notable and entertaining. Nothing had happened throughout that was other than moderately pleasant ; and I returned home (I conclude) well enough satisfied with my evening. Southey's sensitiveness I had noticed on the first occasion as one of his characteristic qualities ; but was nothing like aware of the extent of it till our next meeting.

This was a few evenings afterwards, Taylor giving some dinner, or party, party in honour of his guest ; if dinner I was not at that, but must have undertaken for the evening sequel, as less incommodious to me, less unwholesome more especially. I remember entering, in the same house, but upstairs this time, a pleasant little drawing-room, in which, in well-lighted, secure enough condition, sat Southey in full dress, silently reclining, and as yet no other company. We saluted suitably ; touched ditto on the vague initiatory points ; and were still there, when by way of coming closer, I asked mildly, with no appearance of special interest, but with more than I really felt, 'Do you know De Quincey?' (the opium-eater, whom I knew to have lived in Cumberland as his neighbour). 'Yes, sir,' said Southey, with extraordinary animosity, 'and if you have opportunity, I'll thank you to tell him he is one of the greatest scoundrels living!' I laughed lightly, said I had myself little acquaintance with the man, and could not wish to recommend myself by that

message. Southey's face, as I looked at it, was become of slate colour, the eyes glancing, the attitude rigid, the figure altogether a picture of Rhadamanthine rage,—that is, rage conscious to itself of being just. He doubtless felt I would expect some explanation from him. 'I have told Hartley Coleridge,' said he, 'that he ought to take a strong cudgel, proceed straight to Edinburgh, and give De Quincey, publicly in the streets there, a sound beating—as a calumniator, cowardly spy, traitor, base betrayer of the hospitable social hearth, for one thing!' It appeared De Quincey was then, and for some time past, writing in 'Blackwood's Magazine' something of an autobiographic nature, a series of papers on the 'Lake' period of his life, merely for the sake of the highly needful trifle of money, poor soul, and with no wish to be untrue (I could believe) or hurt anybody, though not without his own bits of splenetic conviction, and to which latter, in regard of Coleridge in particular, he had given more rein than was agreeable to parties concerned. I believe I had myself read the paper on Coleridge, one paper on him I certainly read, and had been the reverse of tempted by it to look after the others; finding in this, e.g., that Coleridge had the greatest intellect perhaps ever given to man, 'but that he wanted, or as good as wanted, common honesty in applying it;' which seemed to me a miserable contradiction in terms, and threw light, if not on Coleridge, yet on De Quincey's faculty of judging him or others. In this paper there were probably withal some domestic details or allusions, to which, as familiar to rumour, I had paid little heed; but certainly, of general reverence

for Coleridge and his gifts and deeds, I had traced, not deficiency in this paper, but glaring exaggeration, coupled with De Quincean drawbacks, which latter had alone struck Southey with such poignancy; or perhaps there had been other more criminal papers, which Southey knew of, and not I? In few minutes we let the topic drop, I helping what I could, and he seemed to feel as if he had done a little wrong; and was bound to show himself more than usually amicable and social, especially with me, for the rest of the evening, which he did in effect; though I quite forget the details, only that I had a good deal of talk with him, in the circle of the others; and had again more than once to notice the singular readiness of the blushes; amiable red blush, beautiful like a young girl's, when you touched genially the pleasant theme; and serpent-like flash of blue or black blush (this far, very far the rarer kind, though it did recur too) when you struck upon the opposite. All details of the evening, except that primary one, are clean gone; but the effect was interesting, pleasantly stimulating and surprising. I said to myself, 'How has this man contrived, with such a nervous system, to keep alive for near sixty years? Now blushing under his grey hairs, rosy like a maiden of fifteen; now slaty almost, like a rattle-snake or fiery serpent? How has he not been torn to pieces long since, under such furious pulling this way and that? He must have somewhere a great deal of methodic virtue in him; I suppose, too, his heart is thoroughly honest, which helps considerably!' I did not fancy myself to have made personally much impression on Southey; but on those terms

I accepted him for a loyal kind of man; and was content and thankful to know of his existing in the world, near me, or still far from me, as the fates should have determined. For perhaps two years I saw no more of him; heard only from Taylor in particular, that he was overwhelmed in misery, and imprudently refusing to yield, or screen himself in any particular. Imprudently, thought Taylor and his other friends; for not only had he been, for several continuous years, toiling and fagging at a collective edition of his works, which cost him a great deal of incessant labour; but far worse, his poor wife had sunk into insanity, and moreover he would not, such his feeling on this tragic matter, be persuaded to send her to an asylum, or trust her out of his own sight and keeping! Figure such a scene; and what the most sensitive of mankind must have felt under it. This, then, is the garland and crown of 'victory' provided for an old man, when he survives, spent with his fifty years of climbing and of running, and has what you call won the race!

It was after I had finished the 'French Revolution,' and perhaps after my Annandale journey to recover from this adventure, that I heard of Southey's being in town again. His collective edition was complete, his poor wife was dead and at rest; his work was done, in fact (had he known it), all his work in the world was done; and he had determined on a few weeks of wandering, and trying to repose and recreate himself, among old friends and scenes. I saw him twice or thrice on this occasion; it was our second and last piece of intercourse, and much the more interesting, to me at least, and for a reason that will

appear. My wild excitation of nerves, after finishing that grim book on 'French Revolution,' was something strange. The desperate nature of our circumstances and outlooks while writing it, the thorough possession it had taken of me, dwelling in me day and night, keeping me in constant fellowship with such a 'flamy cut-throat scene of things,' infernal and celestial both in one, with no fixed prospect but that of writing it, though I should die, had held me in a fever blaze for three years long; and now the blaze had ceased, problem *taliter qualiter* was actually done, and my humour and way of thought about all things was of an altogether ghastly, dim-smouldering, and as if preternatural sort. I well remember that ten minutes' survey I had of Annan and its vicinity, the forenoon after my landing there. Brother Alick must have met me at the steamboat harbour, I suppose; at any rate we were walking towards Scotsbrig together, and at Mount Annan Gate, bottom of Landhead hamlet, he had left me for a moment till he called somewhere. I stood leaning against a stone or milestone, face towards Annan, of which with the two miles of variegated cheerful green slope that intervened, and then of the Solway Frith, far and wide from Gretna, St. Bees Head and beyond it, of the grand and lovely Cumberland mountains, with Helvellyn and even with Ingleborough in the rearward, there was a magnificent view well known to me. Stone itself was well known to me; this had been my road to Annan School from my tenth year upward; right sharp was my knowledge of every item in this scene, thousandfold my memories connected with it, and mournful and painful rather than joyful, too

many of them! And now here it was again; and here was I again. Words cannot utter the wild and ghastly expressiveness of that scene to me; it seemed as if Hades itself and the gloomy realms of death and eternity were looking out on me through those poor old familiar objects; as if no miracle could be more miraculous than this same bit of space and bit of time spread out before me. I felt withal how wretchedly unwell I must be; and was glad, no doubt, when Alick returned, and we took the road again. What precedes and what follows this clear bit of memory, are alike gone; but for seven or more weeks after, I rode often down and up this same road, silent, solitary, weird of mood, to bathe in the Solway; and not even my dear old mother's love and cheery helpfulness (for she was then still strong for her age) could raise my spirits out of utter grimness and fixed contemptuous disbelief in the future. Hope of having succeeded, of ever succeeding, I had not the faintest, was not even at the pains to wish it; said only in a dim mute way, 'Very well, then; be it just so then!' A foolish young neighbour, not an ill-disposed, sent me a number of the 'Athenæum' (literary journal of the day) in which I was placidly, with some elaboration, set down as blockhead and strenuous failure: the last words were, 'Readers, have we made out our case?' I read it without pain, or pain the least to signify; laid it aside for a day or two; then one morning, in some strait about our breakfast tea-kettle, slipt the peccant number under that, and had my cup of excellent hot tea from it. The foolish neighbour who was filing the 'Athenæum'

more power to him!) found a *lacuna* in his set at this point; might know better, another time, it was hoped! Thackeray's laudation in the 'Times,' I also recollect the arrival of (how pathetic now her mirth over it to me!) But neither did Thackeray inspire me with any emotion, still less with any ray of exultation: 'One other poor judge voting,' I said to myself; 'but what is he, or such as he? The fate of that thing is fixed! I have written it; that is all my result.' Nothing now strikes me as affecting in all this but her noble attempt to cheer me on my return home to her, still sick and sad; and how she poured out on me her melodious joy, and all her bits of confirmatory anecdotes and narratives; 'Oh, it has had a great success, dear!' and not even she could irradiate my darkness, beautifully as she tried for a long time, as I sat at her feet again by our own parlour-fire. 'Oh, you are an unbelieving nature!' said she at last, starting up, probably to give me some tea. There was, and is, in all this something heavenly; the rest is all of it smoke; and has gone up the chimney, inferior in benefit and quality to what my pipe yielded me. I was rich once, had I known it, very rich; and now I am become poor to the end.

Such being my posture and humour at that time, fancy my surprise at finding Southey full of sympathy, assent and recognition of the amplest kind, for my poor new book! We talked largely on the huge event itself, which he had dwelt with openly or privately ever since his youth, and tended to interpret, exactly as I, the suicidal explosion of an old wicked world, too wicked

false and impious for living longer; and seemed satisfied and as if grateful, that a strong voice had at last expressed that meaning. My poor 'French Revolution' evidently appeared to him a good deed, a salutary bit of 'scriptural' exposition for the public and for mankind; and this, I could perceive, was the soul of a great many minor approbations and admirations of detail, which he was too polite to speak of. As Southey was the only man of eminence that had ever taken such a view of me, and especially of this my first considerable book, it seems strange that I should have felt so little real triumph in it as I did. For all other eminent men, in regard to all my books and writings hitherto, and most of all in regard to this latest, had stood pointedly silent, dubitative, disapprobatory, many of them shaking their heads. Then, when poor 'Sartor' got passed through 'Fraser,' and was done up from the Fraser types as a separate thing, perhaps about fifty copies being struck off, I sent six copies to six Edinburgh literary friends; from not one of whom did I get the smallest whisper even of receipt—a thing disappointing more or less to human nature, and which has silently and insensibly led me never since to send any copy of a book to Edinburgh, or indeed to Scotland at all, except to my own kindred there, and in one or two specific unliterary cases more. The Plebs of literature might be divided in their verdicts about me, though, by count of heads, I always suspect the 'guilties' clean had it; but the conscript fathers declined to vote at all. And yet here was a conscript father voting in a very pregnant manner; and it seems I felt but little joy even

in that! Truly I can say for myself, Southey's approbation, though very privately I doubtless had my pride in it, did not the least tend to swell me; though, on the other hand, I must own to very great gloom of mind, sullen some part of it, which is possibly a worse fault than what it saved me from. I remember now how polite and delicate his praises of me were; never given direct or in over measure, but always obliquely, in the way of hint or inference left for me; and how kind, sincere and courteous, his manner throughout was. Our mutual considerations about French Revolution, about its incidents, catastrophes, or about its characters, Danton, Camille, etc., and contrasts and comparisons of them with their (probable) English compeers of the day, yielded pleasant and copious material for dialogue when we met. Literature was hardly touched upon: our discourse came almost always upon moral and social topics. Southey's look, I remarked, was strangely careworn, anxious, though he seemed to like talking, and both talked and listened well; his eyes especially were as if filled with gloomy bewilderment and incurable sorrows. He had got to be about sixty-three, had buried all his suffering loved ones, wound up forty years of incessant vehement labour, much of it more or less ungenial to him; and in fact, though he knew it not, had finished his work in the world; and might well be looking back on it with a kind of ghastly astonishment rather than with triumph or joy!

I forget how often we met; it was not very often; it was always at H. Taylor's, or through Taylor. One day,

for the first and last time, he made us a visit at Chelsea; a certain old lady cousin of Taylor's, who sometimes presided in his house for a month or two in the town season,—a Miss Fenwick, of provincial accent and type, but very wise, discreet and well-bred,—had come driving down with him. Their arrival, and loud thundering knock at the door, is very memorable to me;—the moment being unusually critical in our poor household! My little Jeannie was in hands with the marmalade that day: none ever made such marmalade for me, pure as liquid amber, in taste and in look almost poetically delicate, and it was the only one of her pretty and industrious confitures that I individually cared for; which made her doubly diligent and punctual about it. (Ah me, ah me!) The kitchen fire, I suppose, had not been brisk enough, free enough, so she had had the large brass pan and contents brought up to the brisker parlour fire; and was there victoriously boiling it, when it boiled over, in huge blaze, set the chimney on fire,—and I (from my writing upstairs I suppose) had been suddenly summoned to the rescue. What a moment! what an outlook! The kindling of the chimney soot was itself a grave matter, involving fine of 10*l.* if the fire-engines had to come. My first and immediate step was to parry this, by at once letting down the grate valve, and cutting quite off the supply of oxygen or atmosphere; which of course was effectual, though at the expense of a little smoke in the room meanwhile. The brass pan, and remaining contents (not much wasted or injured) she had herself snatched off and set on the hearth; I was pulling down

the back-windows, which would have completed the temporary settlement, when, hardly three yards from us, broke out the thundering door-knocker: and before the brass pan could be got away, Miss Fenwick and Southey were let in. Southey, I don't think my darling had yet seen; but her own fine modest composure, and presence of mind, never in any greatest other presence forsook her. I remember how daintily she made the salutations, brief quizzical bit of explanation, got the wreck to vanish; and sate down as member of our little party. Southey and I were on the sofa together; she nearer Miss Fenwick, for a little of feminine 'aside' now and then. The colloquy did not last long:—I recollect no point of it, except that Southey and I got to speaking about Shelley (whom perhaps I remembered to have lived in the Lake country for some time, and had started on Shelley as a practicable topic). Southey did not rise into admiration of Shelley either for talent or conduct; spoke of him and his life, without bitterness, but with contemptuous sorrow, and evident aversion mingled with his pity. To me also poor Shelley always was, and is, a kind of ghastly object, colourless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigour; the sound of him shrieky, frosty, as if a ghost were trying to 'sing to us;' the temperament of him spasmodic, hysterical, instead of strong or robust; with fine affections and aspirations, gone all such a road:—a man infinitely too weak for that solitary scaling of the Alps which he undertook in spite of all the world. At some point of the dialogue I said to Southey, 'a haggard existence that of his.' I remember Southey's pause, and

the tone and air with which he answered, 'It is a haggard existence!' His look, at this moment, was unusually gloomy and heavy-laden, full of confused distress;—as if in retrospect of his own existence, and the haggard battle it too had been.

He was now about sixty-three; his work all done, but his heart as if broken. A certain Miss Bowles, given to scribbling, with its affectations, its sentimentalities, and perhaps twenty years younger than he, had (as I afterwards understood) heroically volunteered to marry him, 'for the purpose of consoling,' etc., etc.; to which he heroically had assented; and was now on the road towards Bristol, or the western region where Miss Bowles lived, for completing that poor hope of his and hers. A second wedlock; in what contrast almost dismal, almost horrible, with a former there had been! Far away that former one; but it had been illuminated by the hopes and radiances of very heaven; this second one was to be celebrated under sepulchral lamps, and as if in the forecoast of the charnel-house! Southey's deep misery of aspect I should have better understood had this been known to me; but it was known to Taylor alone, who kept it locked from everybody.

The last time I saw Southey was on an evening at Taylor's, nobody there but myself; I think he meant to leave town next morning, and had wished to say farewell to me first. We sat on the sofa together; our talk was long and earnest; topic ultimately the usual one, steady approach of democracy, with revolution (probably explosive) and a finis incomputable to man;

steady decay of all morality, political, social, individual; this once noble England getting more and more ignoble and untrue in every fibre of it, till the gold (Goethe's composite king) would all be eaten out, and noble England would have to collapse in shapeless ruin, whether for ever or not none of us could know. Our perfect consent on these matters gave an animation to the dialogue, which I remember as copious and pleasant. Southey's last word was in answer to some tirade of mine against universal mammon-worship, gradual accelerating decay of mutual humanity, of piety and fidelity to God or man, in all our relations and performances, the whole illustrated by examples, I suppose; to which he answered, not with levity, yet with a cheerful tone in his seriousness, 'It will not, and it cannot come to good!' This he spoke standing; I had risen, checking my tirade, intimating that, alas, I must go. He invited me to Cumberland, to 'see the lakes again,' and added, 'Let us know beforehand, that the rites of hospitality—' I had already shaken hands, and now answered from beyond the door of the apartment, 'Ah, yes; thanks, thanks!' little thinking that it was my last farewell of Southey.

He went to the Western country; got wedded, went back to Keswick; and I heard once or so some shallow jest about his promptitude in wedding: but before long, the news came, first in whispers, then public and undeniable, that his mind was going and gone, memory quite, and the rest hopelessly following it. The new Mrs. Southey had not succeeded in 'consoling and comforting' him; but far the reverse. We understood afterwards

that the grown-up daughters and their stepmother had agreed ill; that perhaps neither they nor she were very wise, nor the arrangement itself very wise or well-contrived. Better perhaps that poor Southey was evicted from it; shrouded away in curtains of his own, and deaf to all discords henceforth! We heard of him from Miss Fenwick now and then (I think for a year or two more) till the end came. He was usually altogether placid and quiet, without memory, more and more without thought. One day they had tried him with some fine bit of his own poetry; he woke into beautiful consciousness, eyes and features shining with their old brightness (and perhaps a few words of rational speech coming); but it lasted only some minutes, till all lapsed into the old blank again. By degrees all intellect had melted away from him, and quietly, unconsciously, he died. There was little noise in the public on this occurrence, nor could his private friends do other than, in silence, mournfully yet almost gratefully acquiesce. There came out by and by two lives of him; one by his widow, one by his son (such the family discrepancies, happily inaudible where they would have cut sharpest); neither of these books did I look into.

Southey I used to construe to myself as a man of slight build, but of sound and elegant; with considerable genius in him, considerable faculty of speech and rhythmic insight, and with a morality that shone distinguished among his contemporaries. I reckoned him (with those blue blushes and those red) to be the perhaps excitablest of all men; and that a deep mute

monition of conscience had spoken to him, 'You are capable of running mad, if you don't take care. Acquire habitudes; stick firm as adamant to them at all times, and work, continually work!'

This, for thirty or forty years, he had punctually and impetuously done; no man so habitual, we were told; gave up his poetry, at a given hour, on stroke of the clock, and took to prose, etc. etc; and, as to diligence and velocity, employed his very walking hours, walked with a book in his hand; and by these methods of his, had got through perhaps a greater amount of work, counting quantity and quality, than any other man whatever in those years of his; till all suddenly ended. I likened him to one of those huge sandstone grinding cylinders which I had seen at Manchester, turning with inconceivable velocity (in the condemned room of the iron factory, where 'the men die of lung disease at forty,' but are permitted to smoke in their damp cellar, and think that a rich recompense!)—screaming harshly, and shooting out each of them its sheet of fire (yellow, starlight, etc. according as it is brass or other kind of metal that you grind and polish there)—beautiful sheets of fire, pouring out each as if from the paper cap of its low-stooping-backed grinder, when you look from rearward. For many years these stones grind so, at such a rate; till at last (in some cases) comes a moment when the stone's cohesion is quite worn out, overcome by the stupendous velocity long continued; and while grinding its fastest, it flies off altogether, and settles some yards from you, a grinding-stone no longer, but a cartload of quiet sand.

Of Wordsworth I have little to write that could ever be of use to myself or others. I did not see him much, or till latish in my course see him at all; nor did we deeply admire one another at any time! Of me in my first times he had little knowledge; and any feeling he had towards me, I suspect, was largely blended with abhorrence and perhaps a kind of fear. His works I knew, but never considerably reverenced; could not, on attempting it. A man recognisably of strong intellectual powers, strong character; given to meditation, and much contemptuous of the unmeditative world and its noisy nothingnesses; had a fine limpid style of writing and delineating, in his small way; a fine limpid vein of melody too in him (as of an honest rustic fiddle, good, and well handled, but wanting two or more of the strings, and not capable of much!) In fact a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive and almost wearisome kind of man; not adorable, by any means, as a great poetic genius, much less as the Trismegistus of such; whom only a select few could ever read, instead of mis-reading, which was the opinion his worshippers confidently entertained of him! Privately I had a real respect for him withal, founded on his early biography (which Wilson of Edinburgh had painted to me as of antique greatness). 'Poverty and Peasanthood! Be it so! but we consecrate ourselves to the muses, all the same, and will proceed on those terms, heaven aiding!' This, and what of faculty I did recognise in the man, gave me a clear esteem of him, as of one remarkable and fairly beyond common;—not to

disturb which, I avoided speaking of him to his worshippers; or, if the topic turned up, would listen with an acquiescing air. But to my private self his divine reflections and unfathomabilities seemed stinted, scanty, palish and uncertain; perhaps in part a feeble reflex (derived at second hand through Coleridge) of the immense German fund of such:—and I reckoned his poetic storehouse to be far from an opulent or well furnished apartment! It was perhaps about 1840 that I first had any decisive meeting with Wordsworth, or made any really personal acquaintance with him. In parties at Taylor's I may have seen him before; but we had no speech together, nor did we specially notice one another. One such time I do remember (probably before, as it was in my earlier days of Sterling acquaintanceship, when Sterling used to argue much with me); Wordsworth sat silent, almost next to me, while Sterling took to asserting the claims of Kotzebue as a dramatist ('recommended even by Goethe,' as he likewise urged); whom I with pleasure did my endeavour to explode from that mad notion, and thought (as I still recollect), 'This will perhaps please Wordsworth too;' who, however, gave not the least sign of that or any other feeling. I had various dialogues with him in that same room; but those, I judge, were all or mostly of after date.

On a summer morning (let us call it 1840 then) I was apprised by Taylor that Wordsworth had come to town, and would meet a small party of us at a certain tavern in St. James's Street, at breakfast, to which I was invited for the given day and hour. We had a pretty little room,

quiet though looking street-ward (tavern's name is quite lost to me); the morning sun was pleasantly tinting the opposite houses, a balmy, calm and sunlight morning. Wordsworth, I think, arrived just along with me; we had still five minutes of sauntering and miscellaneous talking before the whole were assembled. I do not positively remember any of them, except that James Spedding was there, and that the others, not above five or six in whole, were polite intelligent quiet persons, and, except Taylor and Wordsworth, not of any special distinction in the world. Breakfast was pleasant, fairly beyond the common of such things. Wordsworth seemed in good tone, and, much to Taylor's satisfaction, talked a great deal; about 'poetic' correspondents of his own (i.e. correspondents for the sake of his poetry; especially one such who had sent him, from Canton, an excellent chest of tea; correspondent grinningly applauded by us all); then about ruralities and miscellanies; 'Countess of Pembroke' antique she-Clifford, glory of those northern parts, who was not new to any of us, but was set forth by Wordsworth with gusto and brief emphasis; 'you lily-livered' etc.; and now the only memorable item under that head. These were the first topics. Then finally about literature, literary laws, practices, observances, at considerable length, and turning wholly on the mechanical part, including even a good deal of shallow enough etymology, from me and others, which was well received. On all this Wordsworth enlarged with evident satisfaction, and was joyfully reverent of the 'wells of English undefiled;' though stone dumb as to the deeper rules and wells of

Eternal Truth and Harmony, which you were to try and set forth by said undefiled wells of English or what other speech you had! To me a little disappointing, but not much; though it would have given me pleasure had the robust veteran man emerged a little out of vocables into things, now and then, as he never once chanced to do. For the rest, he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity and force, as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop,—and as no unwise one could. His voice was good, frank and sonorous, though practically clear distinct and forcible rather than melodious; the tone of him businesslike, sedately confident; no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous. A fine wholesome rusticity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all he said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man; glad to unlock himself to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face bore marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland or benevolent so much as close impregnable and hard: a man *multa tacere loquive paratus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode along! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was enough of brow and well shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse face' I have heard satirists say); face of squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the head itself was (its 'length' going horizontal); he was large-boned, lean, but still firm-knit tall and strong-looking when he stood, a right good old steel-grey figure, with rustic simplicity and dignity about him,

and a vivacious strength looking through him which might have suited one of those old steel-grey markgrafs whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the 'marches' and do battle with the intrusive heathen in a stalwart and judicious manner.

On this and other occasional visits of his, I saw Wordsworth a number of times, at dinner, in evening parties; and we grew a little more familiar, but without much increase of real intimacy or affection springing up between us. He was willing to talk with me in a corner, in noisy extensive circles, having weak eyes, and little loving the general babble current in such places. One evening, probably about this time, I got him upon the subject of great poets, who I thought might be admirable equally to us both; but was rather mistaken, as I gradually found. Pope's partial failure I was prepared for; less for the narrowish limits visible in Milton and others. I tried him with Burns, of whom he had sung tender recognition; but Burns also turned out to be a limited inferior creature, any genius he had a theme for one's pathos rather; even Shakspeare himself had his blind sides, his limitations; gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent unlimited there was, to this critic, probably but one specimen known, Wordsworth himself! He by no means said so, or hinted so, in words; but on the whole it was all I gathered from him in this considerable *tête-à-tête* of ours; and it was not an agreeable conquest. New notion as to poetry or poet I had not in the smallest degree got; but my insight into the depths of Wordsworth's pride in himself had considerably augmented; and it did

not increase my love of him; though I did not in the least hate it either, so quiet was it, so fixed, unappealing, like a dim old lichened crag on the wayside, the private meaning of which, in contrast with any public meaning it had, you recognised with a kind of not wholly melancholy grin.

Another and better corner dialogue I afterwards had with him, possibly also about this time; which raised him intellectually some real degrees higher in my estimation than any of his deliverances, written or oral, had ever done; and which I may reckon as the best of all his discoursings or dialogues with me. He had withdrawn to a corner, out of the light and of the general babble, as usual with him. I joined him there, and knowing how little fruitful was the literary topic between us, set him on giving me an account of the notable practicalities he had seen in life, especially of the notable men. He went into all this with a certain alacrity, and was willing to speak whenever able on the terms. He had been in France in the earlier or secondary stage of the Revolution; had witnessed the struggle of Girondins and Mountain, in particular the execution of Gorsas, 'the first deputy sent to the scaffold;' and testified strongly to the ominous feeling which that event produced in everybody, and of which he himself still seemed to retain something: 'Where will it end, when you have set an example in this kind?' I knew well about Gorsas, but had found in my readings no trace of the public emotion his death excited; and perceived now that Wordsworth might be taken as a true supplement to my book, on this small point. He did not

otherwise add to or alter my ideas on the Revolution, nor did we dwell long there ; but hastened over to England and to the noteworthy, or at least noted men of that and the subsequent time. 'Noted' and named, I ought perhaps to say, rather than 'noteworthy;' for in general I forget what men they were; and now remember only the excellent sagacity, distinctness and credibility of Wordsworth's little biographic portraitures of them. Never, or never but once, had I seen a stronger intellect, a more luminous and veracious power of insight, directed upon such a survey of fellow-men and their contemporary journey through the world. A great deal of Wordsworth lay in the mode and tone of drawing, but you perceived it to be faithful, accurate, and altogether life-like, though Wordsworthian. One of the best remembered sketches (almost the only one now remembered at all) was that of Wilberforce, the famous Nigger-philanthropist, drawing-room Christian, and busy man and politician. In all which capacities Wordsworth's esteem of him seemed to be privately as small as my own private one, and was amusing to gather. No hard word of him did he speak or hint; told in brief firm business terms, how he was born at or near the place called Wilberforce in Yorkshire ('force' signifying torrent or angry brook as in Cumberland?) ; where, probably, his forefathers may have been possessors, though he was poorish; how he did this and that of insignificant (to Wordsworth insignificant) nature; 'and then,' ended Wordsworth, 'he took into the oil trade' (I suppose the Hull whaling); which lively phrase, and the incomparable historical tone it was given

in—'the oil trade'—as a thing perfectly natural and proper for such a man, is almost the only point in the delineation which is now vividly present to me. I remember only the rustic picture, sketched as with a burnt stick on the board of a pair of bellows, seemed to me completely good; and that the general effect was, one saw the great Wilberforce and his existence visible in all their main lineaments, but only as through the reversed telescope, and reduced to the size of a mouse and its nest, or little more! This was, in most or in all cases, the result brought out; oneself and telescope of natural (or perhaps preternatural) size; but the object, so great to vulgar eyes, reduced amazingly, with all its lineaments recognisable. I found a very superior talent in these Wordsworth delineations. They might have reminded me, though I know not whether they did at the time, of a larger series like them, which I had from my father during two wet days which confined us to the house, the last time we met at Scotsbrig! These were of select Annandale figures whom I had seen in my boyhood; and of whom, now that they were all vanished, I was glad to have, for the first time, some real knowledge as facts; the outer *simulacra*, in all their equipments, being still so pathetically vivid to me. My father's, in rugged simple force, picturesque ingenuity, veracity and brevity, were, I do judge, superior to even Wordsworth's, as bits of human portraiture; without flavour of contempt, too, but given out with judicial indifference; and intermixed here and there with flashes of the poetical and soberly pathetic (e.g. the death of Ball of Dunnaby, and why the two joiners were seen sawing wood in a pour of rain), which

the Wordsworth sketches, mainly of distant and indifferent persons, altogether wanted. Oh my brave, dear, and ever-honoured peasant father, where among the grandees, sages, and recognised poets of the world, did I listen to such sterling speech as yours, golden product of a heart and brain all sterling and royal! That is a literal fact; and it has often filled me with strange reflections, in the whirlpools of this mad world!

During the last seven or ten years of his life, Wordsworth felt himself to be a recognised lion, in certain considerable London circles, and was in the habit of coming up to town with his wife for a month or two every season, to enjoy his quiet triumph and collect his bits of tribute *tales quales*. The places where I met him oftenest, were Marshall's (the great Leeds linen manufacturer, an excellent and very opulent man), Spring-Rice's (i.e. Lord Monteagle's, who and whose house was strangely intermarried with this Marshall's), and the first Lord Stanley's of Alderley (who then, perhaps, was still Sir Thomas Stanley). Wordsworth took his bit of lionism very quietly, with a smile sardonic rather than triumphant, and certainly got no harm by it, if he got or expected little good. His wife, a small, withered, puckered, winking lady, who never spoke, seemed to be more in earnest about the affair, and was visibly and sometimes ridiculously assiduous to secure her proper place of precedence at table. One evening at Lord Monteagle's—Ah! who was it that then made me laugh as we went home together: Ah me! Wordsworth generally spoke a little with me on those occasions; sometimes, perhaps, we sat

by one another; but there came from him nothing considerable, and happily at least nothing with an effort. 'If you think me dull, be it just so!'—this seemed to a most respectable extent to be his inspiring humour. Hardly above once (perhaps at the Stanleys') do I faintly recollect something of the contrary on his part for a little while, which was not pleasant or successful while it lasted. The light was always afflictive to his eyes; he carried in his pocket something like a skeleton brass candlestick, in which, setting it on the dinner-table, between him and the most afflictive or nearest of the chief lights, he touched a little spring, and there flirted out, at the top of his brass implement, a small vertical green circle which prettily enough threw his eyes into shade, and screened him from that sorrow. In proof of his equanimity as lion I remember, in connection with this green shade, one little glimpse which shall be given presently as finis. But first let me say that all these Wordsworth phenomena appear to have been indifferent to me, and have melted to steamy oblivion in a singular degree. Of his talk to others in my hearing I remember simply nothing, not even a word or gesture. To myself it seemed once or twice as if he bore suspicions, thinking I was not a real worshipper, which threw him into something of embarrassment, till I hastened to get them laid, by frank discourse on some suitable thing; nor, when we did talk, was there on his side or on mine the least utterance worth noting. The tone of his voice when I got him afloat on some Cumberland or other matter germane to him, had a braced rustic vivacity, willingness, and solid precision, which alone

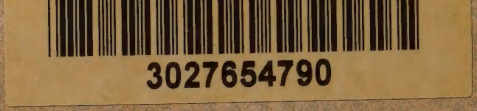
rings in my ear when all else is gone. Of some Druid circle, for example, he prolonged his response to me with the addition, 'And there is another some miles off, which the country people call Long Meg and her Daughters'; as to the now ownership of which 'It' etc.; 'and then it came into the hands of a Mr. Crackenthorpe;' the sound of those two phrases is still lively and present with me; meaning or sound of absolutely nothing more. Still more memorable is an ocular glimpse I had in one of these Wordsworthian lion-dinners, very symbolic to me of his general deportment there, and far clearer than the little feature of opposite sort, ambiguously given above (recollection of that viz. of unsuccessful exertion at a Stanley dinner being dubious and all but extinct, while this is still vivid to me as of yesternight). Dinner was large, luminous, sumptuous; I sat a long way from Wordsworth; dessert I think had come in, and certainly there reigned in all quarters a cackle as of Babel (only politer perhaps), which far up in Wordsworth's quarter (who was leftward on my side of the table) seemed to have taken a sententious, rather louder, logical and quasi-scientific turn, heartily unimportant to gods and men, so far as I could judge of it and of the other babble reigning. I looked upwards, leftwards, the coast being luckily for a moment clear; there, far off, beautifully screened in the shadow of his vertical green circle, which was on the farther side of him, sate Wordsworth, silent, slowly but steadily gnawing some portion of what I judged to be raisins, with his eye and attention placidly fixed on these and these alone. The sight of whom, and of his rock-like indifference to the babble,

quasi-scientific and other, with attention turned on the small practical alone, was comfortable and amusing to me, who felt like him but could not eat raisins. This little glimpse I could still paint, so clear and bright is it, and this shall be symbolical of all.

In a few years, I forget in how many and when, these Wordsworth appearances in London ceased; we heard, not of ill-health perhaps, but of increasing love of rest; at length of the long sleep's coming; and never saw Wordsworth more. One felt his death as the extinction of a public light, but not otherwise. The public itself found not much to say of him, and staggered on to meaner but more pressing objects. Why should I continue these melancholy jottings in which I have no interest; in which the one figure that could interest me is almost wanting! I will cease. [Finished, after many miserable interruptions, catarrhal and other, at Mentone, March 8, 1867.]

THE END.

Spottiswoode & Co., Printers, New-street Square, London.


3027654790

Withdrawn from the Library of
The Queen's College, Oxford